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OLD PLAYS.

VOLUME X.

THE ANTIQUARY.

THE GOBLINS.

THE ORDINARY.

THE JOVIAL CREW; OR, THE MERRY
BEGGARS.

THE OLD COUPLE.

M.DCCC.XXVI.

A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
O L D P L A Y S.

IN TWELVE VOLUMES.

VOL. X.

A NEW EDITION :

WITH
ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS,

BY THE LATE
ISAAC REED, OCTAVIUS GILCHRIST,
AND THE EDITOR.

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M.DCCC.XXVI.

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THE
ANTIQUARY.

VOL. X.

B

SHAKERLEY MARMION was born at Aynho*, near Brackley, in the county of Northampton, where his father was lord of the manor, and in possession of a considerable estate. He received the early part of his education at the free-school, at Thame, in the county of Oxford, under the care of Richard Boucher, commonly called Butcher, the master thereof. In the year 1617, he became a gentleman commoner of Wadham college, in Oxford, and in 1624¹, took the degree of master of arts. Anthony Wood² says, that he was "a goodly proper gentleman, and had once in his possession seven hundred pounds *per annum*, at least." The whole of this ample fortune he dissipated; after which he went into the Low Countries; but not meeting with promotion according to his expectation, he returned to England, and was admitted one of the troop raised by Sir John Suckling, for the use of King Charles the First, in his expedition against the Scots, in the year 1639; but falling sick at York, he returned to London, where he died in the same year³. Besides several poems, scattered about in different publications, he wrote three plays†, viz.

* Some authorities state that he was born "about the beginning of January, 1602;" and this date seems consistent with the time when he was entered at Wadham College. C.

¹ Langbaine, p. 345.

² *Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. 2. p. 19. Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, it was our author's father who squandered away his fortune: but as he quotes no authority for this assertion, I have followed Wood's account.

³ Oldys. MS. notes to Langbaine.

† *The Crafty Merchant, or the Soldier'd Citizen*, has also been attributed to Shakerley Marmion, but on no sufficient evidence, as well as a Pastoral, called *The Faithful Shepherd*, which Phillips assigns to him. The first of these, which evidently was a comedy, was never printed. C.

1. "Hollands Leaguer, an excellent comedy, as it hath bin lately and often acted with great applause by the high and mighty Prince Charles his servants, at the private house in Salisbury-court, 1632." 4to.

To the *Dramatis Personæ* of this play, the names of the several performers are added*.

Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, there is a tract in prose called *Hollands Leaguer, or an historical discourse of the life and actions of Donna Britannica†, the arch mistress of the wicked women of Eutopia; wherein is detected the notorious sin of Pandarism, and the execrable life of the luxurious impudent.* 4to. 1632.

2. "A Fine Companion‡, acted before the king and

* They may be worth subjoining in a note: they were, William Browne, Ellis Worth, Andrew Keyne, Matthew Smith, James Sneller, Henry Gradwell, Thomas Bond, Richard Fowler, Edward May, Robert Huyt, Robert Stafford, Richard Godwin, John Wright, Richard Fouch, Arthur Savill, and Samuel Mannery. The last six played the female parts in the play. C.

† Oldys seems to have omitted one of the names of this distinguished lady, who is called in the title-page of the tract, *Dona Britannica Hollandia*. It was printed in London, for Richard Barnes. C.

‡ The Prologue is a short conversation between a Critic and the Author, which contains the following hit, perhaps at Ben Jonson: "Critic. Are you the author of this play?"

Author. What then?

Critic. Out o' this poetry! I wonder what You do with this disease, a seed of vipers Spawn'd in Parnassus' pool; whom the world frowns on, And here you vent your poison on the stage.

Author. What say you, sir?

Critic. Oh, you are deaf to all Sounds but a *plaudite*; and yet you may Remember, if you please, what entertainment Some of your tribe have had, that have took pains To be contemn'd and laugh'd at by the vulgar, And then ascrib'd it to their ignorance. I should be loath to see you move their spleens With no better success, and then with some Commendatory epistles, fly to the press, To vindicate your credit.

Author. What if I do?

Critic. By my consent, I'll have you Banish'd the stage, proscib'd and interdicted Castalian water, and poetical fire." C.

"queene, at White hall, and sundrie times with great
 "applause, at the private house in Salisbury-court, by
 "the Prince his servants. 1633." 4to.

3. "The Antiquary, a Comedy, acted by her Ma-
 "jesties servants, at the Cockpit. 1641." 4to.

He also published "Cupid and Psiche; or an
 "epick poem of Cupid and his Mistress, as it was
 "lately presented to the Prince Elector*."

Prefixed to this are complimentary verses, by
 Richard Brome, Francis Tuckyr, Thomas Nabbes, and
 Thomas Heywood.

Wood says, he left some things in MS. ready for the
 press, which were either lost or in obscure hands.

* Published in 1638, in folio. O. G.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF PISA*.

LEONARDO, }
DONATO, } *two courtiers.*

VETERANO, *the Antiquary.*

GASPARO, *a Magnifico of Pisa.*

LORENZO, *an old gentleman.*

MOCINIGO, *an old gentleman that would appear young.*

LIONEL, *nephew to the Antiquary.*

PETRUCIO, *a foolish gentleman, son to Gasparo.*

AURELIO, *a young gentleman.*

AURELIA's father, *in the disguise of a Bravo.*

HIS BOY.

PETRO, *the Antiquary's boy.*

ÆMILIA, *wife to Lorenzo.*

LUCRETIA, *daughter to Lorenzo.*

ANGELIA, *sister to Lionel, in the disguise of a page.*

JULIA, }
BACCHA, } *two waiting-women.*

A COOK.

TWO SERVANTS.

The Scene, Pisa.

* The scene, however seems to be laid at Venice. The Rialto is mentioned in *act first*, and Venice is again spoken of in *act third*, as where the transactions of the play are carried on. S. P.

THE
ANTIQUARY*.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter LIONEL and PETRUCIO.

Lionel. Now, sir, let me bid you welcome to your country, and the longing expectation of those friends, that have almost languish'd for the sight of you.—I must flatter him, and stroke him too, he will give no milk else.

[Aside.

Petrucio. I have calculated, by all the rules of reason and art, that I shall be a great man; for what singular quality concurs to perfection and advancement, that is defective in me? Take my feature and proportion; have they not a kind of sweetness and harmony, to attract the eyes of the beholders? the confirmation of which, many authentical judgments of ladies have seal'd and subscrib'd to.

Lionel. How do you, sir? are you not well?

Petrucio. Next, my behaviour and discourse, according to the court-garb, ceremonious enough, more promising than substantial, able to keep pace with the best hunting wit of them all: besides, nature has bless'd me with boldness sufficient, and fortune with means. What then should hinder me? nothing but destiny, villainous destiny, that chains virtue to darkness and obscurity. Well, I will insinuate myself

* Mr. Samuel Gale told Dr. Ducarrel, that this comedy was acted two nights in 1718, immediately after the revival of the Society of Antiquaries; and that therein had been introduced a ticket of a turnpike (then new) which was called a *Tessera*. N.

into the court, and presence of the Duke; and if he have not the grace to distinguish of worth, his ignorance upon him.

Lionel. What, in a muse, sir?

Petrucio. Cannot a gentleman ruminate over his good parts, but you must be troubling of him?

Lionel. Wise men and fools are alike ambitious: this travelling motion⁴ has been abroad in quest of strange fashions, where his spungy brain has suck'd the dregs of all the folly he could possibly meet with, and is indeed more ass than he went forth. Had I an interest in his disgrace, I'd rail at him, and perhaps beat him for it; but he is as strange to me, as to himself, therefore let him continue in his belov'd simplicity.

[*Aside.*

Petrucio. Next, when he shall be instructed of my worth, and eminent sufficiencies, he cannot dignify me with less employment than the dignity of an ambassador. How bravely shall I behave myself in that service! and what an ornament unto my country may I arrive to be, and to my kindred! But I will play the gentleman, and neglect them; that's the first thing I'll study.

Lionel. Shall I be bold to interrupt you, sir?

Petrucio. Presently I'll be at leisure to talk with you: 'tis no small point in state policy, still to pretend only to be thought a man of action, and rather than want a colour, be busied with a man's own self.

Lionel. Who does this ass speak to? surely to him-

⁴ motion] Motion is a puppet. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 4. S. 5. Captain Pod, the celebrated owner of a puppet-show, and his motion, are mentioned.

Beaumont and Fletcher's Rule a Wife and have a Wife, A. 2.

"If he be that motion that you tell me of,

"And make no more noise, I shall entertain him."

The Queen of Corinth, by the same, A. 1. S. 3.

"Good friends, for half an hour remove your motion."

Dekker's Villanies discovered by lantern-light, 1620, ch. 4.

"This labour being taken, the master of the motion hearkens
"where such a nobleman, &c. The motion is presented before
"him."

self: and 'tis impossible he should ever be wise, that has always such a foolish auditory. [Aside.

Petrucio. Then, with what emulous courtship will they strive to entertain me in foreign parts! And what a spectacle of admiration shall I be made amongst those who have formerly known me! How dost thou like my carriage?

Lionel. Most exquisite; believe me.

Petrucio. But is it adorn'd with that even mixture of fluency and grace, as are required both in a statist and a courtier?

Lionel. So far as the divine prospect of my understanding guides me, 'tis without parallel, most excellent; but I am no profess'd critic in the mystery.

Petrucio. Well, thou hast Linceus' eyes for observation, or could'st ne'er have made such a cunning discovery of my practice; but will the ladies, think you, have that apprehension, to discern and approve of me?

Lionel. Without question; they cannot be so dull or stony-hearted, as not to be infinitely taken with your worth. Why, in a while, you shall have them so enamour'd, that they'll watch every opportunity to purchase your acquaintance; then again revive it with often banquetting and visits; nay, and perhaps invite others, by their foolish example, to do the like; and some, that despair of so great happiness, will inquire out your haunts, and walk there two or three hours together, to get but a sight of you.

Petrucio. Oh infinite! I am transported with the thought on't! It draws near noon, and I appointed certain gallants to meet me at the five-crown ordinary: after, we are to wait upon the like beauties you talk'd of, to the public theatre. I feel of late, a strong and

⁵ Both in a statist and a courtier] A statist, is a statesman. So in Ben Jonson's *Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 3.

"Next is your statist's force, a serious, solemn, and supercilious face, full of formal and square gravity."

The Magnetick Lady, by the same, A. 1. S. 7.

"—— he

"Will screw you out a secret from a statist."

witty genius growing upon me, and I begin, I know not how, to be in love with this foolish sin of poetry.

Lionel. Are you, sir? there's great hopes of you.

Petrucio. And the reason is, because they say, 'tis both the cause and effect of a good wit, to which I can sufficiently pretend: for nature has not play'd the step-dame with me.

Lionel. In good time, sir.

Petrucio. And now you talk of time, what time of day is it by your watch?

Lionel. I have none, sir.

Petrucio. How, ne'er a watch? oh monstrous! how do you consume your hours? Ne'er a watch! 'tis the greatest solecism in society that e'er I heard of: ne'er a watch!

Lionel. How deeply you conceive of it!

Petrucio. You have not a gentleman, that's a true gentleman, without one; 'tis the main appendix to a plush lining: besides, it helps much to discourse; for, while others confer notes together, we confer our watches, and spend good part of the day with talking of it.

Lionel. Well, sir, because I'll be no longer destitute of such a necessary implement, I have a suit to you.

Petrucio. A suit to me? Let it alone till I am a great man, and then I shall answer you with the greater promise, and less performance.

Lionel. I hope, sir, you have that confidence, I will ask nothing to your prejudice, but what shall some way recompense the deed.

Petrucio. What is't? Be brief, I am in that point a courtier.

Lionel. Usurp then on the proffer'd means,
Shew yourself forward in an action
May speak you noble, and make me your friend.

Petrucio. A friend! what's that? I know no such thing.

Lionel. A faithful, not a ceremonious friend;
But one that will stick by you on occasions,
And vindicate your credit, were it sunk

Below all scorn, and interpose his life
Betwixt you and all dangers: such a friend,
That when he sees you carried by your passions
Headlong into destruction, will so follow you,
That he will guide you from't, and with good counsel
Redeem you from ill courses: and not flattering
Your idle humour to a vain expence,
Cares not to see you perish, so he may
Sustain himself a while, and raise a fortune,
Though mean, out of your ruins, and then laugh at you.

Petrucio. Why, be there any such friends as these?

Lionel. A world:

They walk like spirits, not to be discern'd;
Subtile and soft like air, have oily balm
Swimming o'er their words and actions;
But below it a flood of gall.

Petrucio. Well, to the purpose, speak to the purpose.

Lionel. If I stand link'd unto you,
The Gordian knot was less dissoluble,
A rock less firm, or centre moveable.

Petrucio. Speak your demand.

Lionel. Do it, and do it freely then; lend me a hundred ducats.

Petrucio. How is that? lend you a hundred ducats! Not a — I'll never have a friend while I breathe first: no, I'll stand upon my guard; I give all the world leave to whet their wits against me, work like moles to undermine me, yet I'll spurn all their deceits like a hillock. I tell thee, I'll not buy the small repentance of a friend or whore, at the rate of a livre.

Lionel. What's this? I dare not
Trust my own ears, silence choke up my anger.
A friend, and whore! are they two parallels,
Or to be nam'd together? May he never
Have better friend, that knows no better how
To value them: Well, I was ever jealous
Of his baseness, and now my fears are ended.
Pox o' these travels! they do but corrupt
A good nature, and his was bad enough before.

Enter ANGELIA.

Petrucio. What pretty sparkle of humanity have we here? Whose attendant are you, my little knave?

Angelia. I wait, sir, on master Lionel.

Lionel. 'Tis well you are come. What says the gentleman?

Angelia. I deliver'd your letter to him. He is very sorry he can furnish you no better; he has sent you twenty crowns, he says, towards the large debt he owes you.

Petrucio. A fine child! and delivers his tale with good method. Where, in the name of Ganymede, had'st thou this epitome of a servitor?

Lionel. You'd little think of what consequence and pregnancy this imp is: you may hereafter have both cause to know, and love him.—What gentlemen are these?

Enter GASPARO and LORENZO.

Petrucio. One is my father.

Lorenzo. I hear, your son, sir, is return'd from travel,

Grown up a fine and stately gentleman,
Outstrips his compeers in each liberal science.

Gasparo. I thank my stars, he has improv'd his time
To the best use, can render an account
Of all his journey; how he has arriv'd,
Through strange discoveries and compendious ways,
To a most perfect knowledge of himself;
Can give a model of each prince's court,
And is become their fear. He has a mind
Equally pois'd, and virtue-without sadness;
Hunts not for fame, through an ill path of life;
But is indeed, for all parts, so accomplish'd,
As I could wish or frame him.

Lorenzo. These are joys,
In their relation to you, so transcendent,
As than yourself I know no man more happy.
May I not see your son?

Gasparo. See where he stands,

Accompanied with young Lionel, the nephew
To Veterano the great antiquary.

Lionel. * I'll be bold, by your favour, to endear
Myself in his acquaintance. Noble Petrucio,
Darling of Venus, minion of the Graces,
Let me adopt me heir unto your love :
That is, yours by descent, and which your father,
A grave wise man, and a Magnifico,
Has not disdain'd.

Petrucio. I am much bound to you for it.

Lorenzo. Is that all?

Petrucio. See the abundant ignorance of this age !
he cites my father for a precedent. Alas, he is a good
old man, and no more ; there he stands, he has not
been abroad, nor known the world ; therefore, I hope,
will not be so foolishly peremptory, to compare with
me for judgment, that have travell'd, seen fashions, and
been a man of intelligence.

Lorenzo. Signior, your ear ; pray let's counsel you.

Petrucio. Counsel me ! the like trespass again ; sure
the old man doats ! Who counsell'd me abroad, when
I had none but mine own natural wisdom for my pro-
tection ? Yet, I dare say, I met with more perils, more
variety of allurements, more Circes, more Calypso's,
and the like, than e'er were feign'd upon Ulysses.

Lorenzo. It shew'd great wisdom, that you could
avoid them.

Give o'er, and tempt your destiny no further ;

'Tis time now to retire unto yourself :

Settle your mind upon some worthy beauty ;

A wife will tame all wild affections.

I have a daughter, who, for youth and beauty,

Might be desir'd, were she ignobly born ;

And for her dowry, that shall no way part you.

If you accept her, here, before your friends,

I will betroth her to you.

Petrucio. I thank you, sir, you'd have me marry your
daughter ; is it so ?

* This speech seems more properly to belong to Lorenzo, to
whom Gasparo has just pointed out his son standing with Lionel. C.

Lorenzo. With your good liking, not otherwise.

Petrucio. You nourish too great an ambition. What do you see in me, to make such a motion? No, be wise and keep her; were I married to her, I should not like her above a month at most.

Lorenzo. How! not above a month?

Petrucio. I'll tell you, sir, I have made an experience that way on my nature: when I have hir'd a creature for my pleasure, as 'tis the fashion in many places, for the like time that I told you of, I have been so tired with her before 'twas out, as no horse like me; I could not spur my affection to go a jot further.

Gasparo. Well said, boy! thou art e'en mine own son; when I was young, 'twas just my humour.

Lionel. You give yourself a plausible commend.

Petrucio. I can make a shift to love; but having enjoy'd, fruition kills my appetite: no, I must have several objects of beauty, to keep my thoughts always in action, or I am nobody.

Gasparo. Still mine own flesh and blood!

Petrucio. Therefore I have chose honour for my mistress, upon whose wings I will mount up to the heavens; where I will fix myself a constellation, for all this under-world of mortals to wonder at me.

Gasparo. Nay, he is a mad wag, I assure you, and knows how to put a price upon his desert.

Petrucio. I can no longer stay to dilate on these vanities; therefore, gallants, I leave you. [Exit.

Lorenzo. What, is he gone? Is your son gone?

Gasparo. So it seems. Well, gallants, where shall I see you anon?

Lorenzo. You shall not part with us.

Gasparo. You shall pardon me; I must wait upon my son. [Exit.

Lorenzo. Do you hear, signior? A pretty preferment!

Lionel. Oh, sir, the lustre of good clothes, or breeding,

Bestow'd upon a son, will make a rustic,
Or a mechanic father, to commit

Idolatry, and adore his own issue.

Angelica. They are so well match'd, 'twere pity to part them.

Lorenzo. Well said, little-one,
I think thou art wiser than both of them.
But this same scorn I do not so well relish ;
A whoreson humorous fantastic novice,
To contemn my daughter ! He is not worthy
To bear up her train.

Lionel. Or kiss under it.
Will you revenge this injury upon him ?

Lorenzo. Revenge ! Of all the passions of my blood,
'Tis the most sweet. I should grow fat to think on't,
Could you but promise.

Lionel. Will you have patience ?
Be rul'd by me, and I will compass it
To your full wish. We'll set a bait afore him,
That he shall seize as sharply as Jove's eagle
Did snatch up Ganymede.

Lorenzo. Do but cast the plot,
I'll prosecute it with as much disgrace
As hatred can suggest,

Lionel. Do you see this page, then ?

Lorenzo. I, what of him ?

Lionel. That face of his shall do it.

Lorenzo. What shall it do ? Methinks he has a pretty
innocent countenance.

Lionel. Oh ! but beware of a smooth look at all
times.

Observe what I say : he is a siren above,
But below a very serpent. No female scorpion
Did ever carry such a sting, believe it.

Lorenzo. What should I do with him ?

Lionel. Take him to your house,
There keep him privately, till I make all perfect.
If ever alchymist did more rejoice
In his projection, never credit me.

Lorenzo. You shall prevail upon my faith, beyond
My understanding : and, my dapper squire,
If you be such a precious wag, I'll cherish you.

Come, walk along with me. Farewel, Sir.

Lionel. Adieu. [*Exeunt Lorenzo and Angelia.*]

Now I must travel, on a new exploit,
To an old antiquary; he is my uncle,
And I his heir. Would I could raise a fortune
Out of his ruins! He is grown obsolete,
And 'tis time he were out of date. They say he sits
All day in contemplation of a statue
With ne'er a nose, and decays on the decays
With greater love than the self-lov'd Narcissus
Did on his beauty. How shall I approach him?
Could I appear but like a Sibyl's son,
Or with a face rugged as father Nilus
Is pictur'd on the hangings, there were hope
He might look on me. How to win his love
I know not. If I wist he were not precise,
I'd lay to purchase some stale interludes,
And give him them; books that have not attain'd
To the Platonic year, but wait their course,
And happy hour, to be reviv'd again:
Then would I induce him to believe they were
Some of Terence's hundred and fifty comedies
That were lost in the Adriatic sea,
When he return'd from banishment. Some such
Gullery as this might be inforced upon him.
I'll first talk with his man, and then consider. [*Exit.*]

*Enter LORENZO, GASPARO, MOCINIGO, and
ANGELIA.*

Lorenzo. How hap't you did return again so soon,
sir?

Gasparo. I'll tell you, sir. As I follow'd my son
From the Rialto, near unto the bridge,
We were encount'ed by a^o sort of gallants,
Sons of Clarissimos, and Procurators
That knew him in his travels: whereupon
He did insinuate with his eyes unto me,
I should depart and leave them.

Lorenzo. 'Seems he was asham'd of your company?

^o *A sort.*] A company. See note 4, to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*,
vol. II.

Gasparo. Like will to like, sir.

Lorenzo. What grave and youthful gentleman's that
with you ?

Gasparo. Do you not know him ?

Lorenzo. No.

Gasparo. Not Signior Mocinigo ?

Lorenzo. You jest, I am sure.

Gasparo. I, and there hangs a jest :

For, going to a courtesan this morning,
In his own proper colour, his grey beard,
He had th' ill luck to be refus'd ; on which,
He went and dy'd it, and came back again,
And was again, with the same scorn, rejected,
Telling him, that she had newly deny'd his father.

Lorenzo. Was that her answer ?

Gasparo. It has so troubled him,
That he intends to marry. What think you, sir,
Of his resolution ?

Lorenzo. By'r lady, it shews
Great haughtiness of courage ; a man of his years
That dares to venture on a wife.

Mocinigo. A man of my years ! I feel
My limbs as able as the best of them ;
And in all places else, except my hair,
As green as a bay-tree : and for the whiteness
Upon my head, although it now lie hid,
What does it signify, but like a tree that blossoms
Before the fruit come forth ? And, I hope, a tree
That blossoms, is neither dry nor wither'd.

Lorenzo. But pray, what piece of beauty's that you
mean
To make the object of your love ?

Mocinigo. I, there
You 'pose me ; for I have a curious eye,
And am as choice in that point to be pleased,
As the most youthful. Here, one's beauty takes me ;
And there, her parentage and good behaviour ;
Another's wealth or wit ; but I'd have one
Where all these graces meet, as in a centre,

Gasparo. You are too ambitious. You'll hardly find

Woman or beast that trots sound of all four :
There will be some defect.

Mocinigo. Yet this I resolve on⁷,
To have a maid tender of age and fair.
Old fish and young flesh, that's still my diet.

Lorenzo. What think you of a widow?

Mocinigo. By no means :
They are too politic a generation ;
Prov'd so by similes. Many voyages
Make an experienc'd seaman ; many offices
A crafty knave ; so, many marriages,
A subtle cunning widow. No, I'll have one
That I may mould, like wax, unto my humour.

Lorenzo. This doating ass is worth, at least a million,
And though he cannot propagate his stock,
Will be sure to multiply. I'll offer him my daughter.

⁷ *Moc.* Yet this, &c.] This is taken from Chaucer.

But one thing warn I you, my frendis dere,
I woll no old wife have in no manere.
She shall not passin sixtene yere certeine,
Old fish, and yong flesh woll I have full faine.

Merchant's Tale, L. 930.

Which Mr. Pope hath modernized in the following manner :

One caution yet is needful to be told,
To guide our choice ; This wife must not be old :
There goes a saying, and 'twas shrewdly said,
Old fish at table, but young flesh in bed.

January and May, L. 99.

For sondry scholis maketh sotill clarkis,
Woman of many scholis half a clark is :
But certainly a yong thing may men gye,
Right as men may warm wax with hondis plie.

Merchant's Tale, L. 943.

No crafty widow shall approach my bed ;
Those are too wise for batchelor's to wed.
As subtle clerks by many schools are made,
Twice-married dames are mistresses o' th' trade ;
But young and tender virgins, rul'd with ease,
We form like wax, and mould them as we please.

January and May, L. 106.

By computation of age, he cannot
Live past ten years; by that time she'll get strength
To break this rotten hedge of matrimony
And after have a fair green field to walk in,
And wanton where she please [*aside*]. Signior, a
word.

And by this guess my love: I have a daughter,
Of beauty fresh, of her demeanour gentle,
And of a sober wisdom: you know my estate.
If you can fancy her, seek no further.

Mocinigo. Thank you signior: pray of what age
Is your daughter?

Lorenzo. But sixteen, at the most.

Mocinigo. But sixteen! Is she no more? She is
too young, then.

Gasparo. You wish'd for a young one, did you not?

Mocinigo. Not that I would have her in years.

Gasparo. I warrant you!

Mocinigo. Well, mark what I say: when I come to
her;

She'll ne'er be able to endure me.

Lorenzo. I'll trust her.

Gasparo. I think your choice, sir, cannot be
amended,

She is so virtuous and so amiable.

Mocinigo. Is she so fair and amiable? I'll have her.
She may grow up to what she wants; and then
I shall enjoy such pleasure and delight,
Such infinite content in her embraces,
I may contend with love for happiness!
Yet one thing troubles me.

Gasparo. What's that?

Mocinigo. I shall live so well on earth,
I ne'er shall think of any other joys.

Gasparo. I wish all joy to you; but 'tis in th' power
Of fate to work a miracle upon you.
You may obtain the grace, with other men,
To repent your bargain before you have well seal'd it.

Lorenzo. Or she may prove his purgatory, and send
him

To heaven the sooner.

Gasparo. Such like effects as these
Are not unheard of in nature.

Mocinigo. For all these scruples,
I am resolv'd. Bring me, that I may see her;
Young handsome ladies are like prizes at a horse-race,
where
Every well-breath'd gentleman may put in for his
share. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter DUKE and LEONARDO.

Leonardo. But are you resolv'd of this course, sir?

Duke. Yes; we'll be once mad in our days, and do
an exploit for posterity to talk of. Will you join with me?

Leonardo. I am at your Grace's disposing.

Duke. No grace, nor no respect, I beseech you,
more than ordinary friendship allows of: 'tis the only
bar to hinder our designs.

Leonardo. Then, sir, what fashion you are pleas'd
to appoint me, I will be glad to put on.

Duke. 'Tis well. For my part, I am determin'd to
lay by all ensigns of my royalty for a while, and walk
abroad under a mean coverture. Variety does well;
and 'tis as great delight, sometimes, to shroud one's
head under a coarse roof, as a rich canopy of gold.

Leonardo. But what's your intent in this?

Duke. I have a longing desire to see the fashions of
the vulgar; which, should I affect in mine own person,
I might divert them from their humours. The face of
greatness would affright them, as Cato did the *Floralia*^a
from the theatre.

^a *As Cato did the Floralia.*] The *Floralia* or feast of Flora, Goddess of Flowers, were celebrated with public sports on the 5th of the Kalends of May. The chief part of the "solemnity was managed
"by a company of lewd strumpets, who ran up and down naked,
"sometimes dancing, sometimes fighting, or acting the mimic.
"However it came to pass, the wisest and gravest Romans were
"not for discontinuing this custom, though the most indecent
"imaginable: for *Portius Cato*, when he was present at these
"games, and saw the people ashamed to let the women strip
"while he was there, immediately went out of the theatre to let
"the ceremony have its course."

Kennet's Roman Antiquities, p. 297.

Leonardo. Indeed, familiarity begets boldness.

Duke. 'Tis true, indulgency and flattery take away the benefit of experience from princes, which ennobles the fortunes of private men.

Leonardo. But you are a duke, sir; and this descent from your honour will undervalue you.

Duke. Not a whit. I am so toil'd out with grand affairs, and dispatching of embassages, that I am ready to sink under the burden. Why may not an Atlas of state, such as myself, that bears up the weight of a commonwealth, now and then, for recreation's sake, be glad to ease his shoulders? Has not Jupiter thrown away his rays and his thunder, to walk among mortals? Does not Apollo suffer himself to be depriv'd of his quiver, that he may waken up his muse sometimes, and sing to his harp.

Leonardo. Nay, sir, to come to a more familiar example: I have heard of a nobleman that has been drunk with a tinker, and of a magnifico that has play'd at blow-point⁹.

Duke. Very good; then take our degrees alike, and the act's as pardonable.

Leonardo. In a humour, sir, a man may do much. But how will you prevent their discovery of you?

Duke. Very well; the alteration of our clothes will abolish suspicion.

Leonardo. And how for our faces?

Duke. They shall pass without any seal of disguise. Who ne'er were thought on, will ne'er be mistrusted.

Leonardo. Come what will, greatness can justify any action whatsoever, and make it thought wisdom; but if we do walk undiscern'd, 'twill be the better. It tickles me to think what a mass of delight we shall possess, in being, as 'twere, the invisible spectators of

⁹ *Blow-point.*] So in *The Return from Parnassus*, A. 3. S. 1.

"— my mistress upon good days puts on a piece of a parsonage; and we pages play at blow-point for a piece of a parsonage."

Donne's Poems, 1719, p. 119.

"——— shortly, boys shall not play

"At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay

"Toll to some courtier."

their strange behaviours. I heard, sir, of an antiquary, who, if he be as good at wine as at history, he is sure an excellent companion; and of one Petrucio, who plays the eagle in the clouds: and, indeed, divers others, who verify the proverb, *So many men, so many humours.*

Duke. All these we'll visit in order: but how we shall comply with them, 'tis as occasion shall be offer'd; we will not now be so serious to consider.

Leonardo. Well, sir, I must trust to your wit to manage it. Lead on, I attend you. [Exit.]

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter AURELIO and MUSICIANS.

Aurelio. This is the window. Now, my noble Orpheus,

As thou affect'st the name of rarity,
Strike with the soul of music, that the sound
May bear my love on his bedewed wing,
To charm her ear: as when a sacrifice,
With his perfumed steam flies up to heaven,
Into Jove's nostrils, and there throws a mist
On his enraged brow. Oh how my fancy
Labours with the success!

[Song above.]

Enter LUCRETIA.

Lucretia. Cease your fool's note there; I am not in tune,

To dance after your fiddle. Who are you?
What saucy groom, that dares so near intrude,
And with offensive noise, grate on my ears?

Aurelio. What more than earthly light breaks
through that window?

Brighter than all the glittering train of nymphs
That wait on Cynthia, when she takes her progress
In pursuit of the swift enchased deer
Over the Cretan or Athenian hills;
Or when, attended with those lesser stars,
She treads the azure circle of the heavens.

Lucretia. Hey-dey, this is excellent! What voice is that?

Oh, is it you? I cry you mercy, sir:
I thought as much; these are your tricks still with me:
You have been sotting on't all night with wine,
And here you come to finish out your revels.
I shall be, one day, able to live private,
I shall, and not be made the epilogue
Of all your drunken meetings. For shame, away!
The rosy morning blushes at thy baseness.
Julia, go throw the music a reward,
And set them hence.

Aurelio. Divine Lucretia,
Do not receive with scorn my proffer'd service:
Oh turn again, though from your arched brow,
Stung with disdain, and bent down to your ey
You shoot me through with darts of cruelty.
Ah foolish man, to court the flame that burns him!

Lucretia. What would this fellow have?

Aurelio. Shine still, fair mistress;
And though in silence, yet still look upon me.
Your eye discourses¹⁰ with more rhetoric

¹⁰ *Your eye discourses, &c.*] So in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*, A. 3. S. 3.

"— You shall see sweet silent rhetorique and dumb eloquence
"speaking in her eye; but when she speaks herself, such an ana-
"tomy of wit, so fine wiz'd and arteriz'd, that 'tis the goodliest
"model of pleasure that ever was to behold."

Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet, A. 2. S. 2.

"She speaks, yet she says nothing; What of that?"

"Her eye discourses, I will answer it.

And *Pope*, in his translation of the *Iliad*:

"Persuasive speech, and more persuasive sighs,

"Silence that spoke, and eloquence of eyes."

The lines in the text, as well as those quoted in the note, were all written subsequent to the publication of *The Complaint of Rosamund*, by Samuel Daniel, from whence the following stanza is extracted:

"Ah beauty, syren, faire enchaunting good,

"Sweet silent rhetorique of perswading eyes,

"Dombé eloquence, whose power doth move the blood,

"More than the words or wisdom of the wise;

"Still harmonie, whose diapason lies

"Within a brow, the key which passions move,

"To ravish sense, and play a world in love."

Than all the gilded tongues of orators.

Lucretia. Out of my pity, not my love, I'll answer.
You come to woo me, and speak fair; 'tis well :
You think to win me too : you are deceiv'd ;
For when I hate a person, all his actions,
Though ne'er so good, prove but his prejudice :
For flatteries are like sweet pills ; though sweet,
Yet if they work not straight, invert to poison.

Aurelio. Why, do you hate me, lady? Was there
ever

Woman so cruel, to hate him that lov'd her ?
Oh, do not so degenerate from nature,
Which form'd you of a temper soft as silk ;
And to the sweet composure of your body,
Took not a drop of gall, or corrupt humour ;
But all your blood was clear and purified.
Then as your limbs are fair, so be your mind :
Cast not a scandal on her curious hand,
To say, she made that crooked, or uneven ;
For virtue is the best, which is deriv'd
From a sweet feature. Women crown their youth,
With the chaste ornaments of love and truth.

Lucretia. This is a language you are studied in,
And you have spoke it to a thousand.

Aurelio. Never, never to any ; for my soul is cut so
To the proportion of what you are,
That all the other beauty in the world,
That is not found within your face, seems vile.
Oh that I were " a veil upon that face,
To hide it from the world ! methinks I could
Envy the very sun for gazing on you !

Lucretia. I wonder, that a fellow of no worth,
Should talk thus liberally : be so impudent,
After so many slightings and abuses

" *Oh that I were, &c.*] Borrowed from *Shakespeare's Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 2.

" O, that I were a glove upon that hand,

" That I might touch that cheek."

Which Mr. Steevens observes, hath been ridiculed by Shirley in *The School of Compliments*.

" Oh that I were a flea upon that lip," &c.

Extorted from me, beyond modesty,
To press upon me still. Have not I told you
My mind in words, plain to be understood,
How much I hate you? Can I not enjoy
The freedom of my chamber, but you must
Stand in my prospect? If you please, I will
Resign up all, and leave you possession.
What can I suffer, or expect more grievous,
From the enforcement of an enemy?

Aurelio. Do not insult upon my sufferings.
I had well hop'd, I should receive some comfort
From the sweet influence of your words or looks;
But now must fly, and vanish like a cloud,
Chas'd with the wind, into the colder regions,
Where sad despair sits ever languishing;
There will I calculate my injuries,
Summ'd up with my deserts: then shall I find
How you are wanting to all good and pity,
And that you do but juggle with our sense;
That you appear gentle and smooth as water,
When no wind breathes on it, but indeed,
Are far more hard than rocks of adamant:
That you are more inconstant than your mistress,
Fortune, that guides you; that your promises
Are all deceitful; and that wanton Love,
Whom former ages, flattering their vice,
And to procure more freedom for their sin,
Have term'd a God, laughs at your perjuries.

Lucretia. You will do this: why do so, ease your
mind,
So I be free from you. There's no such torment,
As to be troubled with an insolent lover,
That will receive no answer: bonds and fetters,
Perpetual imprisonment, are not like it:
'Tis worse than to be seiz'd on with a fever,
A continual surfeit. For heaven's sake leave me.
And let me hear no more of you.

Aurelio. Is this the best reward for all my hopes,
The dear expences of youth and service,
Spent in the execution of your follies?

When not a day or hour, but witness'd with me,
 With what great study, and affected care,
 More than of fame or honour, I invented
 New ways to fit your humour; what observance,
 As if you were the arbitress of courtship,
 I sought to please you with: laid out for fashions,
 And bought them for you; feasted you with banquets;
 Read you asleep i' th' afternoon with pamphlets;
 Sent you elixirs and preservatives,
 Paintings and powders, that would have restor'd
 Old Niobe to youth; the beauty you pretend to,
 Is all my gift. Besides, I was so simple,
 To wear your foolish colours¹², cry your wit up.
 And judgment, when you had none, and swore to it;
 Drank to your health, whole nights, in hippocras¹³,
 Upon my knees, with more religion
 Than e'er I said my prayers; which Heaven forgive me.

Lucretia. Are these such miracles; 'Twas but your
 duty,

The tributary homage all men owe
 Unto our sex. Should we enjoin you travel,
 Or send you on an errand into France,
 Only to fetch a basket of musk-melons,
 It were a favour for you. Put the case
 That I were Hero, and you were Leander:
 If I should bid you swim the Hellespont,
 Only to know my mind, methinks you might
 Be proud of the employment. Were you a Puritan,
 Did I command you wait me to a play,
 Or to the church, though you had no religion,

¹² *To wear your foolish colours.*] So in *Love's Labour's Lost*, edit. 1778, vol. 2. p. 422.

"And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop."

See a note on this passage. S.

¹³ *Hippocras.*] "A compound wine, mixed with several kinds of spices. *Blount's Glossographia*. Kneeling to drink healths was formerly the common practice of drinkers. So in *Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels*, A. 2. S. 2.

"He is a great proficient in all the illiberal sciences; as cheating, drinking, swaggering, whoring, and such like; never kneels but to drink healths, nor prays but for a pipe of pudding tobacco."

You might not question it.

Aurelio. Pretty, very pretty!

Lucretia. And then because I am familiar,
And deign, out of my nobleness and bounty,
To grace your weak endeavours with the title
Of courtesy, to wave my fan at you,
Or let you kiss my hand, must we straight marry
I may esteem you in the rank of servants,
To cast off when I please, ne'er for a husband.

Aurelio. If ever devil damn'd in a woman's tongue,
'Tis in thine. I am glad yet you tell me this,
I might have else proceeded, and gone on
In the lewd way¹⁴ of loving you, and so
Have wander'd farther from myself: but now
I'll study to be wiser, and henceforth
Hate the whole gang of you; denounce a war,
Ne'er to be reconcil'd, and rejoice in it;
And count myself bless'd for't; and wish all men
May do the like, to shun you. For my part,
If when my brains are troubled with late drinking,
(I shall have else the grace, sure, to forget you)
Then but my labouring fancy dream of you,
I'll start, affrighted at the vision.

Lucretia. 'Las! how pitifully it takes it to heart!
It would be angry too, if it knew how.

Aurelio. Come near me, none of you: if I hear
The sound of your approach, I'll stop my ears;
Nay, I'll be angry, if I shall imagine
That any of you think of me: and, for thy sake,
If I but see the picture of a woman,
I'll hide my face, and break it. So farewell.

[*Exit Lucretia.*]

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, and ANGELIA.

Lorenzo. What are you, friend, and what's your
business?

Aurelio. Whate'er it be, now 'tis dispatch'd.

Lorenzo. This is rudeness.

Aurelio. The fitter for the place and persons then.

Lorenzo. How's that?

¹⁴ In the lewd way.] i. e. idle.

Aurelio. You are a nest of savages, the house
Is more inhospitable than the quicksands.
Your daughter sits on that enchanted bay,
A siren like, to entice passengers;
Who viewing her, through a false perspective,
Neglect the better traffic of their life;
But yet, the more they labour to come near her,
The further she flies back; until at last,
When she has brought them to some rock or shelf,
She proudly looks down on the wreck of lovers.

Lorenzo. Why, who has injur'd you?

Aurelio. No matter who:

I'll first talk with a sphinx ere converse with you.

Lorenzo. A word. Expound your wrongs more to
the full,

If you expect a remedy.

Aurelio. I'll rather

Seek out diseases, choose my death and pine,
Than stay to be cur'd by you.

[*Exit.*]

Enter ÆMILIA and LUCRETIA.

Lorenzo. If you be so obstinate,
Take your course——Why, wife Æmilia,
Daughter Lucretia——What's the matter here
With this same fellow? do you owe him money?

Lucretia. Owe him money, sir! Does he look like
one

That should lend money? He is a gentleman,
And they seldom credit any body.

Lorenzo. Well, wife,

Where was your matron's wisdom, that should keep
A vigilant care upon your house and daughter,
And not have suffer'd her to be surpriz'd
With every loose aspect, and gazing eye,
That suck in hot and lustful motions?
You were best turn bawd, and prostitute her beauty.

Æmilia. You were best turn an old ass,
And meddle with your bonds and brokage.

Lorenzo. What was his business?

Lucretia. To tell you true, sir, he is one of those
Whom love and fortune have conspir'd to fool,

And make the subject of a woman's will.
 His idle brain, being void of better reason,
 Is fill'd with toys and humours; and for want
 Of other exercise, he takes great pains
 For the expressing of his folly: sometimes
 With starts and sighs, hung head, and folded arms,
 Sonnets and pitiful tunes; forgetting
 All due respect unto himself and friends,
 With doating on a mistress: she again,
 As little pitying him, whose every frown
 Strikes him as dead as fate, and makes him walk
 The living monument of his own sorrow.

Lorenzo. I apprehend, he came a wooing to thee.
 'Tis so, and thou did'st scorn him, girl: 'twas well
 done.

I'll ease thee of that care: see, I have brought
 A husband to thy hand. Look on him well;
 A worthy man, and a Clarissimo.

Lucretia. A husband, said you? Now Venus be propitious!

He looks more like the remedy of love,
 A julep to cool it. She that could take fire
 At such a dull flame as his eyes, I should
 Believe her more than touchwood!

Mocinigo. A ravishing creature!
 If her condition answer but her feature,
 I am fitted. Her form answers my affection;
 It arrides me exceedingly¹⁵. I'll speak to her.
 Fair mistress, what your father has propos'd
 In the fair way of contract, I stand ready
 To ratify; and let me not seem less
 In your esteem, because I am so easy
 In my consent. Women love out of fancy,
 Men from advice.

Lucretia. You do not mean in earnest?
 Now, Cupid, deliver me!

¹⁵ *It arrides me exceedingly.*] i. e. pleases me: a Latin phrase. So
Cic. Att. 13. 21. "Inhibere illud tuum quod valde arriserat, vehementer displicet."

Mocinigo. How, not in earnest!
As I am strong and mighty in desires,
You wrong me to question it.

Lucretia. Good sir, consider
The infinite distance that is between us
In age and manners.

Mocinigo. No distance at all:
My age is youthful, and your youth is aged.

Lucretia. But you are wise, and will you sell your
freedom
Unto a female tyranny, in despair
E'er to be quit? You run a strange adventure,
Without perceiving what a certain hazard
A creature of my inclination
Is apt to draw you to.

Mocinigo. I cannot think it.

Lucretia. 'Tis strange you'll not believe me, unless
I lay
My imperfection open. I have a nature
Ambitious beyond thought, quite giv'n over
To entertainments and expence: no bravery
That's fashionable can escape me; and then,
Unless you are of a most settled temper,
Quite without passion, I shall make you
Horn-mad with jealousy.

Mocinigo. Come, come, I know
Thou'rt virtuous, and speakest this but to try me.
You will not be so adverse to your fortune,
And all obedience, to contradict
What your father has set down.

Lucretia. These are my faults
I cannot help, if you will be so good
As to dispense with them.

Mocinigo. With all my heart. I forgive thee before
thou offend'st.

Lucretia. Then, I am mighty stubborn and self-will'd,
And shall sometimes e'en long to abuse you:
And for my tongue, 'tis like a stone thrown down,
Of an impetuous motion, not to be still'd.

Mocinigo. All these cannot dismay me; for considering

How they are passions proper to your sex,
In a degree they are virtues.

Lucretia. Oh my fate!

He will not be terrified. Then, not to feed you
With further hopes, or pump for more excuses,
Take it in brief, though I am loth to speak,
But you compel me to it, I cannot love you.

Lorenzo. How do you speed, sir? Is she tractable?
Do you approve of her replies?

Mocinigo. I know not;

Guess you: she said she cannot love me; and 'tis
The least thing I should have mistrusted; I durst
Have sworn, she would ne'er have made scruple on't.

Lorenzo. Not love you! Come, she must and shall.

Do you hear, housewife?

No more of this, as you affect my friendship.
What, shall I bring here a right worshipful prætor
Unto my house, in hope you will be rul'd,
And you prove recreant to my commands?
But my vex'd soul, thou hast done a deed were able,
In the mere questioning of what I bid,
Were not I a pious and indulgent father,
To thrust thee, as a stranger, from my blood.

Mocinigo. Be not too rash, sir: women are not won
With force, but fair entreaty. Have I been vers'd
Thus long i' th' school of love; know all their arts,
Their practices, their ways, and subtilties,
In all my encounters still return'd a victor,
And have not left a stratagem at last
To work on her affection, let me suffer.

Lorenzo. Nay, and you have that confidence, I'll
leave you.

Mocinigo. Lady, a word in private with you.

[*Whisper.*

Emilia. Pray, sweetheart,
What pretty youth is that?

Lorenzo. Who, this same chicken?
He is the son of a great nobleman,

And my especial friend. His father's gone
 Into the country to survey his lands,
 And let new leases, and left him in charge
 With me till his return.

Æmilia. Now, as I live,
 'Tis a well-favour'd lad, and his years promise
 He should have an ability to do,
 And wit to conceal. When I take him single,
 I'll try his disposition. [*Aside.*]

Mocinigo. This, for your sake,
 I'll undertake and execute.

Lucretia. For my sake!
 You shall not draw me to the fellowship
 Of such a sin.

Mocinigo. I know 'tis pleasing to thee,
 And therefore am resolv'd.

Lucretia. I may prevent you.

Lorenzo. What, are you resolv'd?

Mocinigo. We are e'en at a point, sir.

Lorenzo. What's more to be done, let's in and con-
 sider. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter ANTIQUARY and PETRO.

Antiquary. Well, sirrah! but that I have brought
 you up, I would cashier you for these reproofs.

Petro. Good sir, consider, 'tis no benefit to me; he
 is your nephew that I speak for, and 'tis charity to re-
 lieve him.

Antiquary. He is a young knave, and that's crime
 enough: and he were old in any thing, though 'twere
 in iniquity, there were some reverence to be had of
 him.

Petro. Why, sir, though he be a young knave, as
 you term him, yet he is your kinsman, and in distress
 too.

Antiquary. Why, sir, and you know again, that 'tis
 an old custom, (which thing I will no way transgress)
 for a rich man not to look upon any as his kinsman, in
 distress.

Petro. 'Tis an ill custom, sir, and 'twere good 'twere
 repeal'd.

Antiquary. I have something else to look after. Have you dispos'd of those relics, as I bade you?

Petro. Yes, sir.

Antiquary. Well, thou dost not know the estimation of what thou hast in keeping. The whole Indies, seeing they are but newly discover'd, are not to be valued with them: the very dust that cleaves to one of those monuments, is more worth than the ore of twenty mines!

Petro. Yet, by your favour, sir, of what use can they be to you?

Antiquary. What use! Did not the Seignior build a state-chamber for antiquities? and 'tis the best thing that e'er they did: they are the registers, the chronicles of the age they were made in, and speak the truth of history better than a hundred of your printed commentaries.

Petro. Yet few are of your belief.

Antiquary. There's a box of coins within, most of them brass, yet each of them a jewel, miraculously preserv'd in spite of time or envy; and are of that rarity and excellence, that saints may go a pilgrimage to them, and not be ashamed.

Petro. Yet, I say still, what good can they do to you, more than to look on?

Antiquary. What good, thou brute! And thou wer't not worth a penny, the very shewing of them were able to maintain thee. Let me see now, and you were put to it, how you could advance your voice in their commendation. Begin.

Petro. All you gentlemen, that are affected with rarities, such, the world cannot produce the like, snatch'd from the jaws of time, and wonderfully collected by a studious antiquary, come near and admire.

Antiquary. Thou say'st right: the limbs of Hippolitus were never so dispers'd.

Petro. First, those twelve pictures that you see there, are the portraitures of the Sibyls, drawn, five hundred years since, by Titianus of Padua, an excellent painter and statuary.

Antiquary. Very well.

Petro. Then here is Venus all naked, and Cupid by her, on a dolphin: both these were drawn by Apelles of Greece.

Antiquary. Proceed.

Petro. Then here is Hercules and Antæus; and that Pallas at length, in alabaster, with her helmet and feathers, and that's Jupiter, with an eagle at his back.

Antiquary. Exceeding well!

Petro. Then, there's the great silver box that Nero kept his beard in.

Antiquary. Good again.

Petro. And after decking it with precious stones did consecrate it to the Capitol.

Antiquary. That's right.

Petro. And there hangs the net that held Mars and his mistress, while the whole bench of bawdy deities stood spectators of their sport.

Antiquary. Admirable good!

Petro. Then, here is Marius to the middle¹⁶, and there Cleopatra with a veil over her face; and next to her, Marcus Antonius the Triumvir; then, he with half a nose is Corvinus, and he with ne'er a one is Galba.

Antiquary. Very sufficient!

Petro. Then, here is Vitellius, and there Titus and Vespasian: these three were made by Jacobus Sansovinus, the Florentine.

Antiquary. 'Tis enough.

Petro. Last of all, this is the urn that did contain the ashes of the emperors.

Antiquary. And each of these worth a king's ransom——

¹⁶ Then here is Marius to the middle——he with half a nose is Corvinus, and he with ne'er a one is Galba.]

Et Curios jam dimidios; nasumque minorem
Corvini, et Galbam auriculis nasoque carentem?

Juvenal. Sat. 8. edit. Ald. 1535. S.

*Enter DUKE and LEONARDO.**

Duke. Save you, sir!

Antiquary. You are welcome, gentlemen.

Duke. I come, sir, a suitor to you. I hear you are possess'd of many various and excellent antiquities; and though I am a stranger. I would intreat your gentleness a favour.

Antiquary. What's that, sir?

Duke. Only that you would vouchsafe me to be a spectator of their curiosity and worth; which courtesy shall engage me yours for ever.

Antiquary. For their worth I will not promise: 'tis as you please to esteem of them.

Leonardo. No doubt, sir, we shall ascribe what dignity belongs to them, and to you their preserver.

Antiquary. You speak nobly; and thus much let me tell you, to your edifying: the foolish doating on these present novelties, is the cause why so many rare inventions have already perish'd; and, which is pity, antiquity has not left so much as a footstep behind her, more than of her vices.

Leonardo. 'Tis the more pity, sir.

Antiquary. Then, what raises such vanities amongst us, and sets fantastical fancies a-work? What's the reason that so many fresh tricks and new inventions of fashions and diseases come daily over sea, and land upon a man that never durst adventure to taste salt water, but only the neglect of those useful instructions which antiquity has set down.

Duke. You speak oracles, sir.

Antiquary. Look farther, and tell me what you find better, or more honourable than age. Is not wisdom entail'd upon it? Take the preheminance of it in every thing; in an old friend, in old wine, in an old pedigree.

Leonardo. All this is certain.

Antiquary. I confess to you, gentlemen, I must reverence and prefer the precedent times before these,

* Of course they are disguised, as appears from a preceding scene, although it is not mentioned here. C.

which consum'd their wits in experiments : and 'twas a virtuous emulation amongst them, that nothing which should profit posterity should perish.

Leonardo. It argued a good fatherly providence.

Antiquary. It did so. There was Lysippus, that spent his whole life in the lineaments of one picture, which I will shew you anon : then was there Eudoxus the philosopher ¹⁷, who grew old in the top of a mountain, to contemplate astronomy ; whose manuscript I have also by me.

Duke. Have you so, sir ?

Antiquary. I have that, and many more ; yet see the preposterous desires of men in these days, that account better of a mass of gold, than whatever Apelles or Phidias have invented !

Duke. That is their ignorance.

Antiquary. Well, gentlemen, because I perceive you are ingenious, I would intreat you to walk in, where I will demonstrate all, and proceed in my admonition.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter AURELIO and LIONEL.

Lionel. 'Tis well, sir : I am glad you are so soon got free from your bondage.

Aurelio. Yes, I thank my stars, I am now my own man again ; I have slept out my drunken fit of love, and am recovered. You that are my friends, rejoice at my liberty.

Lionel. Why, was it painful to you ?

Aurelio. More tedious than a siege. I wonder what black leaf in the book of fate has decreed that misery upon man, to be in love ; it transforms him to a worse monster than e'er Calypso's cup did : a country gentleman among courtiers, or their wives among the ladies ; a clown among citizens, nay an ass among apes, is not half so ridiculous as that makes us. Oh ! that I could but come by it, how would I tear it, that

¹⁷ *Eudoxus the philosopher.*] Of Cnidus. He flourished before the coming of Christ, about 388 years. *Petronius in Satyricon* writes, *eum quidem in cucurmine excellissimi montis consenuisse ut astrorum calique motus deprehenderet.*

never such a witch'd passion should arise in any human breast again.

Lionel. You are too violent in your hate: you should never so fall out with a friend, as to admit no hope of reconciliation.

Aurelio. I'll first be at peace with a serpent. Mark me, if thou hast care of thy time, thy health, thy fame, or thy wits, avoid it.

Lionel. I must confess, I have been a little vain that way, yet never so transported, but when I saw a hand-somer in place, I could leave the former, and cleave to the latter. I was ever constant to beauty.

Aurelio. Hold thee there still, and if there be a necessity at any time, that thou must be mad, let it be a short fury, and away: let not this paltry love hang too long upon the file, be not deluded with delays; for if these she-creatures have once the predominance, there shall be no way to torture thee, but they'll find it out, and inflict it without mercy: they'll work on thy disposition, and if thou hast any good-nature, they'll be sure to abuse thee extremely.

Lionel. Speak you this in earnest?

Aurelio. I know not what you call earnest, but before I'll endure that life again, I'll bind myself to a carrier, look out any employment whatever, spend my hours in seeing motions and puppet-plays, rook at bowling-alleys, mould tales, and vent them at ordinaries, carry begging epistles, walk upon projects, transcribe fiddlers' ditties.

Lionel. Oh, monstrous!

Aurelio. But since I have tasted the sweetness of my freedom, thou dost not know what quickness and agility is infused into me. I feel not that weight was wont to clog me, where'er I went; I am all fire and spirit, as if I had been stript of my mortality! I hear not my thoughts whisper to me, as they were wont—Such a man is your rival; There's an affront, call him to an account, Redeem your mistress' favour, Present her with such a gift, Wait her at such a place;—none of these vanities.

Lionel. You are happy, sir.

Enter DUKE, PETRO, and LEONARDO.

Petro. Come, gentles, follow me, I'll bring you to them : look you where they are !

Duke. Signior Lionel, I have trac'd much ground to inquire for you.

Lionel. I rest engag'd to you for your last night's love, sir.

Duke. And I for your good company. Did you ever see such a blind ruinous tippling-house, as we made shift to find out ?

Leonardo. I, and the people were as wretched in it : what a mist of tobacco flew amongst them !

Lionel. And what a deluge of rheum !

Petro. If the house be so old as you speak of, 'twere good you brought my master into it, and then throw 't a-top of him ; he would never desire to be better buried.

Duke. Well said, Petro.

Lionel. Sir, if it be no trouble to you, I would intreat you know my worthy friend here.

Duke. You shall make me happy in any worthy acquaintance.

Petro. Well, Signior Lionel, you are beholden to these gentlemen for their good words unto your uncle for you : they spoke in your behalf, as earnestly as e'er did lawyer for his client.

Lionel. And what was the issue ?

Petro. He is hide-bound he will part with nothing. There is an old rivell'd purse hangs at his side, has not been loos'd these twenty years, and, I think, will so continue.

Lionel. Why, will his charity stretch to nothing, Petro ?

Petro. Yes, he has sent you something.

Lionel. What is't ?

Petro. A piece of antiquity, sir ; 'tis English coin ; and if you will needs know, 'tis an old Harry groat¹⁸.

¹⁸ 'Tis an old Harry groat.] The groats coined in the reign of Henry the Eighth, are distinguished by different names ; as, the old Harry groat, the gun-hole groat, the first and second gun-stone

Lionel. Thank him heartily.

Petro. And 'tis the first, he says, that e'er was made of them; and, in his esteem, is worth three double ducats newly stamp'd.

Lionel. His folly may put what price he please upon it, but to me 'tis no more than the value, *Petro.*

Petro. He says, moreover, that it may stand you in some use and pleasure hereafter, when you grow ancient; for it is worn so thin with often handling, it may serve you for a spectacle.

Lionel. Very well.

Duke. 'Twere a good deed to conspire against him; he has a humour easy to be wrought on, and if you'll undertake him, we'll assist you in the performance.

Lionel. With all my heart, gentlemen, and I thank you.

Duke. Let us defer it no longer then, but instantly about it.

Lionel. A match! Lead on; good wit and fortune guide us. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter BRAVO and BOY.

Bravo. Boy, how sits my rapier?

Boy. Close, sir, like a friend that meant to stick to you.

Bravo. He that will purchase honour, and the name of Bravo, must, by consequence, be a brave fellow, his title requires it.

Boy. But pray, sir, were you never put to the worst in your days?

Bravo. Who, I worsted? no, boy; I do manage my rapier with as much readiness and facility, as an unicorn does his antler.

Boy. Sure you must needs be very strong then.

groat, &c. The *old Harry groat* is that which has the head of the king, with a long face and long hair. See *Hewit's Treatise on Moins, Coins, &c.* 1775. p. 69.

Bravo. Not so neither, 'tis courage in me: I do it by a sleight, an activity, and by that I can controul any man's point whatsoever.

Boy. Is it possible?

Bravo. I tell thee, boy, I do as much surpass Hercules at my rapier, as he did me in club-fighting¹⁰. Have you drawn a register of those men, that have been forc'd by this weak instrument to lay down their lives? I think it has cut more lives than Atropos.

Boy. But pray, sir, were they all your own exploits?

Bravo. Indeed, boy, thou may'st question it; for, and they were to perform again, they would hardly be done. What will this age come to? Where be those stirring humours, that were wont to trouble the world? Peace, I think, will o'erspread them all like a gangrene, and men will die with a lethargy: there's no malice extant, no jealousies, no employment to set wickedness a-work! 'tis never a dead time with me, but when there's nobody to kill.

Boy. That's a miserable extremity indeed, sir.

Bravo. Leave me, boy, to my meditations—

[*Exit Boy.*]

Enter MOCINIGO.

Well, go thy ways, old Nick Machiavel, there will never be the peer of thee, for wholesome policy and good counsel. Thou took'st pains to chalk men out the dark paths and hidden plots of murder and deceit, and no man has the grace to follow thee: the age is unthankful, thy principles are quite forsaken, and worn out of memory.

Mocinigo. There's a fellow walks melancholy, and that's commonly a passion apt to entertain any mischief; discontent and honesty seldom harbour together. How scurvily he looks, like one of the devil's factors! I'll tempt him.—By your leave, sir.

Bravo. Ha!

¹⁰ — I do as much surpass Hercules at my rapier, as he did me in club-fighting.] Thus Armado, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, edit. 1778, vol 2. p. 394. "I do excel Sampson in my rapier, as much as he did me in carrying gates." S.

Mocinigo. No hurt, good sir; be not so furious, I beseech you.

Bravo. What are you?

Mocinigo. I am bold to disturb you, and would fain communicate a business, if you had the patience to hear me.

Bravo. Speak, what is't?

Mocinigo. You seem a man upon whom fortune, perhaps, has not cast so favourable an aspect as you deserve.

Bravo. Can you win her to look better?

Mocinigo. Though not her, yet, perhaps a servant of hers, that shall be as gracious to you, and as profitable.

Bravo. What's she?

Mocinigo. It may be, you want money: there is a way to purchase it, if you have the heart.

Bravo. The heart! Hast thou the heart to speak, nay to conceive, what I dare not undertake?

Mocinigo. A fit instrument for my purpose! How luckily has fortune brought me to him?—Do you hear, sir, 'tis but the slight killing of a man, or so; no more.

Bravo. Is that all?

Mocinigo. Is that nothing?

Bravo. Some queasy stomach might turn, perhaps, at such a motion; but I am more resolv'd, better harden'd. What is he? For I have my several rates, salaries for blood: for a lord, so much; for a knight, so much; a gentleman, so much; a peasant, so much; a stranger, so much; and a native, so much.

Mocinigo. Nay, he is a gentleman, and a citizen of Venice.

Bravo. Let him be what he will, and we can agree: it has been a foolish ambition heretofore, to save them, and men were rewarded for it with garlands;²⁰ but I

²⁰ to save them, men were rewarded with garlands.] The Romans bestowed an oaken wreath on him who had preserved the life of a

had rather destroy one or two of them, they multiply too fast.

Mocinigo. Do you know one Signior Aurelio then? He is the man; he woo'd my mistress, and sought to win her from me.

Bravo. A warrantable cause! shew me the man, and 'tis enough.

Mocinigo. And what must I give you?

Bravo. At a word, thirty livres, I'll not bate you a betso²¹.

Mocinigo. I'll give you twenty.

Bravo. You bid like a chapman. Well, 'tis a hard time; in hope of your custom hereafter, I'll take your money.

Mocinigo. There 'tis. Now for the means; how can you compass it? Were you not best poison him, think you?

Bravo. With a bullet or stiletto; poison him! I scorn to do things so poorly; no, I'll use valour in my villainy, or I'll do nothing.

Mocinigo. You speak honourably; and, now I think on't, what if you beat him wellfavour'dly, and spare his life?

Bravo. Beat him! stay there; I'll kill him for this sum, but I'll not beat him for thrice the value; so he might do as much for me: no, I'll leave him impotent for all thought of revenge.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Mocinigo. Well, sir, use your pleasure. Look you, here's the gentlewoman for whose sake it is done.—Lady, you are come most opportunely, to be a witness of my love and zeal to you; he is the man that will do the feat.

Lucretia. What feat?

citizen. The mother of *Coriolanus*, in Shakespeare, boasts that he "return'd, his brows bound with oak." S.

²¹ *Betso.*] A coin of the least value of any current in Venice; it was worth no more than half a sol; that is, near a farthing. See *Coryat's Crudities*, 1611, p. 286.

Mocinigo. That you and I consulted of; kill the rascal Aurelio, take him out of the way: what should he live any longer for? I'll have no man breathe that you disgust.

Lucretia. Then ought you to go and hang yourself.

Mocinigo. Who, I hang myself! for what? my good service, and respect to your quiet? If he have any mind to haunt your chamber hereafter, he shall do it as a ghost, without any substantial shape, I assure you.

Lucretia. I think the fool is in earnest: I must use policy, and not play away a man's life so. [*Aside.*] Nay, pr'ythee, sweetheart, be not angry, 'twas but to try thee: this kiss, and my love.

Mocinigo. Why, here's some amends yet: now 'tis as it should be.

Lucretia. I am as deep and eager in this purpose As you are, therefore grant me leave, a little, To talk with him: I have some private counsel To give him, for the better execution.

Mocinigo. May I not hear?

Lucretia. No, as you love me, go.

Mocinigo. Her humour must be law: we that are suitors

Must deal with women as with towns besieg'd,
Offer them fair conditions, till you get them,
And then we'll tyrannize. Yet there's a doubt
Is not resolv'd on.

Lucretia. Good sir, begone.

Mocinigo. I vanish. Were I best trust this fellow
with my mistress?

Temptations may arise: 'tis all one, I am

A right Italian, and the world shall see

That my revenge is above jealousy.

[*Exit.*

Bravo. Now, lady, your pleasure?

Lucretia. I would not allow myself any conference with you, did my reason persuade me, that you were as bad as you seem to be. Pray, what are you?

Bravo. I am, sweet creature, a kind of lawless jus-

ticer,* or usurping martialist of authority, that will kill any man with my safety.

Lucretia. And you purpose the death of this gentleman?

Bravo. I will do any thing for hire.

Lucretia. Have you no conscience?

Bravo. Conscience! I know not what it is. Why should any man live, and I want money?

Lucretia. Have you no regard then of innocence?

Bravo. 'Tis crime enough he has a life.

Lucretia. How long have you been vers'd in this trade?

Bravo. 'Tis my vocation.

Lucretia. Leave it; 'tis damnable;

And thou the worst and basest of all villains:
It had been better for the womb that bare thee,
If it had travail'd with a pestilence.
What seed of tigers could beget thee to
Such bold and rash attempts? for a small lucre,
Which will be straight as ill spent as 'twas got,
To destroy that, whose essence is divine;
Souls, in themselves more pure than are the heavens,
Or thy ill-boding stars; more worth than all
The treasure lock'd up in the heart of earth:
And yet do this unmov'd or unprovok'd.

Bravo. I have no other means, nor way of living.

Lucretia. 'Twere better perish, than be so supported;
There are a thousand courses to subsist by.

Bravo. I; but a free and daring spirit scorns
To stoop to servile ways, but will choose rather
To purchase his revenue from his sword.

Lucretia. I see you are grown obdurate in your crimes,
Founded to vice, lost to all piety;
Without the apprehension of what wrong
You do your country, in depriving her

* This expression puts one in mind of Lord Bacon's description of Revenge, when he says that it is "wild justice." A *Bravo* is a revenger of injuries, and may therefore very fitly be called a *lawless justicer*. C.

Of those she now enjoys, as useful members ;
And killing their posterity, who, perhaps,
Might, with their art or industry, advance her.

Bravo. What courteous itch, I wonder, has possess
Your virtuous ladyship to give me advice ?
Best keep your wits until you get a husband,
Who may, perhaps, require your learned counsel.

Lucretia. 'Tis true, such as do act thy villainies,
Hate to be told, or think of them ; but hear me.
Haat thou no sense, nor no remorse of soul ?
No thought of any Deity, who, though
It spare thee for a while, will send, at last,
A quick return of vengeance on thy head,
And dart thee down like Phaeton ?

Bravo. Sweet virgin,
Faces ²² about to some other discourse,
I cannot relish this.

Lucretia. So I believe ; but yet
Compose your thoughts for speedy penitence,
Your life for an amendment, or I vow,
To lay your actions open to the senate.

Bravo. Did not your sweetheart tempt me to this
deed,
And will you now betray me ?

Lucretia. He my sweetheart !
I hate you both alike : that very word
Is enough to divorce thee from my pity.
Past hope of reconcilment ; for what mercy
Is to be had of two such prodigies ?
Will you recant yet ? speak, will you be honest ?

Bravo. I think you'll force me to become your
patient.

Lucretia. It is the way to heal thee of a sore,
Whose cure is supernatural. What art ?
What mirror is sufficient to demonstrate
The foulness of thy guilt, whose leprous mind
Is but one stain seas cannot cleanse ? Why murder,
'Tis of all vices the most contrary
To every virtue, and humanity ;

²² *Faces about.*] See note 7 to *The Parson's Wedding*, vol. XI.

For they intend the pleasure and delight,
But this the dissolution of nature.

Bravo. She does begin to move me.

Lucretia. Think of thy sin,

It is the heir apparent unto hell.

And has so many, and so ugly shapes,

His father Pluto, and the furies hate

To look on their own birth : yet thou dar'st act

What they fear to suggest, and sell thy soul

To quick perdition.

Bravo. This has wak'd me more

Into a quicker insight of my evils,

That have impal'd me round with horrid shapes,

More various, than the sev'ral forms of dreams

That wait on Morpheus in his sleepy den.

Lucretia. Then, 'tis a fearful sin, and always
labours

With the new birth of damn'd inventions

And horrid practices ; for 'tis so fearful,

It dares not walk alone, and where it bides,

There is no rest, nor no security,

But a perpetual tempest of despair.

Bravo. All this I feel by sad experience.

Where have I been, where have I liv'd a stranger,

Exil'd from all good thoughts? Never till now

Did any beam of grace or good shine on me.

Lucretia. Besides, 'tis so abhorr'd of all that's good,

That when this monster lifts his cursed head

Above the earth, and wraps it in the clouds,

The sun flies back, as loth to stain his rays

With such a foul pollution ; and night,

In emulation of so black a deed,

Puts on her darkest robe to cover it.

Bravo. Oh do not grate too much upon my
suff'rings !

You have won upon my conscience, and I feel

A sting within me, tells my troubled soul,

That I have trod too long those bloody paths

That lead unto destruction.

Lucretia. Then be sorry,

And with repentance purge away thy sin.

Bravo. Will all my days and hours consum'd in prayers,

My eyes dissolv'd to tears, wash off such crimes?

Lucretia. If they be serious, and continued.

Bravo. You are a virgin, and your vows are chaste, Do you assist me.

Lucretia. So you'll do the like

For me in what I shall propose.

Bravo. I will,

And joy to be employ'd: there's no thought,
Which can proceed from you, but which is virtuous;
And 'tis a comfort, and a kind of goodness,
To mix with you in any action.

Lucretia. Nay more, in recompense of your fair proffer,

Because you say you are destitute of means,
I'll see that want supply'd.

Bravo. Divinest lady,
Command my service.

Lucretia. Walk then in with me,
And then I will acquaint you with the project. [*Exeunt.*

Enter DUKE, LIONEL, and LEONARDO, PETRUCIO following.

Duke. I see him coming: let's fall into admiration of his good parts, that he may over-hear his own praise.

Lionel. I have, methinks, a longing desire to meet with signior Petrucio.

Petrucio. I hear myself nam'd amongst them. 'Tis no point of civility to listen what opinion the world holds of me, I shall conceive it by their discourse: a man behind his back shall be sure to have nothing but truth spoke of him.

Leonardo. Pray, sir, when saw you that thrice noble and accomplish'd gentleman, Petrucio?

Petrucio. Thrice noble and accomplish'd! there's a new style thrust upon me.

Duke. It pleas'd the indulgency of my fate, to bless me with his company this morning, where he himself

was no less favourable to grace me with the perusal of a madrigal, or an essay of beauty, which he had then newly compos'd.

Lionel. Well, gallants, either my understanding misinforms me, or he is one of the most rare and noble-qualified pieces of gentility, that ever did enrich our climate.

Leonardo. Believe it, sir, 'twere a kind of profanation to make doubt of the contrary.

Petrucio. How happy am I in such acquaintance! A man shall have his due, when your meaner society has neither judgment to discern worth, nor credit to commend it.

Duke. 'Twas my happiness, th' other day, to be in the presence with certain ladies, where I heard him the most extoll'd and approv'd: one of them was not asham'd to pronounce it openly, that she would never desire more of heaven, than to enjoy such a man for her servant.

Petrucio. It shall be my next employment to enquire out for that lady.

Lionel. 'Tis a miracle to me, how, in so small a competency of time, he should arrive to such an absolute plenitude of perfection.

Leonardo. No wonder at all; a man that has travell'd, and been careful of his time.

Lionel. But, by your favour, sir, 'tis not every man's happiness to make so good use on't.

Duke. I'll resolve you something: there is as great a mystery in the acquisition of knowledge, as of wealth. Have you not a citizen will grow rich in a moment, and why not he ingenious? Besides, who knows but he might have digg'd for it, and so found out some conceal'd treasure of understanding.

Petrucio. Now, as I am truly noble, 'tis a wrongful imputation upon me.

Leonardo. Well, if he had but bounty annex'd to his other sufficiencies, he were unparallell'd.

Duke. Nay, there's no man in the earth more liberal: take it upon my word, he has not that thing in

the world so dear or precious in his esteem, which he will not most willingly part with upon the least summons of his friend.

Petrucio. Now must I give away some two or three hundred pounds worth of toys, to maintain this assertion.

Lionel. You spoke of verses e'en now; if you have the copy, pray vouchsafe us a sight of them.

Duke. I cannot suddenly resolve you: yes, here they are.

Lionel. What's this?

A MADRIGAL OF BEAUTY.

*If I should praise her virtue and her beauty,
as 'tis my duty;*

*And tell how every grace doth her become:
'tis ten to one.*

But I should fail in the expression.

Leonardo. I'marry, sir, this sounds something like excellent.

Lionel. *Then, by your leave,
Although, I cannot write what I conceive;
'tis my desire,*

That what I fail to speak, you would admire.

Leonardo. Why, this has some taste in't: how should he arrive to this admirable invention?

Duke. Are you so preposterous in your opinion, to think that wit and elegancy, in writing, are only confin'd to stagers and book-worms? 'Twere a solecism to imagine, that a young bravery, who lives in the perpetual sphere of humanity, where every waiting-woman speaks perfect Arcadia²³, and the ladies lips distil with the very quintessence of conceit, should be so barren of apprehension, as not to participate of their virtues.

Leonardo. Now I consider, they are great helps to a man.

Duke. But when he has travell'd, and deliberated the French²⁴ and the Spanish; can lie a-bed, and ex-

²³ *Arcadia.*] A romance by Sir Philip Sydney.

²⁴ *Deliberated the French.*] i. e. had a taste of *Delibo*, Lat. So Claudian. B. Get. 351. Contentus delibasse cibos. S.

pound *Astræa*²⁵, and digest him into compliments; and when he is up, accost his mistress with what he had read in the morning; now if such a one should rack up his imagination, and give wings to his muse, 'tis credible, he should more catch your delicate court-ear, than all your head-scratchers, thumb-biters, lamp-wasters of them all.

Leonardo. Well, I say the iniquity of fortune appears in nothing more, than not advancing that man to some extraordinary honours.

Lionel. But I never thought he had any genius that way.

Duke. What, because he has been backward to produce his good qualities? Believe it, poetry will out; it can no more be hid, than fire or love.

Petrucio. I'll break them off, they have e'en spoken enough in my behalf for nothing, o'conscience.—Save you, Cavalieros!

Duke. My much honour'd Petrucio, you are welcome; we were now enter'd into a discourse of your worth. Whither do your occasions enforce you so fast?

Petrucio. Gentlemen, to tell you true, I am going upon some raptures.

Leonardo. Upon raptures, say you?

Petrucio. Yes, my employment is tripartite: I have here an anagram to a lady, I made of her name this morning; with a poesy to another, that must be inserted into a ring; and here's a paper carries a secret word too, that must be given, and worn by a knight and tilter; and all my own imaginations, as I hope to be bless'd.

Lionel. Is't possible? how, have you lately drunk of the horsepond²⁶, or stept on the forked Parnassus, that you start out so sudden a poet?

Petrucio. Tut! I leave your Helicons, and your pale

²⁵ *Astræa.*] A French romance, much admired and read in the last century.

²⁶ ——— *drunk of the horsepond.*]
fonte labra prolui *Caballino*. Pr sius. S.

Pirenes²⁷, to such as will look after them; for my own part, I follow the instigation of my brain, and scorn other helps.

Lionel. Do you so?

Petrucio. I'll justify it, the multiplicity of learning does but distract a man. I am all for your modern humours, and when I list to express a passion, it flows from me with that spring of amorous conceits, that a true lover may hang his head over, and read in it the very phys'nomy of his affection.

Duke. Why this is a rare mirrour!

Leonardo. 'Tis so indeed, and beyond all the art of optics.

Petrucio. And when my head labours with the pangs of delivery, by chance up comes a countess's waiting-woman, at whose sight, as at the remembrance of a mistress, my pen falls out of my hand; and then do I read to her half a dozen lines, whereat we both sit together, and melt into tears.

Leonardo. Pitiful-hearted creatures!

Petrucio. I am now about a device, that this gentleman has promis'd shall be presented before his highness.

Duke. Yes, upon my word, sir, and yourself with it.

Petrucio. Shall the Duke take notice of me too? Oh heavens, how you transport me with the thought on't!

Duke. I'll bring you to him, believe me, and you know not what grace he may do you.

Petrucio. 'Tis a happiness beyond mortals! I cannot tell, it may be my good fortune to advance you all.

Lionel. We shall be glad to have dependance on you.

Petrucio. Gentles, I would intreat you a courtesy.

Duke. What's that, signior?

Petrucio. That you would be all pleas'd to grace my lodging to-morrow at a banquet: there will be ladies and gallants; and among the rest, I'll send to invite

²⁷ *pale Pirenes.*] pallidamque Pyrenen. Persius. S.

your uncle the Antiquary, and we'll be very merry, I assure you.

Leonardo. Well, sir, your bounty commands us not to fail you.

Petrucio. Bounty! there's a memorandum for me. In the mean time, pray accept these few favours at my hands, as assurances that you will not fail me; till when, I take my leave. [Exit.]

Lionel. Farewell, sir. Go thy ways; thou hast as dull a piece of scalp, as ere covered the brain of any traveller.

Duke. For love's sake, Lionel, let's haste to thy uncle, before the coxcomb prevent us.

Lionel. Why, sir, I stay for you.

Leonardo. Has Petro prepar'd him for your entrance? and is your disguise fit?

Lionel. I have all in readiness.

Duke. On then, and when you are warm in your discourse, we'll come with our device to affright him: 'twill be an excellent scene of affliction.

Leonardo. Be sure you mark your cue, sir, and do not fail to approach.

Duke. Trust to my care, I warrant you. [Exeunt.]

Enter AURELIO and SERVANT.

Aurelio. A gentlewoman without speak with me, say you?

Servant. Yes, sir, and will by no means be put back.

Aurelio. I am no lawyer, nor no secretary: what business can she have here, I wonder?

Servant. She is very importunate to enter.

Aurelio. I was once in the humour, never to admit any of them to come near me again, but since she is so eager, let her approach. I'll try my strength, what proof 'tis against her enchantments: if ever Ulysses were more provident, or better arm'd to sail by the Sirens, I'll perish; if she have the art to impose upon me, let her beg my wit for an anatomy, and dissect it——

Enter LUCRETIA.

Now, Lady Humour, what new emotion in the blood has turn'd the tide of your fancy to come hither?

Lucretia. These words are but unkind salutes to a gentlewoman.

Aurelio. They are too good for you. With what face dare you approach hither, knowing how infinitely you have abus'd me? You want matter to exercise your wits on; the world's too wise for you; and ere you in-snare me again, you'll have good luck.

Lucretia. Pray, sir, do not reiterate those things which might better be forgotten: I confess I have done ill, because I am a woman, and young, and 'twill be nobleness in you not to remember it.

Aurelio. I'll sooner plough up shore and sow it, and live in expectation of a crop, before I'll think the least good from any of your sex, while I breathe again.

Lucretia. I hope, sir, that time and experience will rectify your judgment to a better opinion of us.

Aurelio. I'll trust my ship to a storm, my substance to a broken citizen, ere I'll credit any of you.

Lucretia. Good sir, be intreated: I come a penitent lover, with a vow'd recantation to all former practices, and malicious endeavours, that I have wrought against you.

Aurelio. How can I think better of you, when I consider your nature, your pride, your treachery, your covetousness, your lust; and how you commit perjury easier than speak?

Lucretia. Sure 'tis no desert in us, but your own misguided thoughts, that move in you this passion.

Aurelio. Indeed, time was, I thought you pretty foolish things to play withal; and was so blinded as to imagine that your hairs* were golden threads, that your eyes darted forth beams, that laughter sate smiling

* "That your *hairs* were golden threads," is the true reading; but Mr. Reed allowed it to stand, "that your *hearts* were golden threads," which is nonsense, or very near it. Shakespeare has the same expression, in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"Her *hair*, like golden threads, play'd with her breath." C.

on your lips, and the coral itself look'd pale to them : that you mov'd like a goddess, and diffus'd your pleasures wide as the air : then could I prevent the rising sun²⁸ to wait on you, observ'd every nod you cast forth, had the patience to hear your discourse, and admir'd you, when you talk'd of your visits, of the court, of councils, of nobility, and of your ancestors.

Lucretia. And were not these pleasing to you ?

Aurelio. Nothing but a heap of tortures : but since I have learn'd the Delphic Oracle, to *know myself*, and ponder what a deal of mischief you work, I am content to live private and solitary, without any pensive thought what you do, or what shall become of you.

Lucretia. Sir, if you calculate all occasions, I have not merited this neglect from you.

Aurelio. Yes, and more. Do you not remember what tasks you were wont to put me to, and expences ? when I bestow'd on you gowns and petticoats, and you, in exchange, gave me bracelets and shoe-ties ? how you fool'd me sometimes, and set me to pin plaits in your ruff, two hours together, and made a waiting frippery of me ? how you rack'd my brain to compose verses for you ? a thing I could never abide : nay, in my conscience, and I had not took courage, you had brought me to spin, and beat me with your slippers.

Lucretia. Well, sir, I perceive you are resolv'd to hear no reason ; but, before my sorrowful departure, know, she that you slight, is the preserver of your life ; therefore, I dare be bold²⁹ to call you ingrate, and in that I have spoke all that can be ill in man.

Aurelio. Pray stay, come back a little.

Lucretia. Not till you are better temper'd. What I

²⁸ *Prevent the rising sun.*] i. e. go before. So in the 119th Psalm.

" Mine eyes *prevent* the night watches." S.

Again ; in the office of consecrating Cramp Rings : " We beseech thee, O Lord, that the Spirit which proceeds from thee, may *prevent* and follow in our desires," &c. I. R.

One of the Collects of the Church Service begins, "*Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings.*" C.

²⁹ *Therefore I dare be bold,* &c.] Alluding to the ancient aphorism, *Ingratus si dixeris, omnia dixeris.*

have reveal'd, is true; and though you prove unthankful, good deeds reward themselves: the conscience of the fact shall pay my virtue. So I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Aurelio. That I should owe my life to her! which way, I wonder? Something depends on this, I must win out: well, I will not forswear it, but the toy may take me in the head, and I may see her. [*Exit.*]

Enter ANTIQUARY and PETRO.

Antiquary. Has he such rare things, say you?

Petro. Yes, sir, I believe you have not seen the like of them: they are a couple of old manuscripts, found in a wall, and stor'd up with the foundation; it may be they are the writings of some prophetess.

Antiquary. What moves you to think so, Petro?

Petro. Because, sir, the characters are so imperfect; for time has eaten out the letters, and the dust makes a parenthesis³⁰ betwixt every syllable.

Antiquary. A shrewd convincing argument! this fellow has a notable reach with him. Go, bid him enter. A hundred to one some fool has them in possession, that knows not their value; it may be, a man may purchase them for little or nothing —

Enter LIONEL, like a scholar, with two books.

Come near, friend, let me see what you have there. Umph, 'tis as I said, they are of the old Roman binding. What's the price of these?

Lionel. I would be loath, sir, to sell them under rate, only to merit laughter for my rashness; therefore I thought good to bestow them on you, and refer myself to your wisdom and free nature for my satisfaction.

Antiquary. You say well; then am I bound again in conscience to deal justly with you: will five hundred crowns content you?

Lionel. I'll demand no more, sir.

³⁰ — and the dust makes a parenthesis.] This is borrowed from the character of an *Antiquary*, in *Micro-cosmographie, or a piece of the World discovered*, 12mo. 1628. "Printed bookes he contemnes, as a novelty of this latter age; but a manuscript he pores on everlastingly, especially if the cover be all moth-eaten, and the dust makes a parenthesis betweenes every syllable."

Antiquary. Petro, see them deliver'd. Now I need not fear to tell you what they are: this is a book *de Republica*, 'tis Marcus Tullius Cicero's own hand writing; I have some other books of his penning, give me assurance of it.

Petro. And what's the other, sir?

Antiquary. This other is a book of mathematics, that was long lost in darkness, and afterwards restored by Ptolemy.

Lionel. I wonder, sir, unless you were Time's secretary, how you should arrive to this intelligence.

Antiquary. I know it by more than inspiration. You had them out of a wall, you say?

Lionel. Yes, sir.

Antiquary. Well then, however you came by them, they were first brought to Venice by Cardinal Girmānus, a patriarch, and were digged out of the ruins of Aquileia, after it was sack'd by Attila king of the Hunns.

Lionel. This to me is wonderful.

Antiquary. Petro, I mean to retire, and give myself wholly to contemplation of these studies; and, because nothing shall hinder me, I mean to lease out my lands, and live confin'd: inquire me out a chapman that will take them of me.

Lionel. If you please to let them, sir, I will help you to a tenant.

Antiquary. Will you, sir? with all my heart, and I'll afford him the better bargain for your sake.

Petro. He may pay the rent with counters, and make him believe they are antiquities.

Antiquary. What's the yearly rent of them, Petro?

Petro. They have been rack'd sir, to three thousand crowns; but the old rent was never above fifteen hundred.

Antiquary. Go to, you have said enough; I'll have no more than the old rent. Name your man, and the indentures shall be drawn.

Lionel. Before I propose that, sir, I thought good to acquaint you with a specialty I found among other

writings; which, having a seal to it, and a name subscrib'd, does most properly belong to you.

Antiquary. Let me see it. What's here? Signior Jovanno Veterano, de Monte Nigro! He was my great grandfather, and this is an old debt of his that remains yet uncancell'd. You could never have pleas'd me better to my cost: this ought, in conscience, to be discharg'd, and I'll see it satisfied the first thing I do. Come along.

Petro. Will you afford your nephew no exhibition out of your estate, sir?

Antiquary. Not a sol; not a gazet.³¹ I have articles to propose before the senate, shall disinherit him.

Lionel. Have you, sir? Not justly, I hope. Pray, what are they?

Antiquary. One of them is, he sent me letters beyond sea, dated *Stilo Novo*.³²

Lionel. That was a great oversight.

Antiquary. Then you remember, Petro, he took up commodities, new-fashion'd stuffs, when he was under age too, that he might cozen his creditors.

Petro. Yes, sir.

Antiquary. And afterwards found out a new way to pay them too.

Lionel. He serv'd them but in their kind, sir: perhaps they meant to have cheated him.

Antiquary. 'Tis all one; I'll have no such practices. But the worst of all, one time when I found him drunk,

³¹ *A gazet.*] *A gazet*, says *Coryat*, p. 286, "is almost a penny; whereof ten doe make a liver, that is, nine pence."—Newspapers being originally sold for that piece of money, acquired their present name of *Gazettes*. See *Junius's Etymol. voce Gazette*.

³² *Stilo Novo.*] The manner of dating letters from abroad, before the alteration of the calendar, according to the reformation of it by Pope Gregory XIII. In *The Woman's Prize, or The Tamer Tam'd*, by *Beaumont and Fletcher*, A. 4. S. 4. vol. 9, 364. ed. 1778, Maria says to Petruccio, who had threatened to travel, in order to be rid of her,

"I do commit your reformation;
And so I leave you to your *stilo novo*."

and chid him for his vice, he had no way to excuse himself, but to say, he would become a new man.

Lionel. That was heinously spoken, indeed!

Antiquary. These are sufficient aggravations, to any one that shall understand my humour.

Enter DUKE and LEONARDO.

Duke. Save you, sir!

Antiquary. These gentlemen shall be witnesses to the bonds. You are very welcome!

Duke. I hardly believe it, when you hear our message.

Antiquary. Why, I beseech you?

Duke. I am sorry to be made the unkind instrument to wrong you; but since 'tis a task impos'd from so great a command, I hope you will the easier be induc'd to dispense with me.

Antiquary. Come nearer to your aim: I understand you not.

Duke. Then thus, sir: the duke has been inform'd of your rarities; and holding them an unfit treasure for a private man to possess, he hath sent his mandamus to take them from you. See, here's his hand for the delivery.

Antiquary. Oh, oh!

Leonardo. What ails you, sir?

Antiquary. I am struck with a sudden sickness: some good man help to keep my soul in, that is rushing from me, and will by no means be intreated to continue!

Lionel. Pray, sir, be comforted.

Antiquary. Comfort! no, I despise it: he has given me daggers to my heart!

Leonardo. Shew yourself a man, sir, and contemn the worst of fortune.

Antiquary. Good sir, could not you have invented a less studied way of torture to take away my life?

Duke. I hope 'twill not work so deeply with you.

Antiquary. Nay, and 'twould stop there, 'twere well;

but 'tis a punishment will follow me after death, and afflict me worse than a fury.

Leonardo. I much pity the gentleman's case.

Antiquary. Think what 'tis to lose a son when you have brought him up, or, after a seven years voyage, to see your ship sink in the harbour!

Duke. 'Twere a woeful spectacle indeed!

Antiquary. They are but tickling to this: I have been all my life a-gathering what I must now lose in a moment. The sacking of a city is nothing to be compared with it.

Leonardo. And that's lamentable.

Antiquary. 'Twill but only give you a light to conceive of my misery.

Lionel. Pray, sir, be not importunate to take them this time; but try rather, if by any means you can revoke the decree.

Duke. 'Twill be somewhat dangerous; but for your sake, I'll try.

Antiquary. Shall I hope any comfort? Then, upon my credit, gentlemen, I'll appoint you all mine heirs so soon as I am dead.

Duke. You speak nobly.

Antiquary. Nay, and because you shall not long gape after it, I'll die within a month, and set you down all joint executors.

Lionel. But when you are freed from the terror of his imposition, will you not recant?

Antiquary. Nay, and you doubt me, walk along, and I'll confirm't upon you instantly. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter ÆMILIA and ANGELIA.

Æmilia. Why, gentle boy, think what a happy bliss Thou shalt enjoy, before thou know'st what 'tis!

Angelia. 'Twill be a dear experiment, to waste My prime and flower of youth, and suffer all

Those liquid sweets to be extracted from me,
By the hot influence of consuming lust,
Only to find how well you can express
What skilful arts are hid in wickedness !

Æmilia. Thou dream'st, fond boy : those sweets of
youth and beauty
Were lent, to be employ'd upon their like ;
And when they both do meet, and are extinguish'd,
From their mixt heat a rich perfume shall rise,
And burn to love, a grateful sacrifice.

Angelica. But I'll not be so prodigal, to lavish
Such gifts away, that be irrevocable
And yet the first that leave us.

Æmilia. 'Twill be ne'er exacted
How soon you have bestow'd them, but how well.
What good or profit can a hidden treasure³⁶
Do more than feed the miser's greedy eye,
When, if 'twere well bestow'd, it might enrich
The owner and the user of it ? Such
Is youth, and nature's bounty, that receive
A gain from the expence ; but, were there none,
But a mere damage, yet the pleasure of it,
And the delight, would recompence the loss.

Angelica. Whate'er the pleasure be, or the delight,
I am too young, not plum'd for such a flight.

Æmilia. Too young ? a poor excuse ! alas, your will
Is weaker than your power. No one can be
Too young to learn good acts ; and, for my part,
I am not taken with a boisterous sinew,
A brawny limb, or back of Hercules,
But with a soft delicious beauty ; such
As people, looking on his doubtful sex,
Might think him male or female.

Angelica. I cannot blame
These just Italians, to lock up their wives,
That are so free and dissolute : they labour
Not with their country's heat, more than their own.

³⁶ *What good or profit, &c.*] See the speeches of *Comus*, in *Milton's* excellent *Masque*, under that title, L. 789, &c.

Will you be satisfied? I am too young.

Æmilia. Too young! I like you the better. There is a price

Due to the early cherry: the first apples
Deserve more grace: the budding rose is set by;
But stale, and fully-blown, is left for vulgars
To rub their sweaty fingers on. Too young!
As well you may affirm the tender tree
Too young to graft upon; or you may say,
The rising sun's too young to court the day.

Angelica. But there are bonds Hymen has laid upon you,

Keep us asunder.

Æmilia. Those are only toys,
Shadows, mere apparitions of doubt
To affright children. Do but yield unto me,
My arms shall be thy sphere to wander in,
Circled about with spells to charm these fears;
And when thou sleep'st, Cupid shall crown thy slumbers³⁴

With thousand shapes of lustful dalliance:
Then will I bathe thee in ambrosia,
And from my lips distil such nectar on thee,
Shall make thy flesh immortal.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. How now, wife, is this your exercise?
Wife, did I say? Stain of my blood and issue,
The great antipathy unto my nature,
Courting your paramour! Death to my honour!
What have I seen and heard? Curse of my fate!
Would I had first been deaf, or thou struck dumb,
Before this Gorgon, this damn'd vision,
Had numb'd my faculties.

Æmilia. What have you seen
Or heard, more than a dialogue I read
This morning in a book?

³⁴ *And when thou sleep'st, Cupid shall crown thy slumbers.] So in King Henry, IV. Pt. 1.*

"And on thine eye-lids crown the god of sleep." S.

Lorenzo. Would thou and that book
Were both burnt for heretics!—You genial powers,
Why did you send this serpent to my bosom,
To pierce me through with greater cruelty
Than Cleopatra felt from stings of adders?
Hence from my sight, thou venom to my eyes!
Would I could look thee dead, or with a frown
Dissect thee into atoms, and then hurl them
About the world, to cast infection,
And blister all they light on!

Æmilia. You are mad,
And rave without a cause.

Lorenzo. Oh heavens! she means
To justify her sin! Can'st thou redeem
Thy lost fame and my wrongs?

Æmilia. No, sir, I'll leave you;
You are too passionate.

Angelia. Pray, sir, be satisfied; we meant no hurt.

Lorenzo. What charm held back my hand, I did not
let

Her foul blood out, then throw't into the air,
Whence it might mount up to the higher region,
And there convert into some fearful meteor,
To threaten all her kindred? Stay, sweet child,
For thou art virtuous:—yet go, however;
Thou putt'st me in remembrance of some ill. [Exit.
Diana blush'd Actæon to a stag:
What shall lust do? Chastity made horns!
I shall be grafted with a horrid pair;
And between every branch a written scroll
Shall speak my shame, that foot-boys shall discern it,
And sailors read it as they pass along!
If I bear this, I have no soul nor spleen.
I must invent some mischief. Smallest cares
Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are³⁵. [Exit.

Enter ÆMILIA.

Æmilia. What have I done, that with a clue of lust

³⁵ " ——— smallest cares

" Are talkative, whilst great ones silent are."

Curræ leves loquuntur ingentes stupent. Seneca. S. P.

Have wrought myself in such a labyrinth,
Whence I shall ne'er get free? There is no wrong
Like to the breach of wedlock: those injuries
Are writ in marble, time shall ne'er rase out.
The hearts of such, if they be once divided,
Will ne'er grow one again: sooner you may
Call the spent day, or bid the stream return,
That long since slid beside you. I am lost;
Quite forfeited to shame, which, till I felt,
I ne'er foresaw; so was the less prepared.
But yet, they say, a woman's wit is sudden,
And quick at an excuse. I was too foolish.
Had he confounded heaven and earth with oaths,
I might have sworn him down, or wept so truly,
That he should sooner question his own eyes,
Than my false tears: this had been worth the acting:
Or else I might have stood to the defence on't,
Been angry, and took a courage from my crimes;
But I was tame and ignorant!

Enter LIONEL.

Lionel. Save you, lady!

Æmilia. Oh signior Lionel, you have undone me.

Lionel. Who, I! Which way?

Æmilia. The boy you brought my husband.

Lorenzo. I, what of him?

Æmilia. He is a witch, a thief,
That has stoll'n all my honours. His smooth visage
Seem'd like a sea becalm'd, or a safe harbour,
Where love might ride securely, but was found
A dangerous quick-sand, wherein are perish'd
My hopes and fortunes, by no art or engine
To be weigh'd up again.

Lionel. Instruct me how.

Æmilia. Teach me the way then, that I may relate
My own ill story with as great a boldness
As I did first conceive, and after act it.
What wicked error led my wand'ring thoughts
To gaze on his false beauty, that has prov'd
The fatal minute of my mind's first ruin?
Shall I be brief?

Lionel. What else?

Æmilia. How can I speak,
Or plead with hope, that have so bad a cause!

Lionel. You torture me too much: the fear of evil
Is worse than the event.

Æmilia. Then, though my heart
Abhor the memory, I'll tell it out.—
The boy I mentioned (whatever power
Did lay on me so sad a punishment)
I did behold him with a lustful eye,
And, which is the perfection of sin,
Did woo him to my will.

Lionel. Well, what of that?
You are not the first offender in that kind.

Æmilia. My suit no sooner ended, but came in
My jealous husband.

Lionel. That was something, indeed!

Æmilia. Who overheard us all.

Lionel. A shrewd mischance!

Æmilia. Judge with what countenance he did be-
hold me,

Or I view him, that had so great a guilt
Hang on my brow. My looks and hot desire
Both fell together; whilst he, big with anger,
And swoll'n high with revenge, hastes from my presence,
Only to study how to inflict some torture,
Which I stay to expect: and here you see
The suffering object of his cruelty.

Lionel. Methinks it were an easy thing for one
That were ingenious, to retort all
On his own head, and make him ask forgiveness.

Æmilia. That would be a scene indeed!

Lionel. I have been fortunate
In such turns in my days.

Æmilia. Could you do this,
I'd swear you had more wit than Mercury,
Or his son Autolycus³⁶, that was able

³⁶ *Autolycus.*] Famous for all the arts of fraud and thievery.

Non fuit Autolyci tam piccata manus. *Martial.*

See Mr. Steevens's note on *Winter's Tale*, A. 4. S. 2.

To change black into white.

Lionel. Do not despair :

I have a genius was ne'er false to me ;
If he should fail me now in these extremes,
I would not only wonder, but renounce him :
He tells me, something may be done. Be rul'd,
And if I plot not so, to make all hit,
Then you shall take the mortgage of my wit.

Æmilia. However, sir, you speak comfortably.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter AURELIO above, DUKE and LEONARDO
over the stage.*

Aurelio. Good morrow, gentlemen. What, you are for the feast, I perceive.

Duke. Master Aurelio, good morrow to you. Whose chamber's that, I pray ?

Aurelio. My own, sir, now ; I thank ill fortune and a good wife.

Duke. What ! are you married, and your friends not pre-acquainted ? This will be constru'd amongst them.

Aurelio. A stol'n wedding, sir ! I was glad to apprehend any occasion, when I found her inclining.—We'll celebrate the solemnities hereafter, when there shall be nothing wanting to make our Hymen happy and flourishing.

Leonardo. In good time, sir. Who is your spouse, I pray ?

Aurelio. Marry, sir, a creature, for whose sake I have endured many a heat and cold, before I could vanquish her. She has prov'd one of Hercules' labours to me ; but time, that prefers all things, made my long toil and affection both successful : and in brief, 'tis mistress Lucretia, as very a haggard³⁷ as ever was brought to fist.

Duke. Indeed ! I have often heard you much complain of her coyness and disdain : what auspicious charm has now reconcil'd you together ?

Aurelio. There is, sir, a critical minute in every man's

³⁷ *Haggard.*] See Note 12 to *The City Night-Cap*, vol. II.

wooing, when his mistress may be won; which, if he carelessly neglect to prosecute, he may wait long enough before he gain the like opportunity.

Leonardo. It seems, sir, you have lighted upon't.— We wish you much joy in your fair choice.

Aurelio. Thank you, gentlemen; and I to either of you, no worse fortune. But that my wife is not yet risen, I would intreat you take the pains come up and visit her.

Duke. No, sir, that would be uncivil; we'll wait some fitter occasion to gratulate your rites. Good-morrow to you. *[Exeunt.]*

Aurelio. Your servant! Nay, lie you still, and dare not so much as proffer to mutter, for if you do, I vanish. Now, if you will revolt, you may. I have laid a stain upon your honour, which you shall wash off as well as you can.

Enter LUCRETIA.

Lucretia. Was this done like a gentleman, or indeed like a true lover, to bring my name in question, and make me no less than your whore? Was I ever married to you? Speak.

Aurelio. No; but you may when you please.

Lucretia. Why were you then so impudent to proclaim such a falsehood, and say I was your wife, and that you had lain with me, when 'twas no such matter.

Aurelio. Because I meant to make you so, and no man else should do it.

Lucretia. 'Slight, this is a device to over-reach a woman with! He has madded me, and I would give a hundred crowns I could scold out my anger.

Aurelio. Come, there's no injury done to you, but what lies in my power to make whole again.

Lucretia. Your power to make whole! I'll have no man command me so far. What can any lawful jury judge of my honesty, upon such proofs as these, when they shall see a gentleman making himself ready, so early, and saluting them out of the chamber, whither (like a false man) thou hast stol'n in by the bribery of my servant? Is this no scandal?

Aurelio. 'Twas done on purpose, and I am glad my inventions thrive so; therefore do not stand talking, but resolve.

Lucretia. What should I resolve?

Aurelio. To marry me, for the safe-guard of your credit, and that suddenly; for I have made a vow, that unless you will do it without delay, I'll not have you at all.

Lucretia. Some politician counsel me! There's no such torment to a woman, though she affect a thing ever so earnestly, yet to be forc'd to it.

Aurelio. What, are you agreed?

Lucretia. Well, you are a tyrant, lead on: what must be, must be; but if there were any other way in the earth to save my reputation, I'd never have thee.

Aurelio. Then I must do you a courtesy against your will.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRUCIO and COOK.

Petrucio. Come, honest cook, let me see how thy imagination has wrought, as well as thy fingers, and what curiosity thou hast shewn in the preparation of this banquet; for gluttoning delights to be ingenious.

Cook. I have provided you a feast, sir, of twelve dishes, whereof each of them is an emblem of one of the twelve signs in the Zodiack.

Petrucio. Well said! Who will now deny that cookery is a mystery?

Cook. Look you, sir, there is the list of them.

Petrucio. Aries, Taurus, Gemini; good: for Aries, a dish of lamb-stones and sweet-breads; for Taurus, a sirloin of beef; for Gemini, a brace of pheasants; for Cancer, a butter'd crab; for Libra, a balance; in one scale a custard, in the other a tart: that's a dish for an alderman; for Virgo, a green sallad; for Scorpio, a grand one; for Sagittarius, a pasty of venison; for Aquarius, a goose; for Pisces, two mullets. Is that all?

Cook. Read on, sir.

Petrucio. And in the middle of the table, to have an artificial hen, made of puff-paste, with her wings dis-

play'd, sitting upon eggs compos'd of the same materials; where in each of them shall be inclosed a fat nightingale, well season'd with pepper and ambergrease³⁸. So then will I add one invention more of my own; for I will have all these descend from the top of my roof, in a throne, as you see Cupid or Mercury in a play.

Cook. That will be rare indeed, sir! [Exit.]

Enter DUKE and LEONARDO.

Petrucio. See, the guests are come; go, and make all ready. Gentles, you are welcome.

Duke. Is the Antiquary arriv'd, or no? can you tell, sir?

Petrucio. Not yet, but I expect him each minute—

Enter ANTIQUARY.

See, your word has charm'd him hither already!

Duke. Signior, you are happily encounter'd, and the rather, because I have good news to tell you; the

³⁸ *Ambergrease.*] Ambergrease was formerly an ingredient used in heightening sauces. So *Milton's Paradise Regained* B. 2. L. 344.

"In pastry built, or from the spit, or boil'd,

"*Gris amble* steam'd." S.

On this passage Dr. Newton observes, that "ambergris, or grey amber, is esteemed the best, and used in perfumes and cordials." A curious lady communicated the following remarks upon this passage to Mr. Peck, which we will here transcribe. "Grey amber is the amber our author here speaks of, and melts like butter. It was formerly a main ingredient in every concert for a banquet; viz. to fume the meat with, and that whether boil'd, roasted, or baked; laid often on the top of a baked pudding;—which last I have eat of at an old courtier's table. And I remember, in our old chronicle there is much complaint of the nobilities being made sick, at Cardinal Wolsey's banquets, with rich scented cates and dishes most costly dressed with *ambergris*. "I also recollect I once saw a little book writ by a gentlewoman of Queen Elizabeth's court, where *ambergris* is mentioned as the haut-gout of that age." So far this curious lady. And *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in the *Custom of the Country*, A. 3. S. 2.

"——— Be sure

"The wines be lusty, high, and full of spirit,

"And *amber'd* all."

It appears also to have been esteemed a restorative, being mentioned, with other things used for that purpose, in *Marston's Faune*, A. 2. S. 1. See also *Surphlet's Translation of Laurentius's Discourse of Old Age*, &c. 1599, p. 194.

Duke has been so gracious as to release his demand for your antiquities.

Antiquary. Has he? You have fill'd me all over with spirit, with which I will mix sixteen glasses of wine, to his health, the first thing I do. Would I knew his highness, or had a just occasion to present my loyalty at his feet!

Duke. For that, take no thought; it shall be my care to bring you, and signior Petrucio here, both before him. I have already acquainted him with both your worths, and for aught I can gather by his speech, he intends to do you some extraordinary honours: it may be, he will make one a senator, because of his age; and on the other, bestow his daughter or niece in marriage. There's some such thing hatching, I assure you.

Petrucio. Very likely, I imagin'd as much: that last shall be my lot; I knew some such destiny would befall me. Shall we be jovial upon this news, and thrust all sadness out of doors?

Leonardo, For our parts, Vitellius was never so voluptuous: all our discourse shall run wit to the last.

Duke. Our mirth shall be the quintessence of pleasure,

And our delight flow with that harmony,
Th' ambitious spheres shall to the centre shrink,
To hear our music; such ravishing accents,
As are from poets in their fury hurl'd,
When their outrageous raptures fill the world.

Petrucio. There spoke my genius!

Antiquary. Now you talk of music, have you e'er a one that can play us an old lesson, or sing us an old song?

Petrucio. An old lesson! yes, he shall play the beginning of the world; and for a song, he shall sing one that was made to the moving of the orbs, when they were first set in tune.

Antiquary. Such a one would I hear.

Petrucio. Walk in then, and it shall not be long before I satisfy your des i.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PETRO and JULIA, with two bottles.

Julia. Come, master Petro, welcome heartily; while they are drinking within, we'll be as merry as the maids: I stole these bottles from under the cupboard, on purpose, against your coming.

Petro. Courteous mistress Julia, how shall I deserve this favour from you?

Julia. There is a way, master Petro, if you could find it; but the tenderness of your youth keeps you in ignorance: 'tis a great fault, I must tell you.

Petro. I shall strive to amend it, if you please to instruct me, lady.

Julia. Alas, do not you know what maids love, all this while? You must come oftener amongst us; want of company keeps the spring of your blood backward.

Petro. It does so, but you shall see, when we are private I shall begin to practise with you better.

Enter BACCHA.

Baccha. Master Petro, this was kindly done of you.

Petro. What's my master a doing, can you tell?

Baccha. Why, they are as jovial as twenty beggars, drink their whole cups, six glasses at a health: your master's almost tipt already.

Petro. So much the better, his business is the sooner dispatch'd.

Julia. Well, let not us stand idle, but verify the proverb, *Like master like man*; and it shall go hard, master Petro, but we will put you in the same cue.

Petro. Let me have fair play, put nothing in my cup, and do your worst.

Baccha. Unless the cup have that virtue, to retain the print of a kiss, or the glance of an eye, to enamour you; nothing else, I assure you.

Petro. For that, I shall be more thirsty of than of the liquor.

Julia. Then let's make no more words, but about it presently. Come, master Petro, will you walk in?

Petro. I attend you.

Baccha. It shall go hard but I'll drink him asleep, and then work some knavery upon him. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter DUKE, LEONARDO, and the ANTIQUARY drunk.

Antiquary. I'll drink with all Xerxes army now; a whole river at a draught.

Duke. By'r lady, sir, that requires a large swallow.

Antiquary. 'Tis all one, to our noble Duke's health, I can drink no less, not a drop less; and you his servants will pledge me, I am sure.

Leonardo. Yes, sir, if you could shew us a way, when we had done, how to build water-mills in our bellies.

Antiquary. Do you what you will; for my part, I will begin it again and again, till Bacchus himself shall stand amaz'd at me.

Leonardo. But should this quantity of drink come up, 'twere enough to breed a deluge, and drown a whole country.

Antiquary. No matter, they can ne'er die better than to be drown'd in the Duke's health.

Duke. Well, sir, I'll acquaint him how much he is beholden to you.

Antiquary. Will you believe me, gentlemen, upon my credit?

Leonardo. Yes, sir, any thing.

Antiquary. Do you see these breeches then?

Leonardo. I, what of them?

Antiquary. These were Pompey's breeches, I assure you.

Duke. Is't possible?

Antiquary. He had his denomination from them: he was call'd Pompey the Great, from wearing these great breeches.

Leonardo. I never heard so much before.

Antiquary. And this was Julius Cæsar's hat, when he was kill'd in the Capitol; and I am as great as either of them at this present.

Leonardo. Like enough so.

Antiquary. And in my conceit I am as honourable.

Duke. If you are not, you deserve to be.

Antiquary. Where's signior Petrucio?

Enter PETRUCIO and GASPARO.

Petrucio. Nay, good father, do not trouble me now; 'tis enough now, that I have promis'd you to go to the Duke with me; in the mean time let me work out matters; do not clog me in the way of my preferment. When I am a nobleman I will do by you as Jupiter did by the other deities; that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me³⁹.

Gasparo. Well, you shall rule me, son. [Exit.]

Duke. Signior, where have you been?

Petrucio. I have been forcing my brain to the composition of a few verses, in the behalf of your entertainment, and I never knew them flow so dully from me before: an exorcist would have conjur'd you up half a dozen spirits in the space.

Leonardo. Indeed I heard you make a fearful noise, as if you had been in travail with some strange monster.

Petrucio. But I have brought them out at last, I thank Minerva, and without the help of a midwife.

Antiquary. Reach me a chair: I'll sit down, and read them for you.

Leonardo. You read them!

Antiquary. Yes, but I'll put on my optics first. Look you, these were Hannibal's spectacles.

Duke. Why, did Hannibal wear spectacles?

Antiquary. Yes; after he grew dim with dust in following the camp, he wore spectacles. Reach me the paper.

Leonardo. No, an author must recite his own works.

Antiquary. Then I'll sit and sleep.

Leonardo. Read on, signior.

Petrucio. They were made to shew how welcome you are to me.

Duke. Read them out.

Petrucio. *As welcome as the gentry's to the town,*

After a long and hard vacation :

³⁹ — as Jupiter did by the other deities; that is, I will let down my chair of honour, and pull you up after me.] See *Iliad*, viii.

Σιδήν χρυσίην ἐξ οὐρανόθεν κειμασάντες, &c. S.

*As welcome as a toss'd ship's to a harbour,
Health to the sick, or a cast suit to a barber :
Or as a good new play is to the times,
When they have long surfeited with base rhimes :
As welcome as the spring is to the year,
So are my friends to me, when I have good cheer.*

[*While he reads, the Antiquary falls asleep.*

Duke. I marry, sir, we are doubly beholden to you. What, is signior Veterano fall'n asleep, and at the recitation of such verses? A most inhuman disgrace, and not to be digested!

Petrucio. Has he wrong'd me so discourteously? I'll be reveng'd, by Phœbus.

Leonardo. But which way can you parallel so foul an injury?

Petrucio. I'll go in, and make some verses against him.

Duke. That you shall not; 'tis not requital sufficient: I have a better trick than so. Come, bear him in, and you shall see what I will invent for you. This was a wrong and a half. [Exeunt.

Enter ÆMILIA and LIONEL.

Æmia. Now, master Lionel, as you have been fortunate in the forecasting of this business, so pray be studious in the executing, that we may both come off with honour.

Lionel. Observe but my directions, and say nothing.

Æmia. The whole adventure of my credit depends upon your care and evidence.

Lionel. Let no former passage discourage you; be but as peremptory as cause is good.*

Æmia. Nay, if I but once apprehend a just occasion to usurp over him, let me alone to talk and look scurvily.—Step aside, I hear him coming.

Enter LORENZO.

Lorenzo. My wife? some angel guard me! The looks of Medusa were not so ominous. I'll haste from

* Qy. If we ought not to read "be but as peremptory as your cause is good," but the 4to omits your. C. 3

the infection of her sight, as from the appearance of a basilisk.

Æmilia. Nay, sir, you may tarry; and if virtue has not quite forsook you, or that your ears be not altogether obdurate to good counsel, consider what I say, and be asham'd of the injuries you have wrought against me.

Lorenzo. What unheard-of evasion has the subtilty of woman's nature suggested to her thoughts, to come off now?

Æmilia. Well, sir, however you carry it, 'tis I have reason to complain; but the mildness of my disposition, and enjoined obedience, will not permit me, though indeed your wantonness and ill carriage have sufficiently provoked me.

Lorenzo. Provok'd you! I provok'd you? As if any fault in a husband should warrant the like in his wife! No: 'twas thy lust and mightiness of desire, that is so strong within thee. Had'st thou no company, no masculine object to look upon, yet thy own fancy were able to create a creature, with whom thou might'st commit, though not an actual, yet a mental wickedness.

Æmilia. What recompence can you make me for those slanderous conceits, when they shall be prov'd false to you?

Lorenzo. Hear me, thou base woman! thou that art the abstract of all ever yet was bad; with whom mischief is so incorporate, that you are both one piece together; and but that you go still hand in hand, the devil were not sufficient to encounter with; for thou art, indeed, able to instruct him! Do not imagine, with this frontless impudence, to stand daring of me: I can be angry, and as quick in the execution of it, I can.

Æmilia. Be as angry as you please; truth and honesty will be confident, in despite of you: those are virtues that will look justice itself in the face.

Lorenzo. Ay, but where are they? Not a-near you; thou would'st blast them to behold thee: scarce, I

think, in the world, especially such worlds as you women are,

Æmilia. Hum ! to see what an easy matter it is to let a jealous peevish husband go on, and rebuke him at pleasure !

Lorenzo. So lewd and stubborn, mads me. Speak briefly, what objection can you allege against me, or for yourself.

Æmilia. None, alas, against you ! You are virtuous ; but you think you can act the Jupiter, to blind me with your escapes and conceal'd trulls : yet I am not so simple, but I can play the Juno, and find out your exploits.

Lorenzo. What exploits ? What conceal'd trulls ?

Æmilia. Why, the suppos'd boy you seem to be jealous of, 'tis your own leman*, your own dear morsel : I have searched out the mystery. Husbands must do ill, and wives must bear the reproach ! A fine inversion !

Lorenzo. I am more in a maze, more involv'd in a labyrinth, than before.

Æmilia. You were best plead innocence too, 'tis your safest refuge : but I did not think a man of your age and beard had been so lascivious, to keep a disguis'd callet⁴⁰ under my nose ; a base cockatrice⁴¹ in page's apparel, to wait upon you, and rob me of

* *Leman* is the old word for a lover of either sex ; and in a note to *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 4. S. 2. Mr. Steevens derives it from *lief*, which is Dutch for beloved. In this opinion he only follows Junius, while others consider it to have its origin in *l'aimant*.

" Judge Apius, prickt forth with filthy desire,

" Thy person as *Lemmon* doth greatly require."

Apius and Virginia, 1575. Sign. D 3.

In *The Contentions between Liberalitie and Prodigalitie*, 1602, attributed to R. Greene, it is made the subject of a pun :

" He shall have a *Lemmon*, to moysten his mouth :

" A *Lymon*, I meane, no *Lemman*, I trow ;

" Take hede, my faire maiides, you take me not so."

Sign. C 4. C.

⁴⁰ *Callet*.] See note 51, to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

⁴¹ *Cockatrice*.] This was one of the names by which women of ill fame were usually distinguished.

my due benevolence! There's no law nor equity to warrant this.

Lorenzo. Why, do I any such thing?

Æmilia. Pray, what else is the boy, but your own hermaphrodite? a female siren in a male outside! Alas! had I intended what you suspect, and accuse me for, I had been more wary, more private in the carriage, I assure you.

Lorenzo. Why, is that boy otherwise than he appears to be?

Enter LIONEL.

Æmilia. 'Tis a thing will be quickly search'd out. Your secret bawdry, and the murder of my good name, will not long lie hid, I warrant you.

Lionel. Now is my cue to second her. [Aside.

Lorenzo. Signior Lionel, most welcome. I would entreat your advice here, to the clearing of a doubt.

Lionel. What's that, sir?

Lorenzo. 'Tis concerning the boy you plac'd with me.

Lionel. I, what of him?

Lorenzo. Whether it were an enchantment or no, or an illusion of the sight, or if I could persuade myself

Ben Jonson's Every Man out of his Humour :

" His chief exercises are taking the whiff, squiring a cockatrice, and making privy searches for imparters."

Cynthia's Revels, A. 2. S. 4.

" — marry, to his cockatrice, or punquetto, half a dozen taffata gowns, or sattin kirtles, in a pair or two of months, why they are nothing."

Postaster, A. 3. S. 4.

" — I would fain come with my cockatrice, one day, and see a play, if I knew when there were a good bawdy one."

Massinger's City Madam, A. 2. S. 1.

" — my fiddlers playing all night

" The shaking of the sheets, which I have danc'd

" Again and again with my cockatrice."

Dekkers Belman of London, Sign. B.

" Shee feedes uppon gold as the estredge doth upon iron, and drinks silver faster downe her crane-like throat, than an English cockatrice doth Hiphocras."

See also an extract from the *Gulls Horn Book*, Shakespeare, p. 83, edit. 1778.

it was a dream, 'twere better; but my imagination so persuaded me, that I heard my wife and him interchanging amorous discourse together. To what an extremity of passion the frailty of man's nature might induce me to!

Lionel. Very good.

Lorenzo. Not very good neither; but after the expense of so much anger and distraction, my wife comes upon me again, and affirms that he is no boy, but a disguis'd mistress of my own; and upon this, swells against me, as if she had lain all night in the leaven.

Æmilia. Have not I reason?

Lorenzo. Pray, sir, will you inform us of the verity of his sex.

Lionel. Then take it upon my word, 'tis a woman.

Æmilia. Now, sir, what have you to answer?

Lorenzo. I am not yet thoroughly satisfied; but if it be a woman, I must confess my error.

Æmilia. What satisfaction's that, after so great a wrong, and the taking away of my good name? You forget my deserts, and how I brought you a dowry of ten talents: besides, I find no such superfluity of courage in you, to do this neither.

Lorenzo. Well, were he a boy or no, 'tis more than I can affirm; yet this I'll swear, I entertain'd him for no mistress, and I hope, you for no servant; therefore, good wife, be pacified.

Æmilia. No, sir, I'll call my kindred and my friends together, then present a joint complaint of you to the senate, and if they right me not, I'll protest there's no justice in their court or government.

Lorenzo. If she have this plea against me, I must make my peace; she'll undo me else. Sweet wife, I'll ask thee forgiveness upon my knees, if thou wilt have me: I rejoice more that thou art clear, than I was angry for the suppos'd offence. Be but patient, and the liberty thou enjoyedst before, shall be thought thralldom hereafter. Sweet sir, will you mediate?

Lionel. Come, sweet lady, upon my request you

shall be made friends; 'twas but a mistake; conceive it so, and he shall study to redeem it.

Æmilia. Well, sir, upon this gentleman's intreaty, you have your pardon. You know the propensity of my disposition, and that makes you so bold with me.

Lorenzo. Pray, master Lionel, will you acquaint my wife with the purpose of this concealment; for I am utterly ignorant, and she has not the patience to hear me.

Lionel. It requires more privacy than so, neither is it yet ripe for projection; but because the community of counsel is the only pledge of friendship, walk in, and I'll acquaint you.

Lorenzo. Honest, sweet wife, I thank thee with all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter DUKE, LEONARDO, and PETRUCIO, bringing in the ANTIQUARY, in a fool's coat.

Duke. So, set him down softly; then let us slip aside, and overhear him.

Antiquary. Where am I? What metamorphosis am I crept into? A fool's coat! what's the emblem of this, trow? Who has thus transform'd me, I wonder? I was awake, am I not asleep still? Why, Petro, you rogue, sure I have drank of Circe's cup, and that has turn'd me to this shape of a fool: and I had drank a little longer, I had been chang'd into an ass. Why, Petro, I say, I will not rest calling, till thou com'st——

Enter PETRO in woman's clothes.

Heyday, what more transmigrations of forms! I think Pythagoras has been amongst us. How came you thus accoutred, sirrah?

Petro. Why, sir, the wenches made me drunk, and dress'd me, as you see.

Antiquary. A merry world the while! My boy and I make one hermaphrodite, and now next Midsummer-ale,⁴³ I may serve for a fool, and he for a Maid-Marian.

⁴³ *Midsummer-ale.*] Rustic meetings of festivity, at particular seasons, were formerly called *ales*; as Church-ale, Whitsun-ale, Bride-ale, Midsummer-ale, &c. Carew, in his *Survey of Cornwall*, edition 1769. n. 68, gives the following account of the Church-ale;

Enter DUKE and LEONARDO.

Duke. Who is this? signior Veterano?

Antiquary. The same, sir: I was not so when you left me. Do you know who has thus abus'd me?

Duke. Not I, sir.

Antiquary. You promis'd to do me a courtesy.

Duke. Any thing lies in my power.

Antiquary. Then, pray, will you bring me immediately to the Duke?

Duke. Not as you are, I hope.

Antiquary. Yes, as I am: he shall see how I am wrong'd amongst them. I know he loves me, and will right me. Pray, sir, forbear persuasion to the contrary, and lead on.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, ÆMILIA, and LUCRETIA.

Lorenzo. Now, signior Mocinigo, what haste requires your presence?

with which, it is most likely, the others agreed:—"For the church-ale, two young men of the parish are yerely chosen by their last feregoers, to be wardens; who, dividing the task, make collection among the parishioners, of whatsoever provision it pleaseth them voluntarily to bestow. This they imploy in brewing, baking, and other acates, against Whitsontide; upon which holydayes the neighbours meet at the church-house, and there merily feede on their owne victuals, contributing some petty portion to the stock; which by many smalls, groweth to a meetly greatnes: for there is entertayned a kinde of emulation betweene these wardens, who by his graciousnes in gathering, and good husbandry in expending, can best advance the churches profit. Besides, the neighbour parishes at those times lovingly visit one another, and this way frankly spend their money together. The afternoones are consumed in such exercises as olde and yong folke (having leysure) doe accustomedly weare out the time withall."—In the subsequent pages, Carew enters into a defence of these meetings, which, in his time had become productive of riot and disorder, and were among the subjects of complaint by the more rigid puritans. For an account of *Maid Marian*, see Mr. Tollet's Dissertation at the end of the *First Part of Henry IV.*

Mocinigo. Marry, sir, this. You brought me once into a paradise of pleasure, and expectation of much comfort; my request therefore is, that you would no longer defer what then you so liberally promis'd.

Lorenzo. How do you mean?

Mocinigo. Why, sir, in joining that beauteous lady, your daughter, and myself, in the firm bonds of matrimony; for I am somewhat impatient of delay in this kind, and indeed the height of my blood requires it.

Lucretia. Are you so hot? I shall give you a card to cool you,⁴⁵ presently.

Lorenzo. 'Tis an honest and a virtuous demand, and on all sides an action of great consequence; and, for my part, there's not a thing in the world I could wish sooner accomplished.

Mocinigo. Thank you, sir.

Lorenzo. There's another branch of policy, besides the coupling of you together, which springs from the fruitfulness of my brain, that I as much labour to bring to perfection as the other.

Mocinigo. What's that, sir?

Lorenzo. A device upon the same occasion, but with a different respect; 'tis to be impos'd upon Petrucio. I hate to differ so much from the nature of an Italian, as not to be revengeful; and the occasion, at this time, was, he scorn'd the love of her, that you now so studiously affect; but I'll fit him in his kind.

Mocinigo. Did he so? He deserves to have both his eyes struck as blind as Cupid's, his master, that should

⁴⁵ *A card to cool you.*] A cooling card is frequently mentioned in our ancient authors; but the precise sense in which it is used is difficult to be ascertained. In some places it seems to signify *admonition* or *advice*; in others, *censure* or *reproof*. In *Lyly's Euphues*, p. 89, "Euphues, to the intent he might bridle the overlashings of Philautus, conveyed into his studie a certeine pamphlet, which he tearmed *A cooling card* for Philautus; yet generally to bee applied to all lovers."

First Part Henry VI. A. 5. S. 4.

"There all is marr'd; there lies a cooling card."

Marius and Sylla, 1594.

"I'll have a present cooling card for you."

have taught him better manners. But how will you do it?

Lorenzo. There's one Lionel, an ingenious witty gentleman.

Emilia. I, that he is, as ever breath'd, husband, upon my knowledge.

Lorenzo. Well, he is so, and we two have cast to requite it upon him. The plot, as he informs me, is already in agitation, and afterwards, sans delay, I'll bestow her upon you.

Lucretia. But you may be deceiv'd. [*Aside.*

Mocinigo. Still you engage me more and more your debtor.

Lorenzo. If I can bring both these to success, as they are happily intended, I may sit down, and, with the poet, cry, *Jamque opus exegi.*

Mocinigo. Would I could say so too; I wish as much, but 'tis you must confirm it, fair mistress: one bare word of your consent, and 'tis done. The sweetness of your looks encourage me, that you will join pity with your beauty; there shall be nothing wanting in me to demerit it; and then, I hope, although I am base,

Base in respect of you, divine and pure,

Dutiful service may your love procure.

Lorenzo. How now, signior! What, love and poetry, have they two found you out? Nay, then you must conquer. Consider this, daughter; shew thy obedience to Phœbus, and god Cupid: make an humble professor of thyself; 'twill be the more acceptable, and advance thy deserts.

Emilia. Do, chicken, speak the word, and make him happy in a minute.

Lorenzo. Well said, wife, solicit in his behalf; 'tis well done—I am loth to importune her too much, for fear of a repulse.

Emilia. Marry come up, sir; you are still usurping in my company. Is this according to the articles propos'd between us, that I should bear rule, and you obey with silence? I had thought to have endeavour'd

for persuasion, but because you exhort me to it, I'll desist from what I intended: I'll do nothing but of my own accord, I.

Lorenzo. Mum; wife, I have done. This we, that are married, must be subject to.

Mocinigo. You give an ill example, mistress *Æmilia*; you give an example——

Æmilia. What old fellow is this that talks so? Do you know him, daughter?

Mocinigo. Have you so soon forgot me, lady?

Æmilia. Where has he had his breeding, I wonder? He is the offspring of some peasant, sure! Can he shew any pedigree?

Lorenzo. Let her alone, there's no dealing with her. Come, daughter, let me hear your answer to this gentleman.

Lucretia. Truly, sir, I have endeavour'd all means possible, and in a manner enforc'd myself to love him,

Lorenzo. Well said, girl.

Lucretia. But could never effect it.

Lorenzo. How!

Lucretia. I have examined whatever might commend a gentleman, both for his exterior and inward abilities; yet amongst all that may speak him worthy, I could never discern one good part or quality to invite affection.

Lorenzo. This is it I fear'd. Now should I break out into rage, but my wife and a foolish nature withhold my passion.

Mocinigo. I am undone, unspirited, my hopes vain, and my labours nullities!

Lorenzo. Where be your large vaunts now, signior? What strange tricks and devices you had to win a woman!

Mocinigo. Such assurance I conceiv'd of myself; but when they affect wilful stubbornness, lock up their ears, and will hearken to no manner of persuasion, what shall a man do?

Lorenzo. You hear what taxes are laid upon you, daughter: these are stains to your other virtues.

Lucretia. Pray, sir, hear my defence. What sympathy can there be between our two ages, or agreement in our conditions? But you'll object, he has no means. 'Tis confess'd; but what assurance has he to keep it? Will it continue longer than the law permits him possession which will come like a torrent, and sweep away all? He has made a forfeiture of his whole estate.

Lorenzo. What, are you become a statist's daughter⁴⁴, or a prophetess? Whence have you this intelligence?

Mocinigo. I hope she will not betray me.

Lucretia. If murder can exact it, 'tis absolutely lost.

Lorenzo. How, murder!

Lucretia. Yes, he conspir'd the other day with a bravo, a cut-throat, to take away the life of a noble innocent gentleman, which is since discover'd by miracle: the same that came with music to my window.

Mocinigo. All's out; I'm ruin'd in her confession! That man that trusts woman with a privacy, and hopes for silence, he may as well expect it at the fall of a bridge⁴⁵! A secret with them is like a viper; 'twill make way, though it eat through the bowels of them.

Lorenzo. Take heed how you traduce a person of his rank and eminency: a scar in a mean man becomes a wound in a greater.

Lucretia. There he is, question him; and if he deny it, get him examined.

Lorenzo. Why, signior, is this true?

Æmilia. His silence betrays him: 'tis so.

Mocinigo. 'Tis so, that all women thirst man's overthrow; that's a principle as demonstrative as truth: 'tis the only end they were made for; and when they have once insinuated themselves into our counsels, and gain'd the power of our life, the fire is more merciful; it burns within them till it get forth.

⁴⁴ *Statist's daughter.*] See note 5 to this Play.

⁴⁵ *at the fall of a bridge.*] i. e. at the fall of water through a bridge. The idea seems to be taken from the noisy situation of the houses formerly standing on London Bridge. S.

Lorenzo. I commend her for the discovery: 'twas not fit her weak thoughts should be clogg'd with so foul a matter. It had been to her like forc'd meat to a surfeited stomach, that would have bred nothing but crudities in her conscience.

Mocinigo. Oh my cursed fate! shame and punishment attend me! they are the fruits of lust. Sir, all that I did was for her ease and liberty.

Lucretia. Nay, sir, he was so impudent to be an accessory. Who knows but he might as privately have plotted to have sent me after him; for how should I have been secure of my life, when he made no scruple to kill another upon so small an inducement?

Æmilia. Thou say'st right, daughter; thou shalt utterly disclaim him. The cast of his eye shews he was ever a knave.

Mocinigo. How the scabs descant upon me!

Lorenzo. What was the motive to this foul attempt?

Lucretia. Why, sir, because he was an affectionate lover of mine, and for no other reason in the earth.

Æmilia. Oh mandrake, was that all? He thought, belike, he should not have enough. Thou covetous ingrosser of venery! Why, one wife is able to content two husbands.

Mocinigo. Sir, I am at your mercy: bid them not insult upon me. I beseech you let me go as I came.

Lorenzo. Stay there; I know not how I shall be censured for your escape. I may be thought a party in the business.

Lucretia. Besides, I hear since, that the mercenary varlet that did it, though he be otherwise most desperate and hardened in such exploits, yet, out of the apprehension of so unjust an act, and mov'd in conscience for so foul a guilt, is grown distracted, raves out of measure, confesses the deed, accuses himself and the procurer, curses both, and will by no means be quieted.

Lorenzo. Where is that fellow?

Lucretia. Sir, if you please to accompany me, I will bring you to him, where your own eye and ear shall

witness the certainty; and then, I hope, you will repent that ever you sought to tie me to such a monster as this, who prefer'd the heat of his desires before all laws of nature or humanity.

Lorenzo. Yes, that I will, and gratulate the subtlety of thy wit, and goodness of fate, that protected thee from him.

Æmilia. Away with him, husband: and be sure to beg his lands betimes, before your court-vultures scent his carcase.

Lorenzo. Well said, wife; I should never have thought on this now, and thou had'st not put me in mind of it: women, I see, have the only masculine policy, and are the best solicitors and politicians of a state. But I'll first go see him my daughter tells me of, that when I am truly inform'd of all, I may the better proceed in my accusation against them. Come along, sir.

Mocinigo. Well, if you are so violent, I'm as resolute: 'tis but a hanging matter, and do your worst.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter BRAVO and BOY.

Bravo. What news, boy?

Boy. Sir, mistress Lucretia commends her to you, and desires, as ever her persuasion wrought upon you, or as you affect her good, and would add credit and belief to what she has reported, that you would now strain your utmost, to the expression of what she and you consulted of.

Bravo. I apprehend her: where is she?

Boy. Hard by, sir: her father and the old fornicator Mocinigo, and I think her mother, are all coming to be spectators of your strange behaviour. [*Exit.*]

Bravo. Go wait them in, let me alone to personate an extasy; ⁴⁶ I am near mad already, and I do not fool

⁴⁶ *Extasy.*] So in Hamlet, A. 3. S. 4.

"This is the very coinage of your brain;

"This bodiless creation *extasy*

"Is very cunning in."

Mr. Steevens observes, that in this place, and many others, *extasy* means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit.

myself quite into't, I care not—I'll withdraw till they come.

[*Exit.*]

Enter LORENZO, MOCINIGO, ÆMILIA, LUCRETIA, and Boy.

Lorenzo. Is this the place?

Lucretia. Yes, sir. Where's your master, boy? how does he?

Boy. Oh, sweet mistress, quite distemper'd, his brains turn round like the needle of a dial, six men's strength is not able to hold him; he was bound with I know not how many cords this morning, and broke them all.—See where he enters!

Enter BRAVO.

Bravo. Why, if I kill'd him, what is that to thee?
Was I not hir'd unto it? 'twas not I,
But the base gold that slew sir Polydore:⁴⁷
Then damn the money.

Lorenzo. He begins to preach.

Æmia. Will he do us no mischief, think you?

Boy. Oh no, he is the best for that in his fits, that e'er you knew, he hurts nobody.

Mocinigo. But I am vilely afraid of him.

Boy. If you are a vile person, or have done any great wickedness, you were best look to yourself; for those he knows by instinct, and assaults them with as much violence as may be.

Mocinigo. Then am I perish'd. Good sir, I had rather answer the law than be terrified with his looks.

Lorenzo. Nay, you shall tarry, and take part with us, by your favour.

Æmia. How his eyes sparkle!

Bravo. Look where the ghost appears, his wounds fresh bleeding!

He frowns, and threatens me; could the substance

⁴⁷ the base gold that slew Sir Polydore] Alluding to the fate of Polydorus, a son of king Priam. See Virgil's *Æneid*, book 3. l. 49.

Hunc Polydorum auri quondam cum pondere magno

Infelix Priamus furtim mandar at alendum

Threicio regi —

..... Polydorum obtruncat, et auro

Vi petitur.

Do nothing, and will shadows revenge ?

Lorenzo. 'Tis strange,
This was a fearful murder.

Bravo. Do not stare so,
I can look big too ; all I did unto thee,
'Twas by another's instigation :
There be some that are as deep in as myself ;
Go and fright them too.

Mocinigo. Beshrew him for his counsel !

Lorenzo. What a just judgment's here ! 'Tis an old
saying,

Murder will out ; and 'fore it shall lie hid,
The authors will accuse themselves.

Bravo. Now he vanishes ;
Dost thou steal from me, fearful spirit ? See
The print of his footsteps !

Mocinigo. That ever my lust should be the parent to
so foul a sin !

Bravo. He told me, that his horrid tragedy
Was acted over every night in hell,
Where sad Erinnyes, with her venom'd face,
Sits ⁴⁸ a spectatress, black with the curls of snakes,
That lift their speckled heads above their shoulders,
And thrusting forth their stings, hiss at their entrance ;
And that serves for an applause.

Mocinigo. How can you have the heart to look upon
him ? pray let me go,
I feel a looseness in my belly.

Lorenzo. Nay, you shall hear all out first.

Mocinigo. I confess it,
What would you have more of me ?

Bravo. Then fierce Enyo holds a torch, Megæra
Another ; I'll down and play my part amongst them,
For I can do't to th' life.

Lorenzo. Rather to the death.

⁴⁸ *Sits, &c.]* In the first edition this line is thus ;

"Black with the curls of snakes, sits a spectatrix."

It may be doubted whether Mr. Reed had sufficient warrant for altering the old reading : at all events *spectatrix*, the word of the time, might have stood, perhaps, in the two next lines *their* should be changed to *her*. C.

Bravo. I'll trace th' infernal theatre, and view
Those squalid actors, and the tragic pomp
Of hell and night.

Mocinigo. How ghastly his words sound ! pray keep
him off from me.

Lorenzo. The guilt of conscience makes you fearful,
signior !

Bravo. When I come there, I'll chain up Cerberus,
Nay, I'll muzzle him ; I'll pull down Æacus
And Minos by the beard ; then with my foot
I'll tumble Rhadamanthus from his chair,
And for the Furies, I'll not suffer them ;
I'll be myself a Fury.

Mocinigo. To vex me, I warrant you.

Bravo. Next, will I post unto the Destinies,
Shiver their wheel and distaff 'gainst the wall,
And spoil their housewifry ; I'll take their spindle,
Where hang the threads of human life like beams
Drawn from the sun, and mix them altogether,
Kings with beggars.

Mocinigo. Good sir, he comes towards me !

Bravo, That I could see that old fox Mocinigo,
The villain that did tempt me to this deed !

Mocinigo. He names me too ; pray sir, stand between
us :

Ladies, do you speak to him, I have not the faith.

Æmilia. What would you do with him, if you had
him ?

Bravo. I'd serve him worse than Hercules did
Lychas ⁴⁹,

⁴⁹ I'd serve him, &c.] So in *Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra*,

" Let me lodge Lychas on the horn o' th' moon." S.

Again, *Ovid's Metam.* lib. 9. l. 215.

" ——— tremit ille pavetque

" Pallidus ; et timide verba excusantia dicit

" Dicentem, genibusque manus adhibere parantem

" Corripit Alcides ; et terque quaterque rotatum

" Mittit in Euboicas tormento fortius undas,

" Ille per aerias pendens indurnit auras."

Gay's Translation.

" The youth all pale with shiv'ring fear was stung,

" And vain excuses falter'd on his tongue :

When he presented him the poison'd shirt ;
Which, when he had put on, and felt the smart,
He snatch'd him by the heels into the air.
Swung him some once or twice about his head,
Then shot him like a stone out of an engine,
Three furlongs length into the Euboic sea.

Lorenzo. What a huge progress is that, for an old lover to be carried !

Bravo. What's he that seeks to hide himself ? Come forth,
Thou mortal, thou art a traitor or a murderer !
Oh, is it you ?

Mocinigo. What will become of me ? pray help me !
I shall be torn in pieces else.

Bravo. You and I must walk together : come into the middle ; yet further.

Enter AURELIO as an Officer, and two Servants.

Aurelio. Where be these fellows here that murder men ? Serjeants, apprehend them, and convey them straight before the Duke.

Bravo. Who are you ?

Aurelio. We are the Duke's officers.

Bravo. The Duke's officers must be obey'd, take heed of displeasing them : how majestically they look !

Lorenzo. You see, wife, the charm of authority : and a man be ne'er so wild, it tames him presently.

Æmilia. I, husband, I know what will tame a man besides authority.

Aurelio. Come, gentles, since you are all together, I must intreat your company along with us, to witness what you know in this behalf.

Lorenzo. Sir, you have preventèd us, for we intended to have brought him ourselves before his highness.

" Alcides snatch'd him, as with suppliant face
" He strove to clasp his knees, and beg for grace :
" He toss'd him o'er his head with airy course,
" And hurl'd with more than with an engine's force :
" Far o'er the Eubœan main aloof he flies,
" And hardens by degrees amid the skies."

Aurelio. Then I hope your resolution will make it the easier to you. What, sir, will you go willingly?

Bravo. Without all contradiction; lead on.

[*Exeunt, flourish.*]

Enter LIONEL as the DUKE; DUKE, PETRUCIO.

GASPARO, ANGELIA as a woman.

Duke. Come, signior,
This is the morning must shine bright upon you,
Wherein preferment, that has slept obscure,
And all this while linger'd behind your wishes,
Shall overtake you in her greatest glories:
Ambition shall be weak, to think the honours
Shall crown your worth.

Petrucio. Father, you hear all this?

Gasparo. I do with joy, son, and am ravish'd at it;
Therefore I have resign'd m' estate unto thee,
(Only reserving some few crowns to live on)
Because I'd have thee to maintain thy port.

Petrucio. You did as you ought.

Gasparo. 'Tis enough for me,
To be the parent of so blest an issue.

Petrucio. Nay, if you are so apprehensive, I am satisfied.

Lionel. Is this the gentleman you so commended?

Duke. It is the same, my liege, whose royal virtues

Fitting a prince's court, are the large field
For fame to triumph in.

Lionel. So you inform'd me: his face and carriage
do import no less.

Duke. Report abroad speaks him as liberally;
And in my thoughts, Fortune deserves but ill,
That she detain'd thus long her favours from him.

Lionel. That will I make amends for.

Gasparo. Happy hour,
And happy me to see it! Now I perceive
He has more wit than myself.

Petrucio. What must I do?

Duke. What must you do? go straight and kneel
before him,

And thank his highness for his love.

Petrucio. I can't speak,
I am so overcome with sudden gladness;
Yet I'll endeavour it. Most mighty sovereign,
Thus low I bow, in humble reverence,
To kiss the basis of your regal throne.

Lionel. Rise up.

Petrucio. Your Grace's servant.

Lionel. We admit you,
Our nearest favourite in place and council.

Duke. Go to, you are made for ever.

Petrucio. I'll find some office
To gratulate thy pains.

Lionel. What was the cause
That you presented him no sooner to us?
We might have bred him up in our affairs,
And he have learnt the fashions of our court,
Which might have render'd him more active.

Duke. Doubt not,
His ingenuity will soon instruct him.

Lionel. Then, to confirm him deeper in our friendship,
We here assign our sister for his wife.
What! is he bashful?

Petrucio. Speaks your grace in earnest?

Lionel. What else? I'll have it so.

Duke. Why do you not step and take her?

Petrucio. Is't not a kind of treason?

Duke. Not if he bid you.

Petrucio. Divinest lady, are you so content?

Angelia. What my brother commands, I must obey.

Lionel. Join hands together, be wise, and use
Your dignities with a due reverence.
Tiberius Cæsar joy'd not in the birth
Of great Sejanus' fortunes with that zeal
As I shall to have rais'd you; though I hope
A different fate attends you.

Duke. Go to the church,
Perform your rites there, and return again
As fast as you can.

Gasparo. I could e'en expire with contemplation of his happiness.

Lionel. What old man's that?

Petrucio. This is my father, sir.

Lionel. Your own father?

Gasparo. So please your grace.

Lionel. Give him a pair

Of velvet breeches, from our grandsire's wardrobe.

Gasparo. Thrice noble Duke. Come, son, let's to the church.

[*Exeunt Petrucio, Gasparo, and Angelia.*]

Enter ANTIQUARY and PETRO.

Lionel. How now! what new-come pageant have we here?

Duke. This is the famous Antiquary I told your Grace of, a man worthy your grace; the Janus of our age, and treasurer of times past: a man worthy your bounteous favour and kind notice; that will as soon forget himself in the remembrance of your highness, as any subject you have.

Lionel. How comes he so accoutred?

Duke. No miracle at all, sir; for, as you have many fools in the habit of a wise man, so have you sometimes a wise man in the habit of a fool.

Antiquary. Sir, I have been so grossly abus'd, as no story, record, or chronicle, can parallel the like, and I come here for redress: I hear your highness loves me, and indeed you are partly interested in the cause, for I having took somewhat a large potion for your Grace's health, fell asleep, when in the interim they apparell'd me as you see, made a fool, or an asinigo^{so} of me; and for my boy here, they cogg'd him out of his proper shape, into the habit of an Amazon, to wait upon me.

Lionel. But who did this?

Antiquary. Nay, sir, that I cannot tell, but I desire it may be found out.

Duke. Well, signior, if you knew all, you have no cause to be angry.

^{so} *Asinigo.*] A cant term for a foolish fellow or idiot. See Mr. Steevens's note on *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 2. S. 1.

Antiquary. How so?

Duke. Why, that same coat you wear, did formerly belong unto Pantolabus the Roman jester, and buffoon to Augustus Cæsar.

Antiquary. And I thought so, I'd ne'er put it off while I breath'd.

Lionel. Stand by, we'll inquire further anon.

*Enter AURELIO, LORENZO, MOCINIGO, BRAVO,
ÆMILIA, LUCRETIA, Officers.*

Now, who are you?

Aurelio. Your highness's officers.

We have brought two murderers here to be censured,
Who by their own confession are found guilty,
And need no further trial.

Lionel. Which be the parties?

Aurelio. These, and please you.

Lionel. Well, what do you answer?

What can you plead to stop the course of justice?

Mocinigo. For my part, tho' I had no conscience to act it,

I have not the heart to deny it; and therefore expect

Your sentence, for mercy I hope none, nor favour.

Lionel. What says th' accuser?

Lucretia. Please your princely wisdom,

He slew a man was destin'd for my husband;

Yet, since another's death cannot recall him,

Were the law satisfied, and he adjudg'd

To have his goods confiscate, for my own part,

I could rest well content.

Mocinigo. With all my heart;

I yield possession to whomsoe'er

She shall choose for a husband. Reach a paper

Or blank, I'll seal to it.

Lucretia. See there's a writing!

Mocinigo. And there's my hand to it:

I care not what the conditions be.

Lionel. 'Tis well: whom will you choose in place of the other?

Lucretia. Then, sir, to keep his memory alive,
I'll seek no further than this officer.

Lorenzo. How, choose a common serjeant for her husband!

Æmilia. A base commendadore! I'll ne'er endure it.

Aurelio. No, lady, a gentleman I assure you, and
Suppos'd the slain Aurelio. [Discovers himself.

Mocinigo. A plot, a plot upon me! I'll revoke it all.

Lionel. Nay, that you cannot, now you have confirm'd it.

Mocinigo. Am I then cheated? I'll go home and die,
To avoid shame, not live in infamy.

Lionel. What says the villain Bravo for himself?

Bravo. The Bravo, sir, is honest, and his father.

Aurelio. My father! bless me, how comes this about?

Bravo. That virtuous maid, whom I must always honour,
Acquainted me with that old lecher's drift:
I, to prevent the ruin of my son,
Conceal'd from all, proffer'd my service to him
In this disguise.

Lionel. 'Twas a wise and pious deed.

Enter PETRUCIO, ANGELIA, and GASPARO.

Petrucio. Room for the Duke's kindred.

Lionel. What, you are married, I perceive.

Petrucio. I am, royal brother.

Lionel. Then, for your better learning in our service,

Take these instructions.—Never hereafter
Contemn a man that has more wit than yourself,
Or foolishly conceive no lady's merit
Or beauty worthy your affection.

Petrucio. How's this?

Lionel. Truth, my most honour'd brother, you are gull'd;

So is my reverend uncle, the Antiquary,
So are you all; for he that you conceiv'd

The Duke, is your friend and Lionel ;
Look you else.

Petrucio. 'Tis so.

Gasparo. 'Tis too apparent true.

Lionel. What, all drunk ! Speak, uncle.

Antiquary. Thou art my nephew,
And thou hast wit ; 'tis fit thou should'st have land
too.

Tell me no more how thou hast cheated me,
I do perceive it, and forgive thee for 't ;
Thou shalt have all I have, and I'll be wiser.

Lionel. I thank you, sir. Brother Petrucio,
This to your comfort ; that is my sister,
Whom formerly you did abuse in love,
And you may be glad your lot is no worse.

Petrucio. I am contented ; I'll give a good wit
Leave to abuse me at any time.

Lorenzo. When he cannot help it.

Gasparo. This 'tis

To be so politic and ambitious, son.

Petrucio. Nay, father, do not you 'aggravate it
too.

Lorenzo. Well, signior,
You must pardon me, if I bid joy to you ;
My daughter was not good enough for you.

Petrucio. You are tyrannous.

Enter LEONARDO.

Leonardo. Save you, gallants.

Lionel. You are very welcome.

Leonardo. I come in quest of our noble Duke,
Who from his court has stol'n out privately,
And 'tis reported he is here.

Lionel. No indeed, sir,
He is not here. 'Slight, we shall be question'd
For counterfeiting his person.

Duke. Be not dismay'd,
I am the Duke.

Leonardo. My lord !

Duke. The very same, sir,

That for my recreation have descended
(And no impeach, I hope, to royalty)
To sit spectator of your mirth. And thus much
You shall gain by my presence; what is past,
I'll see it ratified as firm, as if
Myself and senate had concluded it.
And when a prince allows his subjects sport,
He that pines at it, let him perish for 't.

EDITION.

The Antiquary, a Comedy; acted by her Majesty's
Servants, at the Cock-pit: Written by Shackerly
Mermion, Gent. London: Printed by F. K. for I. W.
and F. E. and are to be sold at the Crane, in St. Paul's
Church-yard. 1641. Quarto.

THE
GOBLINS.

VOL. I.

x

SIR JOHN SUCKLING* was the son of Sir John Suckling, of Witham, in Middlesex, comptroller to King Charles the First. He was born in 1613, and had so remarkable an ease in learning languages, that he is said to have spoke Latin at five years old, and to have wrote it at nine. Music and poetry were afterwards his favourite studies; he was a general scholar, but rather a polite than a deep one. After his travels, he was censur'd by the gravity of that age, as having brought home too much of the light French air, but it was rather a natural freedom and gaiety than acquir'd, and proceeded from the great sprightliness and vivacity of his temper. In his travels he made a campaign under the Great Gustavus Adolphus, and in six months time was in three battles and five sieges. He was allowed to be one of the finest gentlemen in England, having the peculiar quality of making whatever he did become him. He was so loyal to his master, as to be at the expence of £1200. in raising a troop of horse

* This account of Sir John Suckling is inaccurate in various particulars, and in some points strangely disagrees with what Mr. Reed allowed to be printed in the memoir of Sir William Davenant. (vol. VIII.) In the first place Sir J. Suckling was baptised February 10, 1608-9, at Whitton, near Twickenham, after a gestation, according to his mother's account, of eleven months. The date of his death, given by Mr. Reed, must be equally erroneous; it could not be on the 7th of May, 1641, because Mr. Reed himself states (vol. VIII. p. 331.) that in May, 1641, he was accused of being engaged with Davenant and others in a plot against the Parliament. Besides there is in existence a pretended rhyming epistle from him, dated from Paris, in June, 1641, which would, of course, not have been printed, at least in that shape, if Suckling had then been dead. But supposing this testimony worth little, as coming from an enemy, yet it is not to be disputed that the proclamation for bringing in Suckling, Davenant, and Captain Billingsley, (printed in a note on p. 332. vol. VIII.) is dated May 8, 1641, one day after the supposed death of Suckling. Mr. Chalmers has nevertheless followed the usual account on this point given by biographers. If Suckling died during any part of 1641 he was 33 years of age. C.

against the Scots.* He died on the 7th of May, 1641, in the 28th year of his age, universally lamented, having gained the love and esteem of all who conversed with him.

His works are printed in one small volume, consisting of "Poems and Letters on several occasions;" "Aglaura, a tragi-comedy;"† "The Sad One, a tragedy," unfinished; and "The tragedy of Brenoralt," which was first printed under the title of "The Discontented Colonel," and was wrote about the time of the Scotch rebellion in 1639, as appears from the continual satire on rebels, under the name of Lithuanians.‡

* Dr. Percy, in introducing the ballad of "Sir John Suckling's Campaign," (*Reliques*, vol. II.) says that it cost him 12,000*l.*, which seems a vast charge for only 100 men at that time. The jocular epistle mentioned in a previous note informs us that such was the number :

"I that did lend, and yearly spend
Thousands out of my purse—a,
And gave the King, a wondrous thing,
At once a hundred horse—a."

It also contains some other biographical matter, and among other points, adverting to the conspiracy of which Sir J. Suckling and Davenant were jointly accused, it states that the latter was likely to be pardoned by the Parliament, on condition that he would write an account of the transaction. As this curious tract is reprinted entire, in vol. 10, p. 50, of *Censura Literaria*, it is only necessary here to refer to it. C.

† There is a humorous copy of verses in the *Muserum Deliciæ*, (8vo. 1655, p. 50.) of Sir John Mennis and Dr. Smith, on Sir John Suckling's "Aglaura in folio;" an edition unmentioned by Mr. Reed; in which the narrow text and broad margin are compared to an infant in the great bed at Ware.

A poetical banter on Sir John and his splendid regiment is in the same collection, pages 82 and 83.

Three of Sir John Suckling's sisters were buried at Panborne, in Berkshire. See Ashmole, v. p. O. G.

‡ TO SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

If learning will beseech a courtier well,
If honour wait on those who dare excell,
Then let not poets envy, but admire
The eager flames of thy poetique fire;
For, whilst the world loves wit, Aglaura shall,
Phoenix-like, live after her funeral.

Wits Recreations, 1641.

PROLOGUE.

*Wit in a prologue, poets justly may
 Stile a new imposition on a play.
 When Shakespeare, Beaumont, Fletcher rul'd the stage,
 There scarce were ten good palates in the age ;
 More curious cooks than guests ; for men would eat
 Most heartily of any kind of meat.
 And then what strange variety ! each play
 A feast for Epicures ! and that, each day.
 But mark how oddly it is come about,
 And how unluckily it now falls out ;
 The palates are grown high,* number increas'd,
 And there wants that which should make up the feast ;
 And yet y'are so unconscionable, you'd have
 Forsooth of late, that which they never gave ;
 Banquets before, and after.—————
 Now pox on him that first good prologue writ,
 He left a kind of rent-charge upon wit ;
 Which if succeeding poets fail to pay,
 They forfeit all their worth ; and that's their play :
 Y'ave ladies' humours, and y'are grown to that,
 You will not like the man, 'less boots and hatt†
 Be right ; no play, unless the prologue be
 And ep'logue writ to curiosity.
 Well (gentles) 'tis the grievance of the place,
 And pray consider't, for here's just the case ;
 The richness of the ground is gone and spent,
 Men's brains grow barren, and you raise the rent.*

* The later editions, viz. those of 1658 and 1694, read,

The palates are grown *higher*, number increas'd. C.

† ——— '*less boots and hat.*] From the following passage in *Fabian, Philips's Antiquity, Legality, Reason, Duty, and Necessity of Pre-emption, and Pourveyance for the King*, 4to. 1668. p. 384, we learn how universally the fashion of wearing boots once prevailed in England. "Boots are not so frequently worn as they were in the latter end of King James his Reign (when the Spanish ambassador, the Conde de Gondomar, could pleasantly relate, when he went home into Spain, that all the citizens of London were booted, and ready, as he thought, to go out of town) and that for many years since all the men of the nation, as low as the plowmen and meanest artizans, which walked in their boots, are now with the fashion returned again, as formerly, to shooes and stockings."

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

PRINCE, *in love with Sabrina.*

ORSABRIN, *brother to the Prince, yet unknown.*

SAMORAT, *belov'd of Sabrina.*

PHILATEL, } *Brothers to Sabrina.*
TORCULAR, }

NASSURAT, } *Cavaliers, friends to Samorat.*
PELLEGRIN, }

TAMOREN, *king of the thieves, disguis'd in devil's habit.*

PERIDOR, *ambitious of Reginella, disguised in devil's habit.*

STRAMADOR, *a courtier, servant to the Prince.*

ARDELLAN, } *formerly servants to Orsabrin's father.*
PIRAMONT, }

PHONTREL, *servant to Philatel.*

SABRINA, *belov'd by Samorat.*

REGINELLA, *in love with Orsabrin.*

PEMILIA, *Sabrina's maid.*

CAPTAIN and SOLDIERS.

Two JUDGES.

Two LAWYERS.

Two SERJEANTS.

GAOLER.

CONSTABLE.

TAYLOR.

Two DRAWERS.

FIDLERS.

CLOWNS and WENCHES.

THIEVES, *disguised in devils' habits, living under ground,
by the woods.*

GUARD. ATTENDANTS.

The Scene, Francelia.

THE
GOBLINS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter as to a duel, SAMORAT, PHILATEL, TORCULAR.

Samorat. BUT, my lords,
May not this harsh business yet be left undone?
Must you hate me because I love your sister?
And can you hate at no less rate than death?

Philatel. No, at no less:
Thou art the blaster of our fortunes;
The envious cloud that darkens all our day.
While she thus prodigally and fondly throws away
Her love on thee, she has not wherewithal
To pay a debt unto the prince.

Samorat. Is this all?

Torcular. Faith, what if in short, we do not think
you
Worthy of her?

Samorat. I swear that shall not make a quarrel.
I think so too; have urg'd it often to myself;
Against myself have sworn't as oft to her.
Pray, let this satisfy,

Philatel. Sure, Torcular, he thinks we come to talk.
Look you, sir. [*Draws.*] And, brother, since his friend
Has fail'd him, do you retire.

Torcular. Excuse me Philatel,
I have an equal interest in this,
And fortune shall decide it.

Philatel. It will not need; he's come.

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. Mercury protect me! what are these?
The brothers of the highway!

Philatel. A stranger, by his habit.

Torcular. And by his looks a gentleman.

Sir, will you make one? We want a fourth.

Orsabin. I shall be robb'd with a trick now!

Samorat. My lords, excuse me; this is not civil:
In what concerns myself, none but myself
Must suffer.

Orsabin. A duel, by this light!—

Now has his modesty, and t'other's forwardness
Warm'd me—Gentlemen, I wear a sword,

[*Goes toward them.*]

And commonly in readiness. If you want one,
Speak, sir—I do not fear much suffering.

[*Speaks to Samorat.*]

Samorat. Y'are noble, sir;

I know not how t' invite you to it:

Yet there is justice on my side; and since

You please to be a witness to our actions,

'Tis fit you know our story.

Orsabin. No story, sir, I beseech you;

The cause is good enough as 'tis: it may

Be spoil'd i'th' telling.

Philatel. Come, we trifle then.

Samorat. It is impossible to preserve, I see,

My honour and respect to her:

And since you know this too, my lord,

It is not handsome in you thus to press me.

But come— [Torcular beckons to Orsabin.]

Orsabin. Oh! I understand you, sir. [Exeunt.]

[Philatel and Samorat fight.]

Philatel. In posture still!

[Samorat receives a slight wound.]

Oh, y'are mortal then, it seems.

Samorat. Thou hast undone thyself, rash man;
For with this blood thou hast let out a spirit

Will vex thee to thy grave.

[Fight again, Samorat takes away Philatel's sword, and takes breath, then gives it him.]

Samorat. I am cool again. Here, my lord—
And let this present bind your friendship.

Philatel. Yes, thus— *[Runs at him.]*

Samorat. Treacherous and low!

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabrin. I have drill'd my gentleman. I have made

As many holes in him as would sink

A ship royal in sight of the haven.—How now?—

[Samorat upon his knee.]

'Sfoot, yonder's another going that way too.

Now have I forgot of which side I'm on!

No matter: I'll help the weakest:

There's some justice in that.

Philatel. The villain sure has slain my brother.

If I have any friends above, guide now

My hand unto his heart!

[Orsabrin puts it by; runs at him. Samorat steps in.]

Samorat. Hold, noble youth;

Destroy me not with kindness! Men will say

He could have kill'd me, and that, injustice,

Should not be. For honour's sake,

Leave us together.

Orsabrin. 'Tis not my business, fighting: *[Puts up.]*

Th' employment's your's, sir. If you need me,

I am within your call.

[Exit.]

Samorat. The gods reward thee!

Now, Philatel, thy worst.

[They fight again, and close; Samorat forces his sword.]

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabrin. Hell and the furies are broke loose upon us!

Shift for yourself, sir.

[Fly into the woods several ways, pursued by thieves in devil's habits.]

Enter TORCULAR, weak with bleeding.

Torcular. It will not be—My body is a jade :
I feel it tire and languish under me.
—Those thoughts came to my soul
Like screech-owls¹ to a sick man's window.

Enter THIEVES back again.

Thieves. Here, here !

[They bind him and carry him away.]

Torcular. Oh ! I am fetch'd away alive ! *[Exeunt.]*

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. Now the good gods preserve my senses
right,

For they were never in more danger !
I'th' name of doubt, what could this be ?
Sure, 'twas a conjuror I dealt withal ;
And while I thought him busy at his prayers,
'Twas at his circle, levying this regiment.
Here they are again !

Enter SAMORAT.

Samorat. Friend—Stranger—Noble youth—

Orsabin. Here, here !

Samorat. Shift, shift the place, the wood is dan-
gerous :

As you love safety, follow me.

[Exeunt.]

¹ —*Those thoughts came to my soul*

Like screech-owls to a sick man's window.]

So in *Othello* :

“ ————oh, it came o'er me

“ As doth the raven o'er th' infected house.” S.

Again, in *Marston's Antonio and Mellida*, A. 3. S. 3.

“ Now barks the wolfe against the full cheekt moone ;

“ Now lyons halfe clam'd entrals roare for food ;

“ Now croaks the toad, and night-crowes screech aloud,

“ Fluttering 'bout casements of departing soules ;

“ Now gape the graves, and through their yawnes let loose

“ Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth ;

“ And now swarte night, to swell thy hower out,

“ Behold, I spurt warme blood in thy blacke eyes.”

The quotation from *Othello* is in point, because the comparison is similar to that of Suckling, but the long passage, added by Mr. Reed from *Marston*, has in fact nothing to do with it. C.

Enter PHILATEL.

Philatel. They've left the place, and yet I cannot find

The body any where. May be he did not
Kill him then, but he recover'd strength,
And reach'd the town. It may be not too.
Oh, that this hour could be call'd back again!

But 'tis too late.
And time must cure the wound that's given by fate.

[*Exit*

Enter SAMORAT, ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. I' th' shape of lions too, sometimes,
And bears?

Samorat. Often, sir.

Orsabin. Pray, unriddle.

Samorat. The wiser sort do think them thieves,
which but

Assume these forms to rob more powerfully.

Orsabin. Why does not then the state
Set out some forces, and suppress them?

Samorat. It often has, sir, but without success.

Orsabin. How so?

Samorat. During the time those levies are abroad,
Not one of them appears. There have been,
That have attempted under ground; but of those,
As of the dead, there has been no return.

Orsabin. Strange!

Samorat. The common people think them
A race of honest and familiar devils;
For they do hurt to none, unless resisted.
They seldom take away, but with exchange;
And to the poor they often give;
Return the hurt and sick recover'd;
Reward or punish as they do find cause.

Orsabin. How cause?

Samorat. Why, sir, they blind still those they take,
And make them tell the stories of their lives;
Which known, they do accordingly.

Orsabin. You make me wonder, sir.
How long is't since they thus have troubled you?

Samorat. It was immediately upon
The great deciding day, fought 'twixt the two
Pretending families, the Tamorens and the Orsabrins.

Orsabin. Ha ! Orsabrins ?

Samorat. But, sir, that story's sad and tedious :
W're ent'ring now the town, a place less safe,
Than were the woods, since Torcular is slain.

Orsabin. How, sir ?

Samorat. Yes.

He was the brother to the prince's mistress ;
The lov'd one too. If we do prize ourselves
At any rate, we must embark, and change
The clime : there is no safety here.

Orsabin. Hum !

Samorat. The little stay we make,
Must be in some dark corner of the town ;
From whence (the day hurried to th' other world)
We'll sally out, to order for our journey.
That I am forc'd to this, it grieves me not ;
But (gentle youth) that you should for my sake.—

Orsabin. Sir, lose not a thought on that:
A storm at sea threw me on land, and now
A storm on land drives me to sea again,

Samorat. Still noble !

[*Exeunt.*

Enter NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN.

Nassurat. Why, suppose 'tis a wench ;
You would not go with me, would you ?

Pellegrin. To chuse,—to chuse,—

Nassurat. Then there's no remedy.—

[*Flings down his hat, unbuttons himself, draws.*

Pellegrin. What dost mean ?—

Nassurat. Why, since I cannot leave you alive,
I will try to leave you dead.

Pellegrin. I thank you kindly, sir, very kindly.
Now the Sedgly^a curse upon thee,
And the great fiend ride through thee
Booted and spurr'd, with a scythe on his neck !
Pox on thee, I'll see thee hang'd first !
'Sfoot you shall make none of your fine

^a *Sedgly curse.*] See Ray's Proverbs, edit. 1748, p. 268.

Points of honour up at my charge :
 Take your course, if you are so hot.
 Be doing,—be doing.

[*Exit.*

Nassurat. I am got free of him at last :
 There was no other way : h' has been
 As troublesome as a woman that would be
 Lov'd whether a man would or not,
 And has watch'd me, as if he had been
 My creditor's serjeant ; if they should have dispatch'd
 In the mean time, there would be fine
 Opinions of me. I must cut his throat
 In earnest, if it should be so. —

[*Exit.*

*Enter PERIDOR, TAMOREN with other THIEVES,
 and TORCULAR.*

[*A horn sounds.*

Thieves. A prize !—A prize !—A prize !

Peridor. Some duel, sir, was fought this morning :
 this,

Weaken'd with loss of blood, we took ; the rest
 Escap'd.

Tamoren. He's fitter for our surgeon, than for us ;
 Hereafter we'll examine him.

[*Again a shout.*

Thieves. A prize !—A prize !—A prize !

[*They set them down, Ardellan, Piramont.*

Tamoren. Bring them, bring them, bring them in,

See if they have mortal sin :

Pinch them as you dance about,

Pinch them till the truth come out.

Peridor. What art ?

Ardellan. Extremely poor and miserable.

Peridor. 'Tis well, 'tis well, proceed ;

Nobody will take that away from me,

Fear not. What country ?

Ardellan. Francelia.

Peridor. Thy name ?

Ardellan. Ardellan.

Peridor. And thine ?

Piramont. Piramont.

Peridor. Thy story ?

Ardellan. What story ?

Peridor. Thy life, thy life.

[*Pinch him.*

Ardellan. Hold, hold—you shall have it; [*He sighs.*

It was upon the great defeat given by
The Tamorens unto the Orsabrins,
That the old prince, for safety of the young,
Committed him unto the trust of Garradan,
And some few servants more, 'mongst whom I fill'd
A place.

Tamoren. Ha! Garradan?

Ardellan. Yes!

Tamoren. Speak out, and set me nearer.

So, void the place: proceed.

Ardellan. We put to sea, but had scarce lost the
sight

Of land, ere we were made a prey to pirates:
There Garradan, resisting the first board,
Chang'd life with death; with him the servants too,
All but myself and Píramont.

• Under these pirates ever since

Was Orsabrin brought up,

And into several countries did they carry him.

Tamoren. Knew Orsabrin himself?

Ardellan. Oh! no, his spirit was too great: we durst
Not tell him any thing, but waited for
Some accident might throw us on Francelia;
'Bout which we hover'd often, and were near
It now; but Heaven decreed it otherwise. [*He sighs.*

Tamoren. Why dost thou sigh?

Ardellan. Why do I sigh indeed!

For tears cannot recall him: last night
About the second watch, the winds broke loose,
And vex'd our ship so long, that it began
To reel and totter, and, like a drunken man,
Took in so fast his liquor, that it sunk
Down i' th' place.

Tamoren. How did you 'scape?

Ardellan. I bound myself unto a mast, and did
Advise my master to do so; for which
He struck me only, and said I did
Consult too much with fear.

Tamoren. 'Tis a sad story. Within there!
Let them have wine and fire. But hark you—[*Whispers.*

Enter THIEVES, with a POET.

Thieves. A prize!—A prize!—A prize!

Peridor. Set him down.

Poet. "And for the blue, . . . [Sings.
Give him a cup of sack, 'twill mend his hue."

Peridor. Drunk, as I live! Pinch him, pinch him.*
What art?

Poet. I am a poet,
A poor dabbler in rhyme.

Peridor. Come, confess, confess.

Poet. I do confess, I want money.

Peridor. By the description, he's a poet indeed.
Well, proceed. Pinch him.

Poet. What do you mean?
Pox on you! Pr'ythee let me alone,

"Some candles here!—

And fill us t'other quart, and fill us,

Rogue, Drawer, t'other quart.

Some small beer.

And for the blue,

Give him a cup of sack, 'twill mend his hue."

Tamoren. Set him by till he's sober.
Come, let's go see our duellist drest. [Exeunt.

Enter TAYLOR, two SERJEANTS.

Taylor. He's something tall, and for his chin,
It has no bush below: marry, a little wool,
As much as an unripe peach doth wear;
Just enough to speak him drawing towards a man.

Serjeant. Is he of fury?
Will he foin³, and give the mortal touch?

* "Pinch him, pinch him," is given in the old copies as a stage direction; but the repetition and the sense (to say nothing of the measure which is very irregular,) shew that those words are part of the text. C.

³ Will be foin.] i. e. thrust in fencing. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

"—to see the foin." See note on this passage. S.
Again in *The Return from Parnassus*, A. 1. S. 2.

"Then roister doister, in his oily terms,

"Cuts, thrusts, and foins, at whomsoever he meets."

Taylor. Oh no, he seldom wears his sword.

Serjeant. *Topo* is the word, if he do;
Thy debt, my little myrmidon?

Taylor. A yard and half, I assure you, without abatement.

Serjeant. 'Tis well, 'tis wondrous well:
Is he retir'd into this house of pleasure?

Taylor. One of these he's entred: 'tis but
A little waiting, you shall find me at
The next tavern.

[Exit.]

Serjeant. Stand close, I hear one coming.

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. This house is sure no seminary for Lucreces.

Then the matron was so over-diligent:
And when I ask'd for meat or drink, she look'd
As if I had mistook myself, and call'd
For a wrong thing. Well, 'tis but for a night;
And part of it I'll spend in seeing of
This town, so famous in our tales at sea.

Serjeant. Look, look, muffled, and as melancholy
after't

As a gamester upon loss; upon him, upon him.

Orsabin. How now, my friends; why do you use
me thus?

Serjeant. Quietly; 'twill be your best way.

Orsabin. Best way, for what?

Serjeant. Why, 'tis your best way, because there
will be

No other; *Topo* is the word, and you
Must along.——

Orsabin. Is that the word?

Why then this is my sword.—— [Run away.]

Serjeant. Murder, murder, murder! h' has kill'd
The prince's officer: murder, murder, murder!—

Orsabin. I must not stay, I hear them swarm.

[Exit.]

Enter CONSTABLE, People.

Constable. Where is he, where is he?

Serjeant. Here, here!

Oh a man-mender, a man-mender!
H' has broach'd me in so many places,
All the liquor in my body will run out.

Constable. In good sooth (neighbour)
H' has tapp'd you at the wrong end too;
He has been busy with you here behind,
As one would say; lend a hand some of you,
And the rest follow me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. Still pursu'd! which way now?
I see no passage; I must attempt this wall.
Oh! a lucky door, and open! [*Exit.*

Enters again.

Where am I now?
A garden, and a handsome house!
If 't be thy will, a porch to 't, and I'm made;
'Twill be the better lodging of the two. [*Goes to the porch.*

Enter PHEMILIA.

Phemilia. Oh! welcome, welcome, sir. My lady
hath
Been in such frights for you.

Orsabin. Hum! for me!

Phemilia. And thought you would not come to-
night?

Orsabin. Troth, I might very well have fail'd her.

Phemilia. She's in the gallery, alone, in the dark.

Orsabin. Good, very good.

Phemilia. And is so melancholy.

Orsabin. Hum!

Phemilia. Have you shut the garden-door?
Come, I'll bring you to her; enter, enter.

Orsabin. Yes, I will enter:
He who has lost himself, makes no great venture. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter SABRINA, ORSABRIN.

Sabrina. Oh, welcome!

Welcome, as open air to prisoners,
I have had such fears for you.

Orsabin. She's warm, and soft as lovers' language:
She spoke, too, prettily. Now have I
Forgot all the danger I was in.

Sabrina. What have you done to-day, my better
part?

Orsabin. Kind little rogue! I could
Say the finest things to her, methinks;
But then she would discover me:
The best way will be to fall to quietly. [Kisses her.

Sabrina. How now, my Samorat!
What saucy heat hath stol'n into thy blood,
And height'ned thee to this? I fear you are
Not well.

Orsabin. 'Sfoot! 'tis a Platonic:
Now cannot I so much as talk that way neither.

Sabrina. Why are you silent, sir?
Come, I know you have been in the field to-day.

Orsabin. How does she know that?

Sabrina. If you have kill'd my brother, speak:
It is no new thing that true love should be
Unfortunate.

Orsabin. 'Twas her brother I kill'd then! would I
were
With my devils again: I got well rid
Of them, that will be here impossible.

Enter PHEMILIA.

Phemilia. Oh! madam, madam,
Y' are undone! the garden-walls are scal'd,
A flood of people are entering the house.

Orsabin. Good—why here's variety of ruin yet.

Sabrina. 'Tis so,
The feet of justice, like to those of time,
Move quick, and will destroy, I fear, as sure.
Oh, sir, what will you do? there is no vent'ring forth:
My closet is the safest, enter there,
While I go down and meet their fury,
Hinder the search, if possible. [Exit.

Orsabin. Her closet, yea, where's that?

And, if I could find it, what should I do there?
She will return. I will venture out. [Exit.

*Enter the PRINCE, PHILATEL, PHONTREL,
Company, Music.*

Philatel. The lightest airs; 'twill make them more
secure.

Upon my life he'll visit her to-night.

[*Music plays, and sings.*

Prince. Nor she, nor any lesser light appears:
The calm and silence 'bout the place persuades me
She does sleep.

Philatel. It may not be: but hold,
It is enough, let us retire.

Behind this pillar, Phontrel, is thy place;

As thou didst love thy master, shew thy care:

You to the other gate; there's thy ladder. [Exeunt.

Enter SABBINA.

Sabrina. Come forth, my Samorat, come forth,
Our fears were false, it was the Prince with music.

Samorat, Samorat! He sleeps:—Samorat!

Or else he's gone to find me out i' th' gallery;

Samorat, Samorat! it must be so. [Exit.

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabrin. This house is full of thresholds and trap-
doors.

I have been in the cellar—where the maids lie too;

I laid my hand, groping for my way,

Upon one of them, and she began to squeak.

Would I were at sea again, i' th' storm!

Oh! a door: though the devil were the porter,

And kept the gate, I'd out.

Enter SAMORAT.

Orsabrin. Ha! guarded! taken in a trap?

Nay, I will out, and there's no other but this——

[Retires, and draws, runs at him; another pass,
they close.

Samorat. Philatel in ambush, on my life!

Enter SABBINA, and PHEMILIA with a light.

Sabrina. Where should he be?—Ha!——

Good heavens, what spectacle is this? my Samorat!

Some apparition sure ——

[They discover one another by the light, throw away their weapons, and embrace.]

Samorat. My noble friend!

What angry and malicious planet govern'd

At this point of time?

Sabrina. My wonder does grow higher.

Orsabin. That which governs ever:

I seldom knew it better.

Samorat. It does amaze me, sir, to find you here:

How enter'd you this place?

Orsabin. Forc'd by unruly men i'th' street.

Sabrina. Now the mistake is plain.

Orsabin. Are you not hurt?

Samorat. No——but you bleed.

Orsabin. I do indeed, but 'tis not here; this is

A scratch: it is within, to see this beauty;

For by all circumstance, it was her brother

Whom my unlucky sword found out to-day.

Sabrina. Oh, my too cruel fancy!

[Weeps.]

Samorat. It was indeed

Thy sword, but not thy fault; I am the cause

Of all these ills. Why do you weep, Sabrina?

Sabrina. Unkind unto thyself, and me,

The tempest, this sad news has rais'd within me,

I would have laid with tears, but thou disturb'st me.

Oh! Samorat, hadst thou consulted but with love

As much as honour, this had never been.

Samorat. I have no love for thee, that has not had

So strict an union with honour still,

That in all things they were concern'd alike;

And if there could be a division made,

It would be found, honour had here

The leaner share: 'twas love that told me

It was unfit that you should love a coward.

Sabrina. These handsome words

Are now as if one bound up wounds with silk,

Or with fine knots, which do not help the cure,

Or make it heal the sooner. Oh ! Samorat,
This accident lies on our love, like to
Some foul disease, which though it kill it not,
Yet will 't destroy the beauty ; disfigure 't so,
That 'twill look ugly to the world hereafter.

Samorat. Must then the acts of fate be crimes of
men?

And shall a death he pull'd upon himself
Be laid on others ? Remember, sweet,
How often you have said it in the face
Of Heaven, that 'twas no love, which length of time,
Or cruelty of chance, could lessen or remove.
Oh kill me not that way, Sabrina,
This is the nobler. Take it, and give it

[Kneels, and presents his sword.]

Entrance any where but here ; for you so fill
That place, that you must wound yourself.

Orsabin. Am I so slight a thing ? so bankrupt ?
So unanswerable in this world, that being
Principal in the debt, another must
Be call'd upon, and I not once look'd after ?
Madam, why d'you throw away your tears
On one that's irrecoverable ?

Sabrina. Why ?

Therefore, sir, because he's irrecoverable.

Orsabin. But why on him ? he did not make him so.

Sabrina. I do confess my anger is unjust,
But not my sorrow, sir. Forgive these tears,
My Samorat ; the debts of nature must
Be paid, though from the stock of love.
Should they not, sir ?

Samorat. Yes :

But thus the precious minutes pass, and time,
Ere I have breath'd the sighs due to our parting,
Will be calling for me.

Sabrina. Parting !

Samorat. Oh yes, Sabrina ! I must part as day
Does from the world ; not to return till night
Be gone, till this dark cloud be over.
Here to be found, were foolishly to make

A present of my life unto mine enemy.
Retire into thy chamber, fair; there thou
Shalt know all.

Sabrina. I know too much already. [Exeunt.]

Enter PHONTREL.

Hold, rope, for me, and then hold, rope, for him.
Why, this is the wisdom of the law now, a prince loses
a subject, and does not think himself paid for the loss,
till he loses another. Well! I will do my endeavour
to make him a saver; for this was Samorat. [Exit.]

Enter SAMORAT, ORSABRIN bleeding.

Orsabin. Let it bleed on——You shall not stir, I
swear.

Samorat. Now, by the friendship that I owe thee,
And the gods beside, I will: noble youth,
Were there no danger in the wound, yet would
The loss of blood make thee unfit for travel.
My servants wait me for direction;
With them my surgeon, I'll bring him instantly.
Pray, go back. [Exeunt.]

Enter PHILATEL, GUARD. Places them at the door.

Philatel. There! You to the other gate;
The rest follow me. [Exeunt.]

Enter ORSABRIN, SABRINA.

Sabrina. Hark! a noise, sir!
The tread's too loud to be my Samorat's.

Enter the SEARCHERS, to them.

Searchers. Which way? which way?

Sabrina. Some villainy is in hand. Step in here,
sir, quick. [Locks him in her closet.]

Enter PHILATEL, GUARD, and pass over the stage.

Philatel. Look every where.

[Philatel dragging out his sister.]

Protect thy brother's murderer!
Tell me where thou hast hid him!
Or, by my father's ashes, I will search
In every vein thou hast about thee, for him.

Enter ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. Ere such a villainy should be,
[Orsabin bounces thrice at the door; it flies open.]

The gods would lend unto a single arm
Such strength, it should have power to punish
An army of such as thou art.

Philatel. Oh! are you here, sir?

Orsabin. Yes, I am here, sir.

[*Fight.*

Philatel. Kill her.

[*She interposes.*

Orsabin. Oh! save thyself, fair excellence,
And leave me to my fate. Base!—

[*The Guard comes behind him, catches hold of his arms.*

Philatel. So, bring him! One—the other is not far.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter SABBINA, PHEMILIA.

Sabrina. Run, run, Phemilia, to the garden-walls,
And meet my Samorat. Tell him,—oh tell him
Any thing. Charge him, by all our loves,
He instantly take horse, and put to sea.
There is more safety in a storm, than where
My brother is.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter PERIDOR, and the other THIEVES.

STRAMADOR led in, they dance about him, and sing.

Thieves. A prize! a prize! a prize!

Peridor. Bring him forth, bring him forth.

Welcome, welcome, mortal wight,

To the mansion of the night.

Good or bad, thy life discover;

Truly all thy deeds declare;

For about thee spirits hover,

That can tell, tell what they are.

Pinch him, if he speaks not true;

Pinch him, pinch him black and blue.

Peridor. What art thou?

Stramador. I was a man.

Peridor. Of whence?

Stramador. The court.

Peridor. Whither now bound?

Stramador. To my own house.

Peridor. Thy name?

Stramador. Stramador.

Peridor. Oh! you fill a place about his Grace,
And keep out men of parts; d'you not?

Stramador. Yes.

Peridor. A foolish utensil of state,
Which, like old plate upon a gaudy day⁴,
'S brought forth to make a show, and that is all:
For of no use you are. Y' had best deny this.

Stramador. Oh no!

Peridor. Or that you do want wit,
And then talk loud, to make that pass for it.
You think there is no wisdom but in form,
Nor any knowledge like to that of whispers.

Stramador. Right, right!

Peridor. Then, you can hate,
And fawn upon a man at the same time:
And dare not urge the vices of another,
You are so foul yourself. So the prince
Seldom hears truth.

Stramador. Oh! very seldom.

Peridor. And did you never give his Grace odd
counsels;
And when you saw they did not prosper,
Persuade him take them on himself?

Stramador. Yes, yes, often.

Peridor. Get baths of sulphur quick, and flaming
oils;

⁴ — *A gaudy day.*] "In the inns of court, there are four of
"these in the year; that is, one in every term, viz. Ascension-day
"in Easter Term, Midsummer-day in Trinity Term, All Saints in
"Michaelmas Term, and Candlemas in Hilary Term. These were
"no days in court; and on these days, double commons are
"allowed, and musick formerly on All Saints and Candlemas-day,
"as the first and last of Christmas. The etymology of the word
"may be taken from Judge Gawdy, who (as some affirm) was the
"first institutor of those days; or rather from *gaudium*; because,
"to say truth, they are days of *joy*, as bringing good cheer to the
"hungry students. In colleges, they are most commonly called
"*Gawdy*; in inns of court, *Grand Days*; and in some places they
"are called *Coller Days*." *Blount's Glossographia*.

This crime is new, and will deserve it.
He has inverted all the rule of state ;
Confounded policy. There is some reason why
A subject should suffer for the errors
Of his prince ; but why a prince should bear
The faults of 's ministers, none, none at all.
Cauldrons of brimstone, there !

Thief. Great judge of this infernal place,
Allow him yet the mercy of the court.

Stramador. Kind devil !

Peridor. Let him be boil'd in scalding lead a while,
T' inure and prepare him for the other.

Stramador. Oh, hear me, hear me !

Peridor. Stay ! Now I have better thought upon 't,
He shall to earth again ; for villainy
Is catching, and will spread. He will enlarge
Our empire much ; then w'are sure of him
At any time. So 'tis enough. Where 's our governor ?
[*Exeunt.*

*Enter GAOLER, SAMORAT, NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN,
and three others in disguise.*

Gaoler. His hair curls naturally : a handsome
youth !

Samorat. The same. Is there no speaking with
him ? [Drinks to him.

He owes me a trifling sum.

Gaoler. Sure, sir, the debt is something desperate ;
There is no hopes he will be brought to clear
With the world ; he struck me but for
Persuading him to make even with Heaven.
He is as surly as an old lion,
And as sullen as a bullfinch. He never
Ate since he was taken, gentlemen !

Samorat. I must needs speak with him. Hark in .
thy ear.

Gaoler. Not for all the world !

Samorat. Nay, I do but motion such a thing.

Gaoler. Is this the business, gentlemen ?

Fare you well. [Run after him, draw their daggers,
and set one to his breast.

Samorat. There is no choice of ways then—Stir not!

If thou but think'st a noise, or breath'st aloud,
Thou breath'st thy last. So, bind him now.

[*They bind the Gaoler.*]

Undo, quickly, quickly: his jerkin, his hat.

Nassurat. What will you do? None of these beards
will serve;

There's not an-eye of white in them⁵.

Pellegrin. Pull out the silver'd ones in his,
And stick them in the other.

Nassurat. Cut them, cut them out. The bush will
suit

Well enough with a grace still.

[*They put a false beard on the Gaoler, and gag him.*]

Samorat. Desperate wounds must have desperate
cures;

Extremes must thus be serv'd. You know your parts.

[*Exit in the Gaoler's habit.*]

Nassurat. Fear not: let us alone.

[*They sing a catch.*]

Some drink! what, boy, some drink!

Fill it up, fill it up to the brink.

When the pots cry clink,

And the pockets chink,

Then 'tis a merry world.

To the best, to the best, have at her;

And a pox take the woman-hater.

The Prince of Darkness⁶ is a gentleman:

Mahu, Mahu is his name.

⁵ *There's not an eye of white in them.*] An eye is a small shade of colour. So in *The Tempest*, A. 2. S. 1.

"With an eye of green in't." S.

⁶ *The Prince of darkness is a gentleman.*] This catch is 'probably not the production of Sir John Suckling, but one much older than his time: in *Shakespeare's King Lear*, there is an evident allusion to it, A. 3. S. 4.

"*The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman:*

"*Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.*"

Unless the present performance was written from the hints in *King Lear*.

How d'you, sir ? [To the Gaoler gagg'd.
 You gape as if you were sleepy. Good faith,
 He looks like an *O yes* !

Pellegrin. Or as if he had overstrain'd himself
 At a deep note in a ballad.

Nassurat. What think you of an oyster at a low ebb?
 Some liquor for him ! You will not be
 A pimp for life, you rogue ; nor hold
 A door to save a gentleman. You are—
 Pox on him, what is he, *Pellegrin* ?
 If you love me, let's stifle him, and say
 'Twas a sudden judgment upon him for swearing.
 The posture will confirm it.

Pellegrin. We're in an excellent humour ;
 Let's have another bottle, and give out
 That Ann, my wife is dead.
 Shall I, gentlemen ?

Nassurat. Rare rogue in buckram⁸, let me bite thee⁹.
 Before me thou shalt go out wit, and upon
 As good terms as some of those in the ballad¹⁰ do.

Pellegrin. Shall I so ? Why then *foutre for the*
*Guise*¹¹.

Saints shall agree ; and ours shall be,
The black-ey'd beauties of the time.

⁷ *He looks like an O yes.*] i. e. like the crier of a court, whose custom it is to preface what he has to say, with a summons to attention in the French language, *Oyez*, vulgarly pronounced *O yes*. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 5. S. 4.

"Crier hobgoblin, make the fairy *O yes*."

A man whose jaws are extended by a gag, is not ill compared to one who draws out this introduction to a proclamation, with his mouth wide open. S.

⁸ *Rare rogue in buckram.*] Here seems to be an allusion to Falstaff's rogues in buckram. S.

⁹ *Let me bite thee.*] A common phrase of the times. *Mercutio*, in *Romeo and Juliet*, A. 2. S. 3. says,

"I will bite thee by the ear for that jest."

And Sir Epicure Mammon, in *The Alchymist*, A. 2. S. 3.

"Slave, I could bite thine ear."

¹⁰ i. e. The Sessions of the poets alluded to. See p. 87. 2. Dryden's *Miscellanies*. Former Editor.

¹¹ A proverbial expression during the League. Former Editor.

I'll tickle you for old ends of plays. [They sing.

*A round,—a round,—a round,—
A round,—a round,—a round.—*

Somebody's at the door! [Knocking at the door.

Pr'ythee, pr'ythee, sirrah, sirrah, try thy skill.

Nassurat. Who's there?

Enter a MESSENGER.

Messenger. One Sturigelot a gaoler here?

Nassurat. Such a one there was, my friend, but he's gone

Above an hour ago. Now did this rogue
Whisper in his heart, that's a lie,—and for that
Very reason I'll cut his throat.

Pellegrin. No, pr'ythee now,—for thinking?
Thou shalt not take the pains; the law shall do 't.

Nassurat. How?—how?—

Pellegrin. Marry, we'll write it over when we're gone,
He join'd in the plot, and put himself
Into this posture, merely to disguise
It to the world.

Nassurat. Excellent! Here's to thee for that conceit.
We should have made rare statesmen,
We are so witty in our mischief!
Another song, and so let's go,
It will be time. [They sing.

*A health to the nut-brown lass,
With the hazel eyes : let it pass.*

*She that hath good eyes
Has good thighs.
Let it pass—let it pass.*

*As much to the lively gray,
'Tis as good i'th' night as day ;
She that has good eyes,
Has good thighs.
Drink away—drink away.*

*I pledge, I pledge, what ho ! some wine,
Here's to thine,
And to thine,
The colours are divine.*

*But oh the black, the black,
Give me us much again, and let's be sack.
She that has good eyes
Has good thighs,
And it may be a better knack.*

[*They knock.*

Enter a DRAWER.

Nassurat. A reckoning, boy.—There—Dost hear?

[*Pay him the reckoning.*

Here's a friend of ours has forgotten himself
A little (as they call it)
The wine has got into his head,
As the frost into a hand; he is benumb'd,
And has no use of himself for the present.

Boy. Hum, sir.—

[*Smiles.*

Nassurat. Pr'ythee, lock the door; and when he
Comes to himself, tell him he shall find us
At the old place. He knows where.

Boy. I will, sir.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter ORSABRIN, in prison.

Orsabin. To die! Ay, what's that?
For yet I never thought on't seriously.
It may be 'tis—hum—
It may be 'tis not too.

*Enter SAMORAT as the GAOLER; he undoes his
fetters.*

Ha!

[*As amaz'd.*

What happy intercession wrought this change?
To whose kind prayers owe I this, my friend?

Samorat. Unto thy virtue, noble youth;
The gods delight in that as well as prayers.
I am——

Orsabin. Nay, nay,
Be what thou wilt, I will not question it.
Undo, undo,

Samorat. Thy friend Samorat.

Orsabrin. Ha!

Samorat. Lay by thy wonder, and put on these clothes:

In this disguise thou'lt pass to the prison-gates;
There you shall find one that is taught to know
You: he will conduct you to the corner
Of the wood, and there my horses wait us.
I'll throw this gaoler off in some odd place.

Orsabrin. My better angel! [Exeunt.

Enter PERIDOR, with the other THIEVES.

Peridor. It is e'en as hard a world for thieves
As honest men—nothing to be got;
No prize stirring.

1st Thief. None, but one with horses,
Who seem'd to stay for some that were to come,
And that has made us wait thus long.

Peridor. A lean day's work, but what remedy?
Lawyers, that rob men with their own consent,
Have had the same. Come, call in our perdues¹²,
We will away.— [They whistle.

Enter ORSABRIN, as seeking the horses.

Orsabrin. I hear them now; yonder they are.

Peridor. Halloh! Who are these? any of ours?

Thief. No, stand close; they shall be presently.
Yield—yield—

Orsabrin. Again betray'd!
There is no end of my misfortune!
Mischievous vexes me like a quotidian;
It intermits a little, and returns
Ere I have lost the memory of
My former fit.—

Peridor. Sentences, sentences!
Away with him,—away with him! [Exeunt.

Enter GAOLER and DRAWERS, over the stage.

Gaoler. I am the gaoler, undone, undone!

¹² —call in our perdues.] So in *King Lear*, A. 4. S. 7.

“ —to watch (poor perdu

“ With this thin helm?”

See notes on this passage, in the edition of 1778. S.

Conspiracy! a cheat! my prisoner! my prisoner!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter SAMORAT.

Samorat. No men;—nor horses! Some strange mistake!—

May be th'are sheltered in the wood.

Enter PERIDOR and other THIEVES, examining the young Lord TORCULAR that was hurt.

Peridor. And if a lady did but step aside, to fetch A mask or so, you follow'd after still,
As if she had gone proud? Ha! is't not so?

Torcular. Yes.

Peridor. And if you were us'd but civilly in a place,
You gave out doubtful words upon't,
To make men think you did enjoy.

Torcular. Oh! yes, yes.

Peridor. Made love to every piece of cry'd-up beauty,

And swore the same things over to them.

Torcular. The very same.—

Peridor. Abominable!

Had he but sworn new things yet, it had been Tolerable——

[*One of them reads the sum of the confession.*]

Thief. Let me see,—let me see. Hum!

Court ladies eight, of which two great ones.

Country ladies twelve; termers all¹³.

Peridor. Is this right?

Torcular. Very right.

Thief. Citizens wives of several trades,
He cannot count them. Chamber-maids,
And country-wenches, about thirty;
Of which the greater part, the night before
They were marry'd, or else upon the day.

Peridor. A modest reckoning! Is this all?

Torcular. No.

¹³ *Country ladies twelve; termers all.*] i. e. Ladies who only visit the city in term-time; i. e. when the courts of justice are open, and young lawyers are willing to qualify their dry studies with female dalliance. S.

I will be just t'a scruple.

Peridor. Well said,—well said.

Out with it.—

Torcular. Put down two old ladies more.

Peridor. I'th' name of wonder, how could he think
of old,

In such variety of young?

Torcular. Alas! I could never be quiet for them.

Peridor. Poor gentleman!

Well, what's to be done with him now? Shall he
Be thrown into the cauldron with the cuckolds?

Thief. Or with the jealous? that's the hotter place.

Peridor. Thou mistakest;

It is the same: they go together still:

Jealous and cuckolds differ no otherwise

Than sheriff and alderman. A little time

Makes the one the other. What think you

Of gelding him, and sending him to earth

Again, amongst his women? 'Twould be

Like throwing a dead fly into an ant's nest;

There would be such tearing and pulling,

And getting up upon him, they would worry

The poor thing to death!

1st Thief. Excellent!

Or leave a string, as they do sometimes

In young colts. Desire and impotence

Would be a rare punishment.

Peridor. Fie, fie, the common disease of age:

Every old man has it.

Enter TAMOREN, and more THIEVES, leading

ORSABRIN.

A prize! a prize! a prize!

[*Horns blow, brass pots beat on.*

Orsabin. This must be hell, by the noise!

Tamoren. Set him down, set him down: bring forth

The newest rack, and flaming pinching irons.

This is a stubborn piece of flesh;

'Twould have broke loose.

Orsabin. So, this comes of wishing myself

With devils again!

Peridor. What art?

Orsabrin. The slave of chance; one of Fortune's fools¹⁴:

A thing she kept alive on earth to make her sport.

Peridor. Thy name?

Orsabrin. Orsabrin.

Peridor. Ha! he that liv'd with pirates?

Was lately in a storm?

Orsabrin. The very same.

Tamoren. Such respect as you have paid to me—

[*Whispers with Peridor.*

Prepare to revels, all that can be thought on;

But let each man still keep his shape. [*Exit.*

[*They unbind him. All bow to him.*

[*Music and a dance.*]

Orsabrin. Ha! another false snaffle of Fortune!—

[*They bring out several suits of clothes, and a banquet.*

Is this the place the gowned clerks do fright

Men so on earth with? Would I had been here before!

Master devil, to whose use are these set out?

Peridor. To yours, sir.

Orsabrin. I'll make bold to change a little——Could
you not [*Takes a hat, dresses himself.*

Afford a good plain sword to all this gallantry?

Peridor. We'll see, sir.

Orsabrin. A thousand times civilier than men,
And better natur'd!

Enter TAMOREN, REGINELLA.

Tamoren. All leave the room.

Peridor. I like not this.

[*Exeunt.*

Tamoren. Cupid, do thou the rest!

A blunter arrow, and but slackly drawn,

Would perfect what's begun:

¹⁴ —one of Fortune's fools.] So Romeo exclaims,

"O; I am Fortune's fool."

It seems to mean one who is unlucky.

This is a plain allusion to the fool in the ancient moralities. See note on *Measure for Measure*, edit. 1778, vol. 2. p. 72. S.

It is very doubtful whether the author ever dreamt of such "a plain allusion." C.

When young and handsome meet,
The work's half done.

[Exit

Orsabrin. She cannot be
Less than a goddess, and't must be Proserpine.
I'll speak to her, though Pluto's self stood by.
Thou beauteous queen of this dark world, that mak'st
A place, so like a hell, so like a heaven!
Instruct me in what form I must approach thee,
And how adore thee.

Reginella. Tell me what thou art, first; for such a
creature

Mine eyes did never yet behold!

Orsabrin. I am that which they name above, a man.
I'th' wat'ry elements I much have liv'd; and there
They term me Orsabrin. Have you a name too?

Reginella. Why do you ask?

Orsabrin. Because I'd call upon it in a storm,
And save a ship from perishing sometimes.

Reginella. 'Tis Reginella.

Orsabrin. Are you a woman too?

I never was in earnest until now.

Reginella. I know not what I am;

For like myself I never yet saw any.

Orsabrin. Nor ever shall. Oh! how came you
hither?

Sure you were betray'd. Will you leave this place,
And live with such as I am?

Reginella. Why? may not you live here with me?

Orsabrin. Yes; But I'd carry thee where there is
A glorious light; where all above is spread
A canopy, studded with twinkling gems,
Beauteous as lovers' eyes; and underneath,
Carpets of flow'ry meads to tread on.
A thousand thousand pleasures, which this place can
ne'er

Afford thee.

Reginella. Indeed!

Orsabrin. Yes, indeed. I'll bring thee unto shady
walks,

And groves fring'd with silver purling streams,

Where thou shalt hear soft feather'd quiristers
Sing sweetly to thee of their own accord.
I'll fill thy lap with early flowers;
And whilst thou bind'st them up mysterious ways,
I'll tell thee pretty tales, and sigh by thee;
Thus press thy hand, and warm it thus with kisses.

Reginella. Will you indeed?

[Tamoren and Peridor above, with others.]

Tamoren. Fond girl! Her rashness
Sullies the glory of her beauty: 'twill make
The conquest cheap, and weaken my designs!
Go part them instantly, and bind him as before.
Be you his keeper, Peridor.

Peridor. Yes, I will keep him.

Orsabrin. Her eyes like lightning shoot into my
heart,
They'll melt it into nothing, ere I can
Present it to her! Sweet excellence!

Enter THIEVES, and blind him.

Ha! why is this hateful curtain drawn before my eyes?
If I have sinn'd, give me some other punishment:
Let me but look on her still, and double it!
Oh whither, whither do you hurry me? *[Carry him away.]*

Peridor. Madam, you must in.

Reginella. Ah me! what's this?
Must!—

[Exit.]

Enter other Devils.

1st Thief. We have had such sport! Yonder's the
rarest poet without, 'has made all his confession in
blank verse; not left a god, nor a goddess in heaven,
but fetch'd them all down for witnesses. He has made
such a description of Styx, and the Ferry, and verily
thinks he has past them! Enquires for the blest
shades, and asks much after certain British blades;
one Shakespeare and Fletcher: and grew so peremp-
tory at last, he would be carried where they were.

2d Thief. And what did you with him?

1st Thief. Mounting him upon a cole-staff, which
(tossing him something high) he apprehended to be
Pegasus. So we have left him to tell strange lies;

which he'll turn into verse; and some wise people
hereafter into religion. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter SAMORAT, NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN.

Nassurat. Good faith, 'tis wond'rous well. We have
e'en done

Like eager disputers: and with much ado,
Are got to be just where we were. This is
The corner of the wood.

Samorat. Ha! 'tis indeed!

Pellegrin. Had we no walking fire,
Nor saucer eyed devil of these woods
That led us? Now am I as weary as
A married man after the first week: and have
No more desire to move forwards, than
A post-horse that has past his stage.

Nassurat. 'Sfoot, yonder's the night too,
Stealing away with her black gown about her:
Like a kind wench that had staid out the last
Minute with a man.

Pellegrin. What shall we do, gentlemen?
I apprehend falling into the gaoler's hands
Strangely. He'd use us worse than we did him.

Nassurat. And that was ill enough of conscience.
What think you of turning beggars?
Many good gentlemen have done't: or thieves?

Pellegrin. That's the same thing at court: begging
Is but a kind of robbing the exchequer.

Nassurat. Look, four fathom and a half O O S
In contemplation of his mistress.

There's a feast, you and I are out now, *Pellegrin*:
'Tis a pretty trick, this enjoying in absence!

What a rare invention 'twould be,

If a man could find out a way to make it real!

Pellegrin. Dost think there's nothing in't as 'tis.

Nassurat. Nothing, nothing.

Pellegrin. Did'st never hear of a dead Alexander,

Rais'd to talk with a man ?

Love is a learned conjurer, and, with
The glass of fancy, will do as strange things !
You thrust out a hand ; your mistress
Thrusts out another : you shake that hand ;
That shakes you again : you put out a lip ;
She puts out hers ; talk to her ; she shall
Answer you. Marry ! when you come
To grasp all this, it is but air.*

Samorat. It was unlucky—
Gentlemen, the day appears, this is no place
To stay in : let's to some neighbouring cottage,
May be the searchers will neglect
The nearer places, and this will best
Advance unto our safety.

Enter FIDDLERS.

Nassurat. Who are there ?

1st Fiddler. Now, if the spirit of melancholy should
possess 'em.

2d Fiddler. Why, if it should—an honourable retreat.

Nassurat. I have the rarest fancy in my head—
Whither are you bound, my friends, so early ?

Fiddler. To a wedding, sir.

Nassurat. A wedding ! I told you so. Whose ?

Fiddler. A country wench's here hard by,
One Erblin's daughter.

Nassurat. Good : Erblin ! the very place ;
To see how things will fall out ! Hold,
Here's money for you : hark you,
You must assist me in a small design.

Fiddler. Any thing.

Samorat. What do'st mean ?

Nassurat. Let me alone—
I have a plot upon a wench.

Fiddler. Your worship is merry.

Nassurat. Yes, faith,
To see her only. Look you, some of you
Shall go back to th' town and leave us your coats ;

* The copy of 1658 inserts in the margin at this place, "*A sort of his Study,*" but it is not very intelligible what is meant. C.

My friend and I are excellent at a little instrument,
And then we'll sing catches rarely.

Pellegrin. I understand thee not.

*Nassurat.** Thou hast no more forecast than a
squirrel,

And hast less wise consideration about thee.

Is there a way safer than this? dost think

What we have done will not be spread beyond

This place ere 'tis light †? should we now enter

Any house thus near the town, and stay

All day, 'twould be suspicious: what pretence have we?

Pellegrin. He speaks reason, Samorat.

Samorat. I do not like it.

Should any thing fall out, 'twould not look well;

I'd not be found so much out of myself,

So far from home, as this disguise would make me,

Almost for certainty of safety.

Nassurat. Certainty! Why this will give it us.

Pray let me govern once.

Samorat. Well, you suffer'd first with me, now
'Tis my turn.

Pellegrin. Pr'ythee name not suffering.

Nassurat. Come, come, your coats; our beards will
suit

Rarely to them: there's more money;

Not a word of any thing, as you tender——

Fiddler. O, sir——

Nassurat. And see you carry't gravely too——

Now, afore me! Pellegrin's rarely translated.

'Sfoot, they'll apprehend the head of the bass-viol

As soon as thee, thou art so like it;

Only, I must confess, that has a little the better face.

Pellegrin. Has it so?

Pox on thee, thou look'st like I cannot tell what.

Nassurat. Why, so I would fool;

The end of my disguise is to have none

Know what I am. Look, look, a devil

* What follows is given to Pellegrin in the copy of 1658. The alteration was made in the edition of 1694. C.

† Some of the old copies read "with every light." C.

Enter a DEVIL.

Airing himself; I'll catch him like a mole
Ere he can get under ground.

Pellegrin. Nassurat, Nassurat!

Nassurat. Pox on that noise, he's earth'd.
Pr'ythee let's watch him, and see whether
He'll heave again.

Pellegrin. Art mad?

Nassurat. By this light,
Three or four of their skins, and we'd rob.
'Twould be the better way. Come, come, let's go.

[Exeunt.]

Enter CAPTAIN, and SOLDIERS.

Captain. Let the horse skirt about this place,
We will make a search within. *[Exeunt.]*

Enter again.

Now disperse;
In the hollow of the wood we will meet again.

*Enter NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN, SAMORAT,
FIDDLERS.*

Soldiers. Who goes there? Speak!
Oh, they are fiddlers! Saw you no men nor horse
In the wood to-day, as you came along?

Nassurat. Speak, speak rogue.

[Nassurat pulls one of the fiddlers by the skirt.]

Fiddler. None, sir.

Soldiers. Pass on.

[Exeunt.]

Nassurat. Gentlemen, what say you to the invention
now?

I'm a rogue if I do not think
I was design'd for the helm of state:
I am so full of nimble stratagems,
That I should have order'd affairs, and
Carried it against the stream of a faction,
With as much ease as a skipper
Would laver* against the wind.

[Exeunt.]

* To laver or laveser, is a nautical term, and signifies the same as to tack, or to make boards against the wind. Dryden uses it in his *Astræa redux*—

Enter CAPTAIN and SOLDIERS, meet again.

Captain. What, no news of any?

Soldiers. No; not a man stirring.

Enter other SOLDIERS.

Soho! away, away!

Captain. What! any discovery?

Soldier. Yes, the horse has staid three fellows,
Fiddlers, they call themselves;
There's something in't; they look suspiciously:
One of them has offer'd at confession, once or twice,
Like a weak stomach at vomiting,
But 'twould not out.

Captain. A little cold iron thrust down his throat
Will fetch it up. I am excellent at discovery;
And can draw a secret out of a knave,
With as much dexterity as a barber-surgeon
Would a hollow tooth.

Let's join forces with them.

[*Ereunt.*

[*Orsabin discovered in prison, bound.*

Orsabin. Sure 'tis eternal night with me! would this
Were all too—for I begin to think
The rest is true, which I have read in books,
And that there's more to follow.

Enter REGINELLA.

Reginella. Sure this is he—— [She unbinds him.

Orsabin. The pure and first-created light
Broke through the chaos thus!
Keep off, keep off, thou brighter excellence,
Thou fair divinity: if thou com'st near,
(So tempting is the shape thou now assum'st)
I shall grow saucy in desire again;
And entertain bold hopes, which will but draw
More and fresh punishment upon me.

Reginella. I see y'are angry, sir:
But if you kill me too, I meant no ill:

"How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
"With full-spread sails to run before the wind;
"But those that 'gainst stiff gales *lavouring* go,
"Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too." C.

That which brought me hither,
Was a desire I have to be with you
Rather than those I live with. This is all,
Believe it.

Orsabrin. With me? Oh, thou kind innocence
Witness all that can punish falsehood,
That I could live with thee,
Even in this dark and narrow prison,
And think all happiness confin'd within the walls.
Oh, had'st thou but as much of love as I!

Reginella. Of love! What's that?

Orsabrin. Why, 'tis a thing that's had before 'tis
known;

A gentle flame, that steals into a heart,
And makes it like one object so, that it scarce cares
For any other delights, when that is present;
And is in pain when 'tis gone; thinks of that alone,
And quarrels with all other thoughts that would
Intrude, and so divert it.

Reginella. If this be love, sure I have some of it.
It is no ill thing, is it, sir?

Orsabrin. Oh, most divine;
The best of all the Gods strangely abound in it,
And mortals could not live without it:
It is the soul of virtue, and the life of life.

Reginella. Sure I should learn it, sir, if you would
teach it.

Orsabrin. Alas, thou taughtest it me;
It came with looking thus—

[*They gaze upon one another.*

Enter PERIDOR.

Peridor. I will no longer be conceal'd, but tell
Her what I am, before the smooth-fac'd youth
Hath taken all the room up in her heart.
Ha! unbound! And, sure, by her!
Hell and furies! What, ho!—within there——

Enter other THIEVES.

Practise escapes?

Get me new irons, to lead him unto death.

Orsabrin. I am so used to this, it takes away

The sense of it : I cannot think it strange.

Reginella. Alas ! he never did intend to go.
Use him, for my sake, kindly ; I was not wont
To be deny'd. Ah me ! they are
Hard-hearted all. What shall I do ?
I'll to my governor, he'll not be thus cruel.— [*Exeunt.*

Enter SAMORAT, NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN.

Nassurat. 'Tis a rare wench she i'th' blue stockings :
What a complexion she had, when she was warm !
'Tis a hard question of these country wenches,
Which are simpler, their beauties, or themselves.
There's as much difference betwixt
A town-lady, and one of these,
As there is betwixt a wild pheasant and a tame.

Pellegrin. Right :
There goes such essencing, washing, perfuming,
And daubing, to th' other, that they are
The least part of themselves. Indeed,
There's so much sauce a man cannot taste the meat.

Nassurat. Let me kiss thee for that.
By this light, I hate a woman drest up to her height,
Worse than I do sugar with muscadine :
It leaves no room for me to imagine
I could improve her, if she were mine.
It looks like a jade, with his tail tied up
With ribbands, going to a fair to be sold.

Pellegrin. No, no, thou hatest it out of another
reason.

Nassurat. Pr'ythee, what's that ?

Pellegrin. Why, th'are so fine, th'are of no use that
day.

Nassurat. Sirrah, did'st mark the lass i'th' green
upon yellow,
How she bridled in her head,
And danc'd, a stroke in, and a stroke out,
Like a young filly, training to a pace ? *

* Hitherto it has stood,

“ Like a young filly *straining to pace.* ”

which is neither sense nor metre : the copy of 1658 gives the true
reading which is restored. C.

Pellegrin. And how she kiss'd !
 As if she had been sealing and delivering herself
 Up to the use of him that came last :
 Parted with her sweetheart's lips still
 As unwillingly, and untowardly,
 As soft wax from a dry seal.

Nassurat. True ; and when she kisses a gentleman,
 She makes a curtesy, as who should say,
 The favour was on his side.
 What dull fools are we, to besiege a face
 Three months for that trifle ?
 Sometimes it holds out longer ;
 And then, this is the sweeter flesh too.

Enter FIDDLERS.

Fiddler. You shall have horses ready at the time,
 And good ones too, (if there be truth in drink)
 And for your letters, they are there by this.

Samorat. An excellent officer !

Enter Wedding.

Clown. Tut, tut, tut ! [*Dance in, at that time.*

Enter SOLDIERS muffled up in their cloaks.
 That's a good one, i'faith ! not dance ?
 Come, come, strike up.

Samorat. Who are those that eye us so severely ?
 Belong they to the wedding ?

Fiddlers. I know 'em not.

[*Offer their women to them to dance.*

Clown. Gentlemen, will't please you dance ?——

Soldier. No, keep your women ; we'll take out others
 here.

Samorat ! if I mistake not.

Samorat. Ha ! betray'd !

[*A bustle.*

Clown. How now ! what's the matter ? abuse our
 fiddlers !

2d Soldier. These are no fiddlers.

Fools, obey the Prince's officers,
 Unless you desire to go to prison too.

Samorat. The thoughts of what must follow, dis-
 quiets not

At all ; but tamely thus to be surpriz'd,

In so unhandsome a disguise— [*They carry him away.*

Pellegrin. Is't even so? Why then

"Farewel the plumed troops¹⁵, and the big wars,
"Which made ambition virtue."

Nassurat. I, I, let them go, let them go.

Pellegrin. Have you ever a stratagem, Nassurat?

'Twould be very seasonable. What think you now?

Are you design'd for the helm of state?

Can you laver against this tempest?

Nassurat. Pr'ythee let me alone, I am thinking for life.

Pellegrin. Yes, 'tis for life, indeed: would 'twere not!

Clown. This is very strange; let's follow after,

And see if we can understand it.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter PERIDOR, ORSABRIN.

Peridor. A mere phantasm, rais'd by art to try thee.

Orsabin. Good, kind devil, try me once more:

Help me to the sight of this phantasm again.

Peridor. Thou art undone.

Wer't thou not amorous in th' other world?

Didst not love women?

Orsabin. Who did hate them?

Peridor. Why, there's it: thou thought'st there was

No danger in the sin, because 'twas common.

Above the half of that vast multitude,

Which fills this place, women sent hither;

And they are highliest punish'd still,

That love the handsomest.

Orsabin. A very lying devil this, certainly!

Peridor. All that had their women with you,
Suffer with us.

Orsabin. By your friendship's favour, though,

There's no justice in that: some of them

Suffered enough, in all conscience, by 'em there.

Peridor. Oh, this is now your mirth;

But when you shall be pinch'd into a jelly,

Or made into a cramp all over,

These will be sad truths.

Orsabin. He talks

¹⁵ Farewel the plumed troops.] See Othello, A. 3. S. 2.

Oddly now ; I do not like it. Dost hear ?
 Pr'ythee exchange some of thy good counsel
 For deeds. If thou be'st an honest devil,
 (As thou seem'st to be) put a sword into my hand,
 And help me to the sight of this
 Apparition again.

Peridor. Well, something I'll do for thee,
 Or rather for myself— [Exeunt.

Enter two other DEVILS.

1st. Devil. Come, let's go relieve our poet.

2d Devil. How ! relieve him !
 He's releas'd ; is he not ?

1st. Devil. No, no :
 Bersat bethought himself at the mouth of the cave,
 And found he would be necessary to our masque to-
 night.

We have set him with his feet in a great tub of water,
 In which he dabbles, and believes it to be Helicon.
 There he's contriving i' th' honour of Mercury,
 Who, I have told him, comes this night, of a message
 From Jupiter to Pluto, and is feasted here by him.

Enter POET and THIEVES.

Devil. Oh, they have fetch'd him off !

Poet. — Querer per solo Querer ¹⁶,
 Or he that made the Fairy Queen ¹⁷.

1st Thief. No, none of these :
 They are by themselves, in some other place ;
 But here's he that writ Tamerlane ¹⁸.

¹⁶ *Querer per solo Querer.*] A dramatic romance, written in Spanish, by Don Antonio de Mendoza, 1623. It was afterwards paraphrased by Sir Richard Fanshawe, in the year 1654, and published in quarto, 1670.

¹⁷ *Fairy Queen.*] Spenser.

¹⁸ *Tamerlane.*] This was Christopher Marlow, whose tragedy of *Tamerlane* was published in 1598. The following extract from the scene betwixt the emperors, will shew that it was, as the poet asserts, a little high and cloudy.

“ Now cleare the triple region of the ayre,
 “ And let the majestie of Heaven behold
 “ Their scourge and terrour treade on emperours :
 “ Smile stars that rain'd at my nativitie,
 “ And dim the brightnes of their neighbour lampes.

Poet. I beseech you, bring me to him ;
There's something in his scene
Betwixt the Emp'rors, a little high and cloudy ;
I would resolve myself.

1st Thief. You shall, sir.
Let me see—the author of the Bold Beauchamps,
And England's Joy¹⁹.

" Disdaine to borrow light of Cinthia,
" For I, the chiefest lampe of all the earth ;
" First rising in the east with milde aspect,
" But fixed now in the meridian line,
" Will send up fire to your turning spheares,
" And cause the sun to borrow light of you.
" My sword strooke fire from his coate of steele,
" Even in Bythinia, when I tooke this Turke,
" As when a fiery exhalation,
" Wrapt in the bowels of a freesing cloud
" Fighting for passage make the welkin crack,
" And casts a flash of lightning on the earth ;
" But ere I march to wealthy Persia,
" Or leave Damascus, and the Egiptian fields,
" As was the fame of Clymeus brainsicke sonne,
" That almoste burnt the axeltree of heaven :
" So shall our swords, our lances, and our shot,
" Fill all the ayre with fiery meteors :
" Then, when the skie shall waxe as red as blood,
" It shall be said, I made it red my selfe,
" To make me thinke of naught but blood and warre."

Marlow's *Tamertane* was first published in 1590, three years before the death of the author, and not, as Mr. Reed states, in 1598, five years after that event. C.

¹⁹ ——— " *the bold Beauchamps,*
" *And England's Joy.*]

These books, though they may be different titles belonging to one only, I have not been able to discover. From *Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs*, England's Joy seems to have been a dramatic work :
" ——— were three of those gentlewomen that should have acted in
" that famous matter of *England's Joy*, in six hundred and three !"
There is a proverb, *As bold as Beauchamp* ; which Fuller supposes to have taken its rise from Thomas Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, the first of that name, who, in the year 1346, with one squire and six archers, fought with an hundred armed men, at Hogges, in Normandy, and overthrew them, slaying sixty Normans, and giving the whole fleet means to land.—See *Ray's Proverbs*, 1742, p. 218. *Dugdale's History of Warwickshire*, p. 316.

Drayton, in his *Poly-olbion*, song the eighteenth, says of the time of Edward III.

Poet. The last was a well-writ piece, I assure you ;
A Breton²⁰, I take it, and Shakespear's very way.
I desire to see the man.

" Warwick, of England then high constable that was,
" As other of that race, here well I cannot pass :
" That brave and godlike brood of *Beauchamps*, which so long
" Them Earls of Warwick held ; so hardy, great, and strong,
" That after, of that name, it to an adage grew,
" If any man himself advent'rous hapt to shew,
" *Bold Beauchamp* men him term'd, if none so bold as he. "
" With those our *Beauchamps*, may our Bouchers reck'ned be.

The old play of the *Three Bold Beauchamps* is mentioned in the first act of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*.

In *A cast over the water to William Fennor*, by John Taylor, fo. edit. p. 162, is the following proof of *England's Joy* being a dramatic performance :

" And poor old Vennor, that plaine dealing man,
" Who acted *England's Joy* first at the Swan,
" Paid eight crowns for the writing of these things,
" Besides the covers, and the silken strings."

²⁰ *A Breton.*] This was *Nicholas Breton*, a pamphleteer of the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and James the First. He is mentioned with great respect by Meres, in his *Second Part of Wits Commonwealth*, 1598, p. 288 ; and is alluded to in *Beaumont and Fletcher's Scornful Lady*, A. 2. and again in *Wit without Money*, A. 3. He appears to have been a writer during a long period. One of his pamphlets was printed in 1584, and another in 1621. How long before or after those years he exercised his pen, is uncertain.—Although his writings were not held in any degree of estimation by the authors who immediately succeeded him, yet his contemporaries entertained a better opinion of them. Before one of his pieces are some complimentary verses, by *Ben Jonson* ; and prefixed to another, entitled, " The Wil of Wit, Wits Will, or Wils Wit, " Chuse you whether : containing five Discourses ; the effects " whereof follow : Reade and Judge : Newly corrected and " amended, being the fift time imprinted. Compiled by Nicholas " Breton, Gentleman, 1606, 4to." are verses, subscribed W. S. probably William Shakespeare ; as those initials will not agree with any other known author of that time. A specimen of Breton's Poems may be read in Dr. Percy's *Reliques of Antient Poetry*, vol. 3, p. 62.

It is not easy to determine, from intrinsic evidence, what kind of verses might or might not have been written by Shakspeare during the minority of his genius ; yet I cannot think that his turn of poetry is discoverable in these, as it most certainly is in his *Sonnets*, &c. On the faith of the letters W. S. only, I am unwilling to receive the pieces in this collection as his productions ; for other initials remain to tell us that we are unacquainted with the names of

1st Thief. Excuse me; no seeing here.
 The gods, in compliment to Homer,
 Do make all poets poor above: and we,
 All blind below. But you shall confess, sir. Follow—
[Exeunt.]

Enter PERIDOR, ORSABRIN.

Orsabin. Ha! light and the fresh air again! The
 place *[Peridor unbinds him, and slips away.]*
 I know too; the very same I fought the duel in.
 The devil was in the right: this was
 A mere apparition; but 'twas a handsome one;
 It left impressions here, such as the fairest substance
 I shall e'er behold will scarce deface.
 Well, I must resolve:—but what, or where?
 I, that's the question. The town's unsafe,

several of the lesser writers, who scribbled during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The author of a long, and by no means a bad poem, prefixed to the first folio edition of Shakspeare's plays, is still undiscovered, though the letters J. M. S. are subjoined to it. It should be remember'd likewise, that Langbaine, Oldys, and more antiquaries, have often confessed their inability to point out the true appellations of those, whose initials only are to be found in the title-pages to several of our early dramatic pieces. There are also instances, in which we find those very initials inverted; so that W. S. might have been the signature of one whose christian and surname began with S. W. To this may be added, that as Shakspeare's poems were collected, published, and re-published so many times, even during his life, it is strange that these alone should have been so long resigned to obscurity, as if Nicholas Breton was the only confidant of their author. For the sake of our great dramatic writer, I wish these modest gentlemen, who have left us so much guess-work, had profited by Shallow's observation to Pistol—"if you come with news, I take it there is but two ways; either to utter, or to conceal them." S.

The assertion that there was no contemporary writer, whose name would agree with the initials W. S. except Shakspeare, I find to be not well founded. There were two poets whose names began with these letters, William Smith and W. Strachey, by one of whom the verses to Breton might have been written.

It is very doubtful whether N. Breton be at all alluded to in the text, which in the old copies reads "*A Brittain*," and "*A Brit-tane*." Wentworth Smith was also a contemporary of Breton, and to him the disputed initials may belong. He wrote many plays, and parts of plays, one of which, *Hector of Germany*, was printed in 1615. C.

There's no returning thither; and then, the port—

[Some pass over hastily.]

Ha! what means the busy haste of these?

Honest friend—Do'st hear?—No—What's the matter, pray?

[Orsabin calls to one.]

Enter CLOWN.

Clown. Gentlemen, gentlemen!

Orsabin. That's good satisfaction, indeed.

Pr'ythee, good fellow, tell me,

What causes all this hurry?

Enter another.

Clown. One Samorat is led to prison, sir,
And another gentleman, about lord Torcular.

Orsabin. Ha! Samorat! There is no mean, nor end
Of Fortune's malice! Oh, 'tis insufferable!

I'm made a boy whipt on another's back!

Cruel! I'll not endure't, by Heaven;

He shall not die for me. I will not hold

A wretched life upon such wretched terms.

Enter TAMOREN, PERIDOR, and others.

Tamoren. Fly, fly, abroad; search every place, and
Bring him back. Thou hast undone us all

With thy neglect; destroy'd the hopes we had

To be ourselves again. I shall run mad

With anger! Fly; begone! *[Exeunt all but Tamoren.]*

Enter REGINELLA.

My Reginella, what brings you abroad?

Reginella. Dear governor! I have a suit to you.

Tamoren. To me, my pretty sweetness? what?

Reginella. You will deny me, sir, I fear. Pray, let me
Have the stranger, that came last night, in keeping.

Tamoren. Stranger! Alas! he's gone, made an
escape.

Reginella. I fear'd he would not stay, they us'd him
So unkindly. Indeed, I would have us'd

Him better, and then he had been here still.

[She weeps.]

Tamoren. Come, do not weep, my girl:

Forget him, pretty pensiveness; there will

Come others, every day, as good as he.

Reginella. Oh, never!
I'll close my eyes to all, now he is gone.

Tamoren. How catching are the sparks of love!
Still this

Mischance flows more and more unfortunate.

I was too curious——

Come, indeed you must forget him:
The gallant'st and the goodliest to the eye
Are not the best. Such handsome and fine shapes
As those, are ever false and foul within.

Reginella. Why, governor, d'you then put
Your finest things still in your finest cabinets?

Tamoren. Pretty innocence! No, I do not; you see
I place not you there. Come, no more tears.
Let's in, and have a mate at chess:

“Diversion cures a loss, or makes it less.” [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

Enter TAMOREN, PERIDOR, and other THIEVES.

Peridor. Crost all the highways, search'd all the
woods,

Beat up and down with as much pain and diligence
As ever huntsman did for a lost deer.

Tamoren. A race of cripples are ye all,
Issue of snails, he could not else have 'scap'd us?
Now, what news bring you?

Thief. Sir, we have found him out:
The party is in prison.

Tamoren. How! in prison?

Thief. For certain, sir.

It seems, young Samorat and he
Were those that fought the duel t'other day,
And left our Torcular so wounded there.
For his supposed death was Samorat taken;
Which, when this youth had found,
He did attempt to free him, scaling the wall
By night; but finding it impossible,
Next morning did present himself

Into the hands of justice, imagining
His death, that did the fact, an equal sacrifice.

Tamoren. Brave Orsabrín!

Thief. Not knowing that the greedy law asks more,
And doth proscribe the accessory as well
As principal.

Tamoren. Just so, i'th' nick! i'th' very nick of time!

Peridor. He's troubled.

Tamoren. It will be excellent.
Be all in soldiers' habits straight.
Where's Torcular?

Thief. Forth-coming, sir.

Tamoren. How are his wounds? Will they endure
the air?

Under your gabardines²¹ wear pistols all.

Peridor. What does he mean?

Tamoren. Give me my other habit, and my sword.
I'th' least suspected way haste after me.

Thief. All?

Tamoren. All but Peridor—I will abroad.

My broken hopes and suff'rings

Shall have now some cure.

Fortune, spite of herself, shall be my friend;

And either shall redress, or give them end. [*Exeunt.*

Peridor. I've found it out:

He does intend to fetch this stranger back,

And give him Reginella:

Or else—No, no, it must be that;

His anger and the search declare it.

The secret of the prison-house shall out,

I swear. I'll set all first on fire:

For middle ways to such an end are dull. [*Erit.*

Enter PRINCE, PHILATEL, and SERVANT.

Servant. Since she has refus'd to speak with you, sir,
She will not look on any, languishes so fast,

²¹ —gabardines.] "Gabardine" (from Fr. *Guban* or *Galleberdine*)
"a rough Irish mantle, or horseman's coat; a long cassock."

Blount's Glossographia.

"Gaban, a cleake of felt, for raynie weather; a gabardine."

Cotgrave.

Her servants fear she will not live
To know what does become of him.

[Exit.

Philatel. Sir, 'tis high time you visit her.

Prince. I cannot look upon her and deny her.

Philatel. Nor need you, sir;

All shall appear to her most gracious.
Tell her, the formal part o'th' law
Must pass; but when it comes t' execute,
Promise her, that you intend to interpose.

Prince. And shall then Samorat live?

Philatel. Oh!

Nothing less! The sentence past,
His death shall follow without noise:
'Tis but not owning of the fact,
Disgracing for a time, a²² secretary,
Or so—the thing's not new—
Put on forgiving looks, sir, we are there——

Sabrina's Chamber.

A mourning silence. Sister Sabrina!

Sabrina. Hence, hence, thou cruel hunter after life!
Thou art a pain unto my eyes, as great
As my dear mother had when she did bring
Thee forth—and sure that was extreme,
Since she produc'd a monster.

Philatel. Speak to her yourself;
She's so incens'd against me, she will not.
Welcome happiness, because I bring it!

Prince. Fair ornament of grief, why are you troubled?
Can you believe there's any thing within
My power which you shall mourn for? if you have
Any fears, impart them; any desires,
Give them a name, and I will give the rest.
You wrong the greatness of my love, to doubt
The goodness of it.

Sabrina. Alas! I do not doubt your love, my lord;
I fear it: it is that which does undo me.
For 'tis not Samorat that's prisoner now;
It is the prince's rival.

²² Alluding to the Queen of Scots' case, and Davison's disgrace,
in compliment to the Stuarts.

Oh! for your own sake, sir, be merciful !
How poorly will this sound hereafter,
" The prince did fear another's merit so ;
" Found so much virtue in his rival, that
" He was forc'd to murder it, make it away ?"
There can be no addition to you, sir, by his death ;
By his life there will : you get the point of honour.
Fortune does offer here,
What time, perchance, cannot regain :
A handsome opportunity to shew
The bravery of your mind.

Prince. This pretty rhetoric cannot persuade me, fair,
To let your Samorat live for my sake :
It is enough, he shall for yours.

Sabrina. Though virtue still rewards itself yet here
May it not stay for that ! but may the gods
Shower on you suddenly such happiness,
That you may say, " My mercy brought me this."—

Prince. The gods no doubt will hear, when you do pray
Right ways ; but here you take their names in vain,
Since you can give, yourself, that happiness
Which you do ask of them.

Sabrina. Most gracious sir, do not——

Prince. Hold,

I dare not hear thee speak, for fear thou now
Should'st tell me what I do tell myself ;
That I would poorly bargain for thy favours.
Retire, and banish all thy fears.

I will be kind and just to thee, Sabrina,
Whatsoever thou prov'st to me.

[*Exit Sabrina.*]

Philatel. Rarely acted, sir !

Prince. Ha !

Philatel. Good faith, to the very life.

Prince. Acted ! No, 'twas not acted.

Philatel. How, sir !

Prince. I was in earnest.

I mean to conquer her this way :
The other's low and poor.

Philatel. Ha !

Prince. I told thee 'twould be so, before.

Philatel. Why, sir, you do not mean to save him?

Prince. Yes, I do.

Samorat shall be releas'd immediately.

Philatel. Sure, you forget I had a brother, sir;
And one that did deserve justice, at least.

Prince. He did; and he shall have it.
He that kill'd him shall die;
And 'tis high satisfaction, that. Look not:
It must be so.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter STRAMADOR and PERIDOR.

Peridor. No devils, Stramador.

Believe your eyes, to which I cannot be
So lost, but you may call to mind one Peridor.

Stramador. Ha! Peridor! Thou didst command
that day

In which the Tamorens fell.

Peridor. I did; yet Tamoren lives.

Stramador. Ha!

Peridor. Not Tamoren the prince (he fell indeed);
But Tamoren his brother, who, that day,
Led on our horse. Young Reginella too,
Which is the subject of the suit; you have
Engag'd yourself, by oath, the prince shall grant.

Stramador. Oh, 'tis impossible!
Instruct me how I should believe thee.

Peridor. Why thus —

Necessity, upon that great defeat,
Forc'd us to keep the woods, and hide ourselves
In holes; which since we much enlarg'd,
And fortify'd them in the entrance so,
That 'twas a safe retreat upon pursuit:
Then swore we all allegiance to this Tamoren.
These habits, better to disguise ourselves, we took
At first; but finding with what ease we robb'd,
We did continue 'em, and took an oath,
Till some new troubles in the state should happen,
Or fair occasion to make known ourselves,
Offer itself, we would appear no other.
But come, let's not lose what we shall ne'er
Recover, this opportunity.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter NASSURAT and PELLEGRIN, in prison.

Pellegrin. Nassurat, you have not thought of any Stratagem yet?

Nassurat. Yes, I have thought ——

Pellegrin. What?

Nassurat. That if you have
Any accounts with Heaven, they may go on——
This villainous dying's like a strange tune,
'T has run so in my head,

No wholesome consideration would enter it.
Nothing angers me, neither, but that
I pass my mistress's window to't.

Pellegrin. Troth, that's unkind.
I have something troubles me too.

Nassurat. What's that?

Pellegrin. The people will say, as we go along,
Thou art the properer fellow. Then, I break
An appointment with a merchant's wife :
But who can help it, Nassurat?

Nassurat. Yea, who can help it, indeed !
She's to blame though, faith, if she does not
Bear with thee, considering the occasion.

Pellegrin. Considering the occasion, as you say,
A man would think he might be borne with.
There's a scriviner I should have paid
Some money to, upon my word ; but——

*Enter ORSABRIN, SAMORAT, PRINCE'S SERVANTS,
with Samorat's releasement.*

Orsabrin. By fair Sabrina's name, I conjure you
Not to refuse the mercy of the prince.

Samorat. It is resolv'd, sir :—You know my answer.

Orsabrin. Whither am I fallen !
I think, if I should live a little longer,
I should be made the cause of all the mischief
Which should arise to the world.
Hither I came to save a friend,
And by a sleight of fortune I destroy him.
My very ways to good prove ills.
Sure, I can look a man into misfortune !

The plague's so great within me, 'tis infectious.
Oh! I am weary of myself.
Sir, I beseech you, yet accept of it;
For I shall be, this way, a sufferer,
And an executioner too——

Samorat. I beg of thee, no more;
Thou dost beget in me desire to live:
For when I find how much I am behind,
In noble acts of friendship, I cannot
Choose but wish for longer time, that I might
Struggle with thee, for what thou hast too
Clearly now got from me, the point of honour—
Oh! it is wisdom and great thrift to die:
For who, with such a debt of friendship and
Of love, as you and my Sabrina must
Expect from me, could e'er subsist?

Nassurat. They are complimenting;
'Sfoot, they make no more of it,
Than if 'twere who should go in first at door.
I think, Pellegrin, as you and I
Have cast it up, it comes to something more——

Enter MESSENGER.

Messenger. Gentlemen, prepare; the court is sitting.

Samorat. Friends, this is no time for ceremony;
But what a rack have I within me, to see
You suffer? and yet I hope the Prince
Will let his anger die in me, not take
The forfeiture of you.

Nassurat. If he should, Pellegrin and I are
Resolv'd, and are ready; all but our speeches
To the people; and those will not trouble us
Much, for we intend not to trouble them. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter PRINCE, PHILATEL, and ATTENDANTS.

Prince. Not accept it! Lose this way too!—
What shall I do? he makes advantages
Of mine; and, like a skilful tennis-player,
Returns my very best, with excellent design.
It must not be—Bring to the closet, here above,
The chief of the jury: I'll try another way.— [*Exeunt.*]

Enter JUDGES, LAWYERS, SAMORAT, ORSABRIN,
NASSURAT, PELLEGRIN.

Nassurat. Of all ways of destroying mankind, the
judges

Have the easiest; they sleep and do it.

Pellegrin. To my thinking now,

This is but a solemn kind of puppet-play:

How the devil came we to be actors in't?

—So! It begins.

First Judge. The Prince's counsel:

Are they ready?

Lawyer. Here—

Judge. Begin then— [*Prince, Philatel above.*]

Lawyer. My lords, that this so great and strange—

Samorat. Most reverend judges, to save the expence
Of breath and time, and dull formalities of law,
I here pronounce myself guilty.

[*A curtain drawn, Prince, Philatel, with others
appear above.*]

Prince. Again he has prevented me!—

Samorat. So guilty, that no other can pretend a
share.

This noble youth, a stranger to every thing

But gallantry, ignorant in our laws and customs,

Has made, perchance, in strict severity

A forfeit of himself: but should you take it,

The gods, when he is gone, will sure revenge it.

If from the stalk you pull this bud of virtue,

Before't has spread and shewn itself abroad,

You do an injury to all mankind;

And public mischief cannot be private justice.

This man's as much above a common man,

As man's above a beast: and if the law

Destroys not man for killing of a beast,

It should not here, for killing of a man.

Oh what a mistake 'twould be!

For here you sit to weed the cankers out,

That would do hurt in the state; to punish vice,

And under that you'd root out virtue too.

Orsabrin. If I do blush, 'tis not (most gracious judges)

For any thing which I have done ; 'tis for that
This much mistaken youth hath here deliver'd.
'Tis true (and I confess) I ever had
A little stock of honour, which I still preserv'd :
But that (by leaving me behind alive),
He now most cunningly does think to get from me ;
And I beseech your lordships to assist me,
For 'tis most fraudulent all he desires.
Your laws, I hope, are reasonable, else why
Should reasonable men be subject to them ?
And then upon what grounds is he
Made guilty now ? how can he be thought
Accessary to the killing of a man,
That did not know o' the fighting with him ?
Witness all those powers which search men's hearts,
That I myself, until he beck'ned me,
Knew nothing of it. If for such a thing
A sacrifice must be—why, man for man's enough ;
Though elder times, t'appease diviner justice,
Did offer up (whether through gallantry
Or ignorance) vast multitudes of beasts in sacrifice,
Yet numbers of us men we seldom hear of.
One single Curtius purg'd a whole state's sin :
You will not say the offence is now as great ;
Or that you ought to be more highly satisfied
Than Heaven—

Prince. Brave youths !—

Nassurat. Pellegrin, you and I will let our speeches
alone.

First Judge. If that the law were of so fine a web,
As wit and fancy spin it out to here,
Then these defences would be just, and save you :
But that is more substantial, and
Of another make—and, gentlemen,
If this be all, sentence must pass.

Enter TAMOREN, STRAMADOR.

Tamoren. Orsabrin !

Orsabin. Ha! who names me there?

Tamoren. A friend; hear me: I am an officer
In that dark world from whence thou cam'st,
Sent thus disguis'd by Reginella
Our fair queen, and to redeem thee.

Orsabin. Reginella! in the midst of all these ills,
How precious that name does sound?

Tamoren. If thou wilt swear to follow me,
At the instant thou'rt releas'd,
I'll save thee and thy friends, in spite of law.

Orsabin. Doubt not of that.
Bring me where Reginella is, and if
I follow not, perpetual misery follow me!
It cannot be a hell where she appears.

Tamoren. Be confident.—Behold, grave lords, the
man [Goes out, and brings Torcular.
Whose death questioned the life of these,
Found and recover'd by the thieves i' th' woods,
And rescued since by us, to rescue innocence.

Orsabin. Rare devil!
With what dexterity he has raised this
Shape up, to delude them.

Prince. Ha! Torcular alive!

Philatel. Torcular!
I should as soon believe my brother
Near in being too.

Torcular. You cannot wonder more to find me
here,
Than I to find myself.

Nassurat. Come, unbind, this matter's answer'd.

2d Judge. Hold; they are not free: the law exacts
The same for breach of prison that it did before.

Orsabin. There is no 'scaping out of fortune's
hands.

Dost hear! hast never a trick for this?

Tamoren. Doubt me not; I have, without, at my
command,
Those which never fail'd me; and it shall cost
Many a life yet, sir, ere yours be lost.

Enter PRINCE, PHILATEL, from above.
STRAMADOR, PERIDOR, REGINELLA, meet them below.

Prince. Stramador, you have been a stranger here of late.

Stramador. Peruse this paper, sir; you'll find There was good reason for 't.

Prince. How! old Tamoren's brother, captain Of the thieves, that have infested thus Our country! Reginella too, the heir Of that fear'd family! A happy and a strange discovery!

Tamoren. Peridor, and Reginella!—the villain Has betray'd me.

Reginella. 'Tis Orsabrin; they have kept their words.

Orsabrin. Reginella! she is a woman, then.
 O, let me go!

Gaoler. You do forget, sure, what you are.

Orsabrin. I do, indeed: oh, to unriddle now!

Stramador. And to this man you owe it, sir:
 You find an engagement to him there;
 And I must hope you'll make me just to him,

Prince. He does deserve it; seize on him.

Tamoren. Nay, then all truths must out.
 That I am lost, and forfeit to the law,
 I do confess; yet since to save this prince—

Prince. Prince!

Orsabrin. Our Mephostophilus is mad²².

Tamoren. Yes, Prince, this is the Orsabrin.

Orsabrin. Ha!

Tamoren. So long ago, supposed lost, your brother,
 sir.

Fetch in there Ardellan and Piramont.

Enter ARDELLAN and PIRAMONT.

Nassurat. What mad planet rules this day!
 Ardellan, and Piramont!

Orsabrin. The devil's wanton,
 And abuses all mankind to-day.

²² *Mephostophilus.*] This was the familiar spirit of Dr. Faustus.
 See a note on *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, A. 1. S. 1. S.

Tamoren. These faces are well known to all Francelians!

Now let them tell the rest.

Piramont. My noble master living! found in Francelia!

Ardellan. The gods have satisfied our tedious hopes.

Philatel. Some imposture!

Orsabrin. A new design of Fortune—
I dare not trust it.

Tamoren. Why speak ye not?

Piramont. I am so full of joy, it will not out,
Know, ye Francelians,
When Sanborn' fatal field was fought,
So desperate were the hopes of Orsabrin,
That 'twas thought fit to send away this prince,
And give him safety in another clime;
That, spite of an ill day, an Orsabrin might be
Preserv'd alive. This you all know:
To Garradan's chief charge he was committed;
Who, when our bark by pirate's was surpriz'd,
(For so it was) was slain i' th' first encounter:
Since that, we have been forc'd to wait
On Fortune's pleasure.

And, sir, that all this time we kept
You from the knowledge of yourself,
Your pardon. It was our zeal that err'd,
Which did conclude it would be prejudicial.

Ardellan. My lords, you look as if you doubted still,
If Piramont and I be lost unto your memory.
Your hands, I hope, are not. Here's our
Commission: there's the diamond elephant,
That which our prince's sons are ever known by,
Which we to keep him undiscovered,
Tore from his ribband in that fatal day
When we were made prisoners.
And here are those that took us,
Who can witness all circumstances,
Both how, and when, both time and place;
With whom we ever since have liv'd by force:
For on no kingdom, friend unto Francelia,

Did fortune ever land us, since that hour,
Nor gave us means to let our country know
He liv'd.

Tamoren. These very truths, when they could have
no ends,
(For they believ'd him lost) I did receive
From them before ; which gave me now
The boldness to appear here, where I'm lost by law.

Shouts within. { *Long live Prince Orsabrin !*
 { *Long live Prince Orsabrin !*

Nassurat. Pellegrin, let's second this ;
Right or wrong, 'tis best for us.

Pellegrin. Observe, observe !

Prince. What shouts are those ?

Stramador. Soldiers of Tamoren's, the first ;
The second was the people's, who
Much press to see their long-lost prince.

Philatel. Sir, 'tis most evident, and all agrees.
This was his colour'd hair,
His air, though altered much with time.
You wear too strange a face upon this news ;
Sir, you have found a brother ;
I, Torcular ; the kingdom, happiness ;
For here the plague of robberies will end.
It is a glorious day—

Prince. It is indeed !—I am amaz'd, not sad ;
Wonder does keep the passage so, nothing will out.
Brother (for so my kindred stars will have it)
I here receive you as the bounty of
The gods ; a blessing I did not expect.
And in return to them, this day Francelia
Ever shall keep holy.

Orsabrin. Fortune, by much abusing me, has so
Dull'd my faith, I cannot credit any thing.
I know not how to own such happiness.

Prince. Let not your doubts lessen your joys :
If you have had disasters heretofore,
They were but given to heighten what's to come.

Nassurat. Here's as strange a turn, as if 'twere the
fifth

Act in a play?

Pellegrin. I'm sure 'tis a good turn for us.

Orsabin. Sir, why stands that lady so neglected there,

That does deserve to be the business of mankind?

Oh ye gods! since you'll be kind

And bountiful, let it be here.

As fearfully, as jealous husbands ask

After some secrets, which they dare not know,

Or as forbidden lovers meet i'th' night,

Come I to thee, (and 'tis no ill sign, this,

Since flames when they burn highest tremble most,)

Oh! should she now deny me!

Reginella. I know not perfectly what all this means;

But I do find some happiness is near,

And I am pleas'd because I see you are.

Orsabin. She understands me not!—

Prince. He seems t' have passion for her.

Tamoren. Sir, in my dark commands these flames
broke out

Equally violent, at first sight; and 'twas

The hope I had to reconcile myself.—

Orsabin. It is a holy magic, that will make
Of you and I but one——

Reginella. Any thing that you
Would ask me, sure I might grant.

Orsabin. Hark, gentlemen, she does consent,
What wants there else?

Peridor. My hopes grow cold; I have undone my-
self. [Aside.

Prince. Nothing: we all join in this; the long-liv'd
feud

Between the families here dies. This day

The hymeneal torches shall burn bright;

So bright, that they shall dim the light

Of all that went before. See, Sabrina too!——

Enter SABRINA.

Tamoren. Sir, I must have much of pardon,
Not for myself alone, but for all mine.

Prince. Rise! had'st thou not deserv'd what now
thou su'st for,
This day should know no clouds.

[*Péridor kneels to Tamoren.*

Tamoren. Taught by the prince's mercy, I forgive
too.

Sabrina. Frighted hither, sir!— [To *Samorat.*
They told me you would not accept the Prince's mercy.

Samorat. Art thou not further yet in thy intelligence?
See, thy brother lives!

Sabrina. My brother!

Torcular. And 'tis the least of wonders has fall'n out.

Orsabrín. Yes, such a one as you are, fair;

[To *Reginella.*

And you shall be acquainted.

Samorat. Oh could your hate, my lords, now;

[To *Philatel* and *Torcular.*

Or your love die!

[To *Prince.*

Philatel. Thy merit has prevail'd with me.

Torcular. And me.

Prince. And has almost with me.

Samorat, thou dost not doubt thy mistress' constancy?

Samorat. No, sir.

Prince. Then I will beg of her,
That till the sun returns to visit us,
She will not give away herself for ever.
Although my hopes are faint,
Yet I would have 'em hopes;
And in such jolly hours as now attend us,
I would not be a desperate thing,
One made up wholly of despair.

Sabrina. You, that so freely gave me *Samorat's* life,
Which was in danger,
Most justly may be suffer'd to attempt
Upon my love, which is in none—

Prince. What says my noble rival?

Samorat. Sir, you are kind in this, and wisely do
Provide I should not surfeit: for here is happiness
Enough besides, to last the sun's return.

Nassurat. You and I are but savers with all this,
Pellegrin;

But by the lord, 'tis well we came off as

We did: all was at stake—

Prince. Come, no more whispers here:

Let's in, and there unriddle to each other,

For I have much to ask.

Orsabin. A life! a friend! a brother! a mistress!

Oh what a day was here! Gently, my joys, distil,

*Lest you should break the vessel you should fill.**

* The measure throughout this play is very irregular, and it has been so confusedly printed in the old copies, that many speeches of mere prose have been capriciously cut into verses of various lengths. It was utterly impossible to attempt to restore it in all instances, or if it could be done, perhaps the attainment of the object would hardly reward the trouble. C.

EPILOGUE.

*And how, and how, in faith—a pretty plot ;
 And smartly carried through too, was it not ?
 And the devils, how ?—well ; and the fighting,
 Well too ; — a fool, and 't had been just old writing.
 Oh what a monster-wit must that man have,
 That could please all which now their twelve-pence gave ?
 High characters (cries one) and he would see
 Things that ne'er were, nor are, nor ne'er will be*.
 Romances cry easy souls ; and then they swear
 The play's well-writ, though scarce a good line's there.
 The women—Oh, if Stephen should be kill'd,
 Or miss the lady, how the plot is spill'd !
 And into how many pieces a poor play
 Is taken still before the second day !
 Like a strange beauty newly come to court ;
 And to say truth, good faith 'tis all the sport.
 One will like all the ill things in a play,
 Another, some o'th' good, but the wrong way ;
 So that from one poor play there comes to rise
 At several tables, several comedies.
 The ill is only here, that 't may fall out
 In plays as faces ;† and who goes about
 To take asunder, oft destroys (we know)
 What all together made a pretty show.*

* *Things, &c.]*

"Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,

"Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be."

Pope's Essay on Criticism, L. 252.

† Mr. Reed allowed it to be reprinted "In plays as farces ;" the sense is very obvious according to the old reading. C.

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THE
ORDINARY.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT was, according to Lloyd*, born the 16th of August, 1615, though Wood† says he was born at Northway, near Tewksbury, Gloucestershire, in September, 1611, and christened on the 26th of the same month. There is as much difference between these two writers, with respect to his father, as there is concerning the time of his birth. Lloyd says, he was the son of Thomas Cartwright, of Burford, in Oxfordshire; Wood asserts, that his father's name was William Cartwright, one who had dissipated a fair inheritance, and was at last reduced to keep an inn at Cirencester. These contradictory accounts are totally irreconcilable. Wood's, however, is probably the true one‡. That author says, that Cartwright received part of his education under Mr. William Top, master of the Free School at Cirencester, was from thence sent to Westminster, where he completed his education under Mr. Lambert Osbaldiston; and in the year 1628|| was chosen a student of Christ Church in Oxford, and placed under the care of Mr. Terrent. He took his several degrees of Bachelor and Master of Arts; the latter in 1635; and afterwards entering into holy orders, became, as Wood§ expresses it, "the most florid and seraphical preacher in the University." In October, 1642, Bishop Duppa conferred on him the place of Succentor in the church of Salisbury; and on the 12th of April, 1643, he was admitted junior proctor of the University. He died the 29th of November following, of a malignant fever, universally lamented by every person who knew him, even by his sovereign, who shewed him particular marks of his

* Memoirs, p. 422.

† Athen. Oxon. p. 34.

‡ Ibid.

|| Langbaine, p. 51, says, 1631.

§ Athen. Oxon. 2. p. 35.

respect*. He was buried at the upper end of the south aisle, adjoining to the choir of the cathedral of Christ Church. "He was," says Langbaine, "extremely remarkable both for his outward and inward endowments, his body being as handsome as his soul. He was an expert linguist, understanding not only Greek and Latin, but French and Italian as perfectly as his mother tongue. He was an excellent orator, and yet an admirable poet; a quality which Cicero, with all his pains, could not attain to. Nor was Aristotle less known to him than Cicero and Virgil; and those who heard his metaphysical lectures, gave him the preference to all his predecessors, the present bishop of Lincoln (Dr. Barlow) excepted. His sermons were as much admired as his other composures; and one fitly applied to our author that saying of Aristotle, concerning Æschron the poet, *that he could not tell what Æschron could not do.*"

Ben Jonson said of him, with some passion, *My son Cartwright writes all like a man*; and Dr. Fell, bishop of Oxford, gave him this character, *Cartwright was the utmost man could come to.*

Besides a sermon, and some Greek and Latin poems, he was the author of four plays, one only of which, I believe, was published in his life-time; viz.

1. "The Royal Slave, a Tragi-Comedy, presented to the king and queen by the students of Christ Church in Oxford, August 30, 1636; presented since to both their majesties, at Hampton Court, by the king's servants." 4to. 1639, 1640. 8vo. 1651.

This play, in which the celebrated Dr. Busby performed a part, gave so much satisfaction to their majesties, that it was by their orders performed at Hampton Court, by their own servants. Langbaine says, the

* Oldys, in his MS. notes on Langbaine, says, that the king being asked why he appeared in black the day Cartwright was buried? answered, that since the Muses had so much mourned for the loss of such a son, it would be a shame for him not to appear in mourning, for the loss of such a subject.

preference was given to the representation by the collegians, as much superior to that of the players.

2. "The Lady Errant, a Tragi-comedy," 8vo. 1651.

3. "The Ordinary, a comedy," 8vo. 1651.

4. "The Siege; or, Love's convert, a Tragi-comedy," 8vo. 1651.

All these plays were printed with his other poems, in 8vo. 1651. Prefixed to this edition of his works, are fifty-four copies of verses in praise of the author*.

* Among them are verses by a number of men of little note; but this can hardly be said of the contributions of Jasper Mayne, James Howell, Sir R. Stapylton, H. Vaughan (Silurist), Alexander Broome, and Isaak Walton. M. Lluellin has also added an ode to the collection; and another poem on Cartwright is to be found in his *Men, Miracles, and other Poems*, 1646. C.

THE PROLOGUE.

*'T would wrong our author to bespeak your ears;
Your persons he adores, but judgment fears :
For where you please but to dislike, he shall
Be atheist thought, that worships not his fall.*

*Next to not marking, 'tis his hope that you,
Who can so ably judge, can pardon too.
His conversation will not yet supply
Follies enough to make a comedy :
He cannot write by th' poll ; nor act we here
Scenes, which perhaps you should see liv'd elsewhere.
No guilty line traduceth any ; all
We now present is but conjectural ;*

*'Tis a mere guess : those then will be to blame,
Who make that person, which he meant but name.*

*That web of manners which the stage requires,
That mass of humours which poetic fires
Take in, and boil, and purge, and try, and then
With sublimated follies cheat those men
That first did vent them, are not yet his art ;
But, as drown'd islands, or the world's fifth part,
Lie undiscover'd ; and he only knows
Enough to make himself ridiculous.*

*Think, then, if here you find nought can delight,
He hath not yet seen vice enough to write.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

HEARSAY , <i>an intelligencer.</i>	}	<i>Complices in the Ordinary.</i>
SLICER , <i>a lieutenant.</i>		
MEANWELL , <i>Littleworth disguis'd, a decay'd Knight's son.</i>		
SHAPE , <i>a cheater.</i>		
Sir THOMAS BITEFIG , <i>a covetous knight.</i>		
SIMON CREDULOUS , <i>a citizen.</i>		
ANDREW , <i>his son, suitor to Mrs. Jane.</i>		
ROBERT MOTH , <i>an Antiquary.</i>		
CASTER ,	}	<i>Gamesters.</i>
HAVE-AT-ALL ,		
RIMEWELL , <i>a poet.</i>		
BAGSHOT , <i>a decay'd clerk.</i>	}	<i>Clubbers at the Ordinary.</i>
Sir CHRISTOPHER , <i>a curate.</i>		
Vicar CATCHMEY , <i>a cathedral sing- ing-man.</i>		
Mrs. JANE , <i>daughter to Sir Thomas.</i>		
PRISCILLA , <i>her maid.</i>		
JOAN POTLUCK , <i>a Vintner's widow.</i>		

Shopkeeper, Chirurgeon, Officers, Servants.

The Scene, London.

THE
O R D I N A R Y.

ACT I. SCENE I.

HEARSAY, SLICER, SHAPE, MEANWELL.

Hearsay. WE'RE made, my boys, we're made! me-thinks I am

Growing into a thing that will be worshipp'd.

Slicer. I shall sleep one day in my chain and scarlet,
At Spital-sermon.

Shape. Were not my wit such,
I'd put out moneys of being Mayor.
But O this brain of mine! that's it that will
Bar me the city honour.

Hearsay. We're cry'd up
O' th' sudden for the sole tutors of the age.

Shapè. Esteem'd discreet, sage, trainers up of youth.

Hearsay. Our house becomes a place of visit now.

Slicer. In my poor judgment, 'tis as good my lady
Should venture to commit her eldest son
To us, as to the inns of court: He'll be
Undone here only with less ceremony.

Hearsay. Speak for our credit, my brave man of war.
What, Meanwell, why so lumpish?

Meanwell. Pray you be quiet.

Hearsay. Thou look'st as if thou plott'st the calling in
O' th' Declaration, or th' abolishing¹

¹ O' th' Declaration, or th' abolishing
O' th' Common-prayers.} The Declaration concerning the book of
sports, set forth some time before. This was a matter very dis-
gusting to the Puritans, who had an equal dislike to the book of
Common-prayer.

O' th' Common-prayers. Cheer up ; say something for us.

Meanwell. Pray vex me not.

Slicer. These foolish puling sighs
Are good for nothing, but to endanger buttons.
Take heart of grace, man ^a.

Meanwell. Fie, y'are troublesome.

Hearsay. Nay, fare you well then, sir.

[*Exeunt Hearsay, Slicer, Shape.*]

Meanwell. My father still

Runs in my mind, meets all my thoughts, and doth
Mingle himself in all my cogitations.

Thus to see eager villains drag along
Him, unto whom they crouch'd ! to see him hal'd,
That ne'er knew what compulsion was, but when
His virtues did incite him to good deeds,
And keep my sword dry ! — O unequal Nature !
Why was I made so patient as to view,
And not so strong as to redeem ? Why should I
Dare to behold, and yet not dare to rescue ?

Had I been destitute of weapons, yet
Arm'd with the only name of son, I might
Have out-done wonder. Naked piety
Dares more than fury well-appointed^a ; blood
Being never better sacrificed, than when

^a *Take heart of grace.*] This phrase signifies, *take courage, or summon up resolution.* It is at present always written in this manner ; formerly it used to be, *take heart at grass* ; as in *Euphues*, p. 18. " Rise therefore, Euphues, and *take heart at grasse*, younger thou shalt never bee : plucke up thy stomacke, if love have stong thee, " it shall not stifle thee."

Tarlton's Neues out of Purgatory, p. 4.

" — therefore *taking heart at grasse*, drawing more neere him, &c." *Ibid.* p. 24.

" — seeing she would take no warning : on a day *took heart at grasse*, and belabour'd her well with a cudgel."

^b *Naked piety*
Dares more than fury well-appointed.] *Well-appointed*, is completely accounted. So in the *Miseries of Queen Margaret*, by Drayton.

" Ten thousand valiant *well-appointed* men."

2d part *Henry IV.* A. 4. S. 1.

" What *well-appointed* leader fronts us here ?"

Mr. Steevens's note on the last passage.

It flows to him that gave it. But, alas!
The envy of my fortune did allow
That only, which she could not take away,
Compassion ; that which was not in those savage
And knowing beasts, those engines of the law,
That even kill as uncontroul'd as that.
How do I grieve, when I consider from
What hands he suffer'd ! Hands that do excuse
Th' indulgent prison, shackles being here
A kind of rescue. Young man, 'tis not well
To see thy aged father thus confin'd.
Good, good old man ! alas ! thou'rt dead to me,
Dead to the world, and only living to
That which is more than death, thy misery !
The grave could be a comfort : and shall I——
O would this soul of mine—But death's the wish
Of him that fears ; he's lazy that would die.
I'll live, and see that thing of wealth, that worm
Bred out of splendid muck, that citizen,
Like his own sullied wares thrown by into
Some unregarded corner, and my piety
Shall be as famous as his avarice.
His son, whom we have in our tuition,
Shall be the subject of my good revenge :
I'll count myself no child, till I have done
Something that's worth that name. My brain shall be
Busy in his undoing ; and I will
Plot ruin with religion : his disgrace
Shall be my zeal's contrivement ; and when this
Shall stile me son again, I hope 'twill be
Counted not wrong, but duty. When that time
Shall give my actions growth, I will cast off
This brood of vipers, and will shew that I
Do hate the poison which I mean t'apply. [Exit.

SCENE II.

Mrs. POTLUCK.

Potluck. Now help, good Heaven ! 'Tis such an uncouth thing

To be a widow out of term-time—I
Do feel such agueish qualms, and dumps, and fits,
And shakings still an end—I lately was
A wife, I do confess; but yet I had
No husband: he, alas! was dead to me
Even when he liv'd unto the world: I was
A widow whilst he breath'd. His death did only
Make others know so much; but yet——

Enter HEARSAY.

Hearsay. How now?

So melancholy, sweet!

Potluck. How could I choose,
Being thou wert not here? The time is come,
Thou'lt be as good unto me as thy word?

Hearsay. Nay, hang me if I e'er recant. You'll
take me

Both wind and limb at th' venture, will you not?

Potluck. Ay, good chuck, every inch of thee; she
were

No true woman that would not.

Hearsay. I must tell you one thing, and yet I'm loth.

Potluck. I am thy rib;

Thou must keep nothing from thy rib, good chuck:
Thy yoke-fellow must know all thy secrets.

Hearsay. Why then I'll tell you, sweet.

[He whispers her.]

Potluck. Heaven defend!

Hearsay. 'Tis true.

Potluck. Now, God forbid! and would you offer
T' undo a widow-woman so? I had
As lief the old vintner were alive again.

Hearsay. I was not born with it, I confess; but lying
In Turkey for intelligence, the Great Turk,
Somewhat suspicious of me, lest I might
Entice some o' th' seraglio, did command
I should be forthwith cut.

Potluck. A heathen deed
It was! none but an infidel could have
The heart to do it.

Hearsay. Now you know the worst

That you must trust to. Come, let's to the church.

Pottluck. Good Mr. Hearsay, nature ne'er intended
One woman should be joined to another;
The holy blessing of all wedlock was,
T' increase and multiply; as Mr. Christopher
Did well observe last Sabbath. I'll not do
Any thing 'gainst God's word. I do release you
Of all your promises; and that it may not
Be said you lost by loving me, take this.
Perhaps I may get you a contribution
O' th' women of the parish, as I did
The broken-bellied man, the other day.

Hearsay. Seeing you needs will cast me off, let me
Intreat this one thing of you; that you would not
Make me your table-talk at the next gossiping. [*Exit.*]

Pottluck. Indeed, I pity thee, poor thing; or rather,
I pity thee, poor nothing!

Enter SLICER.

Good lieutenant, how dost thou?
Thou art mindful of thy promise?

Slicer. What else, my jolly wench?

Pottluck. Good sweet lieutenant,
Give me but leave to ask one question of you:
Art thou entire and sound in all thy limbs?

Slicer. To tell the very truth, ere now I've had
A spice o' th' pox, or so; but now I am sound
As any bell (hem!) was't not shrill, my girl? ha!

Pottluck. I do not ask thee about these diseases:
My question is, Whether thou'st all thy parts.

Slicer. Faith, I have lost a joint or two; as none
Of our profession come off whole, unless
The general, and some sneaks.

Pottluck. My meaning is,
Whether that something is not wanting, that
Should write thee husband?

Slicer. Ne'er fear that, my wench:
Do'st think the king would send me to the wars
Without I had my weapons? Eunuchs are not
Men of employment in these days. His majesty
Hath newly put me on a piece of service;

And if I e'er come off (which I do fear
I shan't, the danger is so great) brave widow,
We'll to't, and get commanders.

Potluck. If you can
Leave me, I can leave you : there are other men
That won't refuse a fortune when 'tis proffer'd.

Slicer. Well, I must to his Majesty : think on't :
So fare thee well. Thine, to his very death,
That is, a month or two, perhaps, D. Slicer. [Exit.

Enter SHAPE.

Potluck. Kind master Shape, you are exceeding
welcome.

Here hath been Mr. Hearsay, and Lieutenant
Slicer : you may guess at their business ; but
I hope you think me faithful.

Shape. I believe
The memory of your husband's ashes, which
Scarce yet are cold, extinguisheth all flames
That tend to kindling any love-fire. 'Tis
A virtue in you, which I must admire,
That only you, amongst so many, should
Be the sole turtle of the age.

Potluck. I do
Bear him in memory, I confess ; but when
I do remember what your promise was
When he lay sick, it doth take something from
The bitterness of sorrow. Woman was
Not made to be alone still.

Shape. Tender things
At seventeen may use that plea ; but you
Are now arriv'd at matron. These young sparks
Are rak'd up, I presume, in sager embers.

Potluck. Nay, don't abuse her that must be your wife.
You might have pity, and not come with your nick-
names,

And call me turtle. Have I deserv'd this ?

Shape. If that you once hold merits, I have done.
I'm glad I know what's your religion,

Potluck. What's my religion ! 'Tis well known there
hath

Been no religion in my house e'er since
My husband died.

Enter SLICER, HEARSAY.

Hearsay. How now, sweet Shape? So close
Alone wi' your widow!

Shape. Sirs, dare you believe it?
This thing, whose prayer it hath been these ten
Years, that she may obtain the second tooth,
And the third hair, now doats on me; on me,
That do refuse all that are past sixteen.

Slicer. Why, faith, this was her suit to me, just
now.

Hearsay. I had the first on't, then. A coachman, or
A groom, were fitter far for her.

Slicer. You do
Honour her too much, to think she deserves
A thing that can lust moderately: give her
The sorrel stallion in my lord's long stable.

Shape. Or the same-colour'd brother, which is
worse.

Potluck. Why, gentlemen——

Hearsay. Foh, foh! She hath let fly.

Potluck. D'you think I have no more manners than
so?

Shape. Nay, faith, I can excuse her for that; but
I must confess she spoke, which is all one.

Slicer. Her breath would rout an army, sooner than
That of a cannon.

Hearsay. It would lay a devil
Sooner than all Trithemius' charms⁴.

⁴ *Trithemius charms.*] See *Johannis Wolfii Opera*, Fo. Vol. 2d
p. 592. Halberstadii, 1672.

Johannes Trithemius, abbé of the order of St. Benedict, and one
of the most learned men of the fifteenth century, was born at
Tritenheim, in the Diocese of Treves, the 1st of February, 1462.
After having studied for some time, he became a Benedictine friar,
and abbot of Spanheim, in the Diocese of Mayence, in 1483. He
governed the abbey, until the year 1506, when he quitted the
Abbey of St. James, at Witsborough. He was learned in all sci-
ences, divine and human, and died the 13th of December, 1516.

Thevet calls him a *subtle philosopher, an ingenious mathematician, a*

Shape. Hark, how
It blusters in her nostrils, like a wind
In a foul chimney.

Potluck. Out, you base companions,
You stinking swabbers!

Hearsay. For her gait, that's such,
As if her nose did strive t' outrun her heels.

Shape. She's just six yards behind, when that ap-
pears.

It saves an usher, madam.

Potluck. You are all
Most foul-mouth'd knaves to use a woman thus.

Slicer. Your plaister'd face doth drop against moist
weather.

Shape. Fie, how you writhe it! Now it looks just
like

A ruffled boot.

Slicer. Or an oil'd paper-lantern.

Hearsay. Her nose the candle in the midst of it.

Shape. How bright it flames! Put out your nose,
good lady;

famous poet, an accomplish'd historian, a very eloquent orator, and eminent divine. Naudius says, that those who would make him a magician, ground their right on a little book of three or four sheets, printed in 1612, entitled *Veterum Sophorum sigilla et imagines magicæ, sive sculptura lapidum aut gemmarum ex nomine Tetragrammaton cum signatura planetarum authoribus Zoroastre, Salomane Raphaele, Chaele Hermete Thelete. ex Joan Kithemii manuscripto crutæ.* 2dly, His speaking so pertinently of magic, and giving himself the title of magician in some of his epistles. 3dly, His writing the book of Steganography, a treatise stuffed with the names of devils, and full of invocations, and as very pernicious condemned by Boville as worse than Agrippa. To these Naudius answers, that the pamphlet of making images and characters upon stones, under certain constellations, is a pure imposture and cheat of booksellers, it being printed above 120 years before, by Camillus Lienard, as the third book of his *Mirror of Precious Stones* *De Unguento Armario.* From a letter then to a Carmelite of Gaunt, *Arnoldus Bostius*, the suspicion of his being a magician must be collected, wherein he specified many miraculous and extraordinary effects performed in his treatise of Steganography. This, however, is defended by several writers, only as the means to decypher. *Naudius' History of Magic*, translated by Davies, p. 237, &c.

You burn day-light^s.

Potluck. Come up, you lousy rascals.

Hearsay. Not upon you for a kingdom, good Joan.
The Great Turk, Joan—the Great Turk.

Slicer. Kiss him, chuck ;

Kiss him, chuck, open-mouth'd, and be reveng'd.

Potluck. Hang you, base cheating varlet.

Slicer. Don't you see
December in her face ?

Shape. Sure the surveyor
Of the highways will have to do with her,
For not keeping her countenance passable.

Hearsay. There lies a hoar-frost on her head, and
yet

A constant thaw in her nose.

Shape. She's like a piece
Of fire-wood, dropping at one end, and yet
Burning i' th' midst.

Slicer. O, that endeavouring face !
When will your costiveness have done, good madam ?

Hearsay. Do you not hear her guts already squeak
Like kit-strings ?

Slicer. They must come to that within
This two or three years : by that time, she'll be
True perfect cat. They practice before-hand.

Potluck. I can endure no longer, though I should
Throw off my womanhood.

Hearsay. No need, that's done
Already : nothing left thee that may style thee
Woman, but lust and tongue : no flesh but what
The vices of the sex exact, to keep them
In heart.

Shape. Thou art so lean and out of case,
That 'twere absurd to call thee devil incarnate.

Slicer. Th' art a dry devil, troubled with the lust
Of that thou hast not, flesh.

Potluck. Rogue, rascal, villain !
I'll shew your cheating tricks, i' faith : all shall

^s — burn day-light.] See note 209, on the *Spanish Tragedy*,
vol. III.

Be now laid open. Have I suffer'd you
Thus long i' my house, and ne'er demanded yet
One penny rent, for this? I'll have it all:
By this good blessed light, I will.

Hearsay. You may,
If that you please undo yourself; you may:
I will not strive to hinder you. There is
Something contriving for you, which may be,
Perhaps, yet brought about: a match, or so;
A proper fellow: 'tis a trifle, that;
A thing you care not for, I know. Have I
Plotted to take you off from these, to match you
In better sort, and am us'd thus? As for
The rent you ask, here take it; take your money;
Fill, choke your gaping throat: but if, as yet
You are not deaf to counsel, let me tell you,
It had been better that you ne'er had took it;
It may stop some proceedings.

Potluck. Mr. Hearsay,
You know you may have even my heart out of
My belly (as they say) if you'll but take
The pains to reach it out. I am sometimes
Peevish, I do confess. Here, take your money.

Hearsay. No.

Potluck. Good sir.

Hearsay. No, keep it and hoard it up;
My purse is no safe place for it.

Potluck. Let me
Request you, that you would be pleas'd to take it.

Hearsay. Alas! 'twould only trouble me: I can
As willingly go light, as be your treasurer.

Potluck. Good Mr. Slicer, speak to him to take it.
Sweet Mr. Shape, join with him.*

Slicer. Nay, be once
O'er-ruled by a woman.

Shape. Come, come; you shall take it.

Potluck. Nay, faith you shall. Here, put it up,
good sir.

* "Join with me," would suit the sense better as she is asking Shape to unite his solicitations with hers. The old copy reads as it is reprinted. C.

Hearsay. Upon intreaty, I'm content for once;
But make no custom of't. You do presume
Upon my easy foolishness: 'tis that
Makes you so bold. Were it another man,
He ne'er would have to do with you. But mark me,
If e'er I find you in this mood again,
I'll dash your hopes of marriage for ever.
[*Exeunt all but Hearsay.*]

SCENE III.

To him MEANWELL, ANDREW.

Andrew. God save you, tutors, both!

Meanwell. Fie, Andrew, fie!

What, kiss your hand! You smell; not compliment.

Hearsay. Besides, you come too near when you
salute.

Your breath may be discover'd; and you give
Advantage unto him you thus accost,
To shake you by the hand; which often doth
Endanger the whole arm. Your gallant's like
The crystal glass, brittle; rude handling cracks him.
To be saluted so, were to be wounded:
His parts would fall asunder like unto
Spilt quicksilver. An ear, an eye, a nose,
Would drop, like summer-fruit from shaken trees.

Meanwell. For the same reason, I'd not have you
dance.

Some courtiers, I confess, do use it; but
They are the sounder sort; those foolish ones
That have a care of health, which you shall not,
If you'll be rul'd by me. The hazard's great:
'Tis an adventure, an exploit, a piece
Of service for a gentleman, to caper.

Hearsay. A gallant's like a leg of mutton boil'd
By a Spanish cook: take him but by the one end,
And shake him, all the flesh falls from the bones,
And leaves them bare immediately.

Andrew. I would
Not be a leg of mutton here.

Hearsay. I saw

In France a monsieur, only in the cutting
Of one cross caper, rise a man, and come
Down, to th' amazement of the standers-by,
A true extemporary skeleton;
And was straight read on.

Andrew. Sure this man,
Good tutor, was quite rotten.

Meanwell. See how you
Betray your breeding now. Quite rotten! 'Tis
Rottenness, perhaps, in footmen, or in yeomen :
'Tis tenderness in gentlemen; they are
A little over-boil'd, or so.

Hearsay. He is
A churl, a hind, that's wholesome; some raw thing
That never was at London: one in whom
The clown is too predominant. Refin'd
People feel Naples in their bodies; and
An ache i' th' bones at sixteen, passeth now
For high descent: it argues a great birth.
Low bloods are never worthy such infection.

Andrew. Ay, but my father bid me I should live
honest,
And say my prayers; that he did.

Hearsay. If that
You cannot sleep at any time, we do
Allow you to begin your prayers, that so
A slumber may seize on you.

Meanwell. But as for
Your living honest, 'twere to take away
A trade i' th' commonwealth: the surgeons
Benefit would go down. You may go on
In foolish chastity, eat only sallads,
Walk an unskilful thing, and be to learn
Something the first night of your wife; but that's
To marry out of fashion.

Andrew. Here's no proofs,
No doctrines, nor no uses. Tutor, I
Would fain learn some religion.

Hearsay. Religion!
Yes, to become a martyr, and be pictur'd
With a long label out o' your mouth, like those

In Fox's book⁶; just like a juggler drawing
Ribband out of his throat.

Andrew. I must be gone.

Meanwell. Obedience is the first step unto science :
Stay, and be wise.

Andrew. Indeed, I dare not stay ;
The clyster works you sent to purge gross humours.

[*Exit.*

Meanwell. Being you will not take your lecture out,
Good-morrow to y', good Andrew. This soft fool
Must swim in's father's wealth ! It is a curse
That fortune justly makes the city's lot ;
The young fool spends whate'er the old knave got.

[*Exit Meanwell.*

SCENE IV.

To HEARSAY, enter SLICER and CREDULOUS.

Hearsay. Sir, let me tell you, this is not the least
Of things wherein your wisdom shews itself,
In that you've plac'd your son in this good sort.

Credulous. Nay, nay, let me alone to give him breed-
ing :

I did not hold the university
Fit for the training up of such a spirit.

Slicer. The university ! 'T had been the only way
T' have took him off his courage, and his metal :
He had return'd as slaves do from the galleys ;
A naked shorn thing with a thin-dock'd top,
Learnedly cut into a logic mode.

Hearsay. A private oath given him at first entrance,
Had sworn him pilgrim unto conventicles ;
Engag'd him to the hate of all, but what
Pleaseth the stubborn froward elect.

Slicer. But we,
Following another model, do allow
Freedom and courage, cherish and maintain

⁶ *In Fox's book.*] " The Acts and Monuments of matters most
" speciall and memorable happening in the church, with an univer-
" sall historie of the same. By John Fox."

High noble thoughts——

Hearsay. Set nature free, and are
Chymists of manners——

Slicer. Do instruct of states——

Hearsay. And wars. There's one, look on him——

Slicer. Do but view

That searching head——

Hearsay. The very soul of battle ;
True steel.

Slicer. H' hath been an agent some few years
(A score or so) for princes, and as yet
Doth not write forty.

Hearsay. I confess I can
Discover th' entrails of a state perhaps.
Lay open a kingdom's paunches, shew the bowels
And inwards of a seigniory or two ;
But for your deeds of valour, there is one,
Although I speak it to his face, that can
Write a geography by his own conquests :
H' hath fought o'er Strabo⁷, Ptolemy⁸, and Stafford⁹ ;
Travell'd as far in arms as Lithgoe¹⁰ naked ;

⁷ *Strabo.*] Strabo, a philosopher of Crete, and a geographer, in the time of Augustus.

⁸ *Ptolemy.*] Born at Pelusium, flourished about the year 140, and died 162, aged 78.

⁹ *Stafford.*] Robert Stafford, born at Dublin, was of Exeter College, Oxford, and published "A Geographical and Anthological description of all the Empires and Kingdoms, both of Continent and Islands, in this terrestrial Globe," &c. London, Quarto, 1618. Wood says, it was reported, that John Prideaux, who was Stafford's tutor, had the chief hand in this work.

¹⁰ *Lithgoe.*] William Lithgow, a Scotsman, whose sufferings by imprisonment and torture at Malaga, and whose travels on foot over Europe, Asia, and Africa, seem to raise him almost to the rank of a martyr and a hero, published an account of his peregrinations and adventures, quarto, 1614; reprinted in quarto, 1632, with additions. At the conclusion of this work, he says, "Here is the just relation of nineteene yeares travells, perfited in three deare bought voyages : the generall computation of which dimmensions spaces in my goings, traversings, and returnings through kingdomes, continents, and ilands, which my payneful feet traced over (besides my passages of seas and rivers) amounteth to thirty-six thousand and odde miles ; which draweth neare to twice the circumference of the

Borne weapons whither Coriat ¹¹ durst not
 Carry a shirt or shoes. Jack Mandeville ¹²
 Ne'er sail'd so far as he hath steer'd by land,
 Using his colours both for mast and sail.

Credulous. I'd thought h' had been lieutenant.

Hearsay. That's all one.

Slicer. I've worn some leather out abroad, let out
 A heathen soul or two, fed this good sword
 With the black blood of pagan christians,
 Converted a few infidels with it;
 But let that pass. That man of peace there, hath
 Been trusted with kings breasts——

Hearsay. His name is heard
 Like thunder, and that mere word, Slicer, hath
 Sufficed unto victory.

Slicer. He's close,
 Reserv'd, lock'd up. The secrets of the king
 Of Tartary, of China, and some other
 Counsels of moment, have been so long kept

"whole earth." Lithgow also printed at Edinburgh a poem, entitled "The Gushing Teares of Godly Sorrow," &c. quarto, 1640.

¹¹ *Coriat.*] The celebrated Thomas Coriat, who, except Lithgow, is supposed to have travelled more miles on foot than any person of his times, or indeed in any period since. From his writings, and many parts of his conduct, he cannot be supposed to have been in his perfect senses. He was, notwithstanding, a man of considerable learning, and rendered himself ridiculous, chiefly by dwelling with too much attention on the trifling accidents which happened to him during his journey. In the year 1608, he left England, and went to Venice and back again; a journey performed on foot in five months. On his return, he published an account of it in a large quarto volume, 1611, containing 655 pages, besides more than 100 filled with commendatory verses, by Ben Jonson, and other wits of the age, who both laughed at, and flattered him at the same time. He afterwards travelled into Persia, and from thence into the East Indies, (still on foot) and died at Surat in the year 1617.

¹² *Jack Mandeville.*] Sir John Mandeville, knight, born at St. Albans. He was a traveller for the space of thirty-four years, visiting in that time Scythia, Armenia the Greater and Less, Egypt, both Libyas, Arabia, Syria, Media, Mesopotamia, Persia, Chaldaea, Greece, Illyrium, Tartary, and divers other kingdoms. He died at Liege, November 17, 1371. An excellent edition of his travels was printed in 8vo. 1725, from a MS. in the Cotton Library.

In's body without vent, that every morning,
Before he covers them with some warm thing
Or other, you may smell 'em very strongly ;
Distinguish each of them by several scents——

Hearsay. A grove of pikes are rushes to him : hail
More frights you than a shower of bullets him——

Slicer. The Dutch come up like broken beer¹³ ; the
Irish.

Savour of usquebaugh ; the Spanish they
Smell like unto perfume at first, but then
After a while, end in a fatal steam——

Hearsay. One drum's his table, the other is his music :
His sword's his knife ; his colours are his napkins ;
Carves nourishing horse, as he is us'd to do
The hostile pagan,* or we venison ; eats
Gun-powder with his meat, instead of pepper,
Then drinks o'er all his bandeleers, and fights——

Slicer. Secrets are rank'd and order'd in his belly,
Just like tobacco-leaves laid in a sweat.
Here lies a row of Indian secrets, then
Something of's own on them ; on that, another
Of China counsels, cover'd with a lid
Of Newfoundland discoveries : next, a bed

¹³ —— *broken beer.*] Mr. Whalley observes, that *broken victuals* is a cant term with our common beggars. 6 *Ben Jonson* 123. So *broken beer* he imagines to be that of which some part had been drank. The epithet *broken*, when annexed to *beer*, is always to be found in writers of the times, speaking of alms. So in *Ben Jonson's Masque of Augurs*,

"The poor cattle yonder are passing away the time with a cheat
"loaf, and a bumbard of *broken beer*."

Masque of the Gypsies.

—— "he were very carefully carried at his mother's back, rock'd
"in a cradle of Welsh cheese, like a maggot, and there fed with
"*broken beer* and blown wine of the best, daily."

The Belgicke Pismire, 1622, p. 76.

—— having before fed themselves full with the sweat of other
"mens browes, even to gluttonie, drunkenesse, and surfetting, may
"releeve with their scraps, crummes, bones, and *broken beere*, the
"necessities of such as they or their predecessors have before un-
"done and made beggers."

* In the old copy it is printed "the hostile *paguim*," which is a misprint probably for "hostile *paynim*." C.

Of Russia policies ; on them, a lay
Of Prester-Johnian whispers——

Hearsay. Slights a tempest ;
Counts lightning but a giving fire, and thunder
The loud report when heaven hath discharg'd.
H' hath with his breath* supply'd a breach :
When he's once fix'd, no engine can remove him.

Slicer. 'Twould be a policy worth hatching, to
Have him dissected, if 'twere not too cruel.
All states would lie as open as his bowels :
Turkey in's bloody liver ; Italy
Be found in's reins ; Spain busy in his stomach ;
Venice would float in's bladder ; Holland sail
Up and down all his veins ; Bavaria lie
Close in some little gut, and *ragioni*
*Di Stato*¹⁴ generally reek in all.

Credulous. I see my son's too happy : he is born
To be some man of action ; some engine
For th' overthrow of kingdoms.

Hearsay. Troth, he may
Divert the torrent of the Turkish rule
Into some other track ; dam up the stream
Of that vast headlong monarchy, if that
He want not means to compass his intents.

Credulous. The Turkish monarchy's a thing too big
For him to manage : he may make perhaps
The governor of some new little island,
And there plant faith and zeal ; but for the present,
M' ambition's only to contrive a match
Between Sir Thomas Bitefig's only daughter,
And (if I may so call him now) my son :
'Twill raise his fortunes somewhat.

Slicer. We have got
One that will do more good with's tongue that way,
Than that uxorious shower that came from heaven :
But you must oil it first.

Credulous. I understand you :
Grease him i' th' fist, you mean. There's just ten pieces ;

* *Qy. breadth, i. e. stopped a breach by his person.* C.

¹⁴ *Ragioni di Stato.*] Their several policies. S. P.

'Tis but an earnest: if he bring't about,
I'll make those ten a hundred.

Hearsay. Think it done.

[*Exit Credulous, and enter Shape, Meanwell.*]

SCENE V.

HEARSAY, SLICER, MEANWELL, SHAPE.

Hearsay. Our life, methinks, is but the same with others:

To cozen and be cozen'd, makes the age.
The prey and feeder are that civil thing
That sager heads call body politic.
Here is the only difference; others cheat
By statute, but we do't upon no grounds.
The fraud's the same in both; there only wants
Allowance to our way. The commonwealth
Hath not declar'd herself as yet for us;
Wherefore our policy must be our charter.

Meanwell. Well-manag'd knav'ry is but one degree
Below plain honesty.

Slicer. Give me villainy
That's circumspect, and well-advis'd, that doth
Colour at least for goodness. If the cloak
And mantle were pull'd off from things, 'twould be
As hard to meet an honest action, as
A liberal alderman, or a court-nun.

Hearsay. Knowing then how we must direct our
steps,
Let us chalk out our paths: you, Shape, know yours.

Shape. Where-e'er I light on fortune, my commis-
sion

Will hold to take her up: I'll ease my silken
Friends of that idle luggage we call money.

Hearsay. For my good toothless countess, let us try
To win that old eremite thing, that like
An image in a German clock¹⁵ doth move,

¹⁵ *German clocks.*] *German clocks* were about this time much in use; they are frequently mentioned by Ben Jonson and other writers. See *Epicæne*, A. 4. S. 2.

Not walk ; I mean, that rotten antiquary.

Meanwell. He'll surely love her, 'cause she looks
like some

Old ruin'd piece, that was five ages backward.

Hearsay. To the great vestry-wit, the livery-brain,
My common-council pate, that doth determine
A city-business with his gloves on's head,
We must apply good hope of wealth and means.

Slicer. That griping knight Sir Thomas must be
call'd

With the same lure : he knows t' a crumb how much
Loss is in twenty dozen of bread, between
That which is broke by th' hand and that is cut.
Which way best keeps his candles, bran or straw :
What tallow's lost in putting of 'em out
By spittle, what by foot, what by the puff,
What by the holding downwards, and what by
The extinguisher ; which wick will longest be
In lighting, which spend fastest. He must hear
Nothing but moieties, and lives, and farms,
Copies, and tenures ; he is deaf to th' rest.

Meanwell. I'll speak the language of the wealthy to
him ;

My mouth shall swill with bags, revenues, fees,
Estates, reversions, incomes, and assurance.
He's in the gin already ; for his daughter,
She'll be an easy purchase.*

Hearsay. I do hope
We shall grow famous ; have all sorts repair
As duly to us, as the barren wives
Of aged citizens do to St. Antholin's.
Come, let us take our quarters : we may come
To be some great officers in time,
And with a reverend magisterial frown,
Pass sentence on those faults that are our own.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

* Purchase, i. e. prize. See note 33 to the *Honest Whore*, part II.
vol. III. C.

ACT II. SCENE I.

HAVE-AT-ALL; SLICER, HEARSAY *having rescued him in a quarrel.*

Have-at-all. 'Tis destin'd; I'll be valiant: I am sure I shall be beaten with more credit then, Than now I do escape. Lieutenant, has't Bethought thyself as yet? Has't any way To make my sword fetch blood?

Slicer. You never yet Did kill your man then?

Have-at-all. No.

Hearsay. Nor get your wench With child, I warrant?

Have-at-all. O sir!

Slicer. You're not quite Free of the gentry, till y' have marr'd one man, And made another. When one fury hath Cry'd quit with t'other, and your lust repair'd What anger hath destroy'd, the title's yours; Till then you do but stand for't.

Have-at-all. Pox! who'd be That vile scorn'd name, that stuffs all court-gate bills? Lieutenant, thou may'st teach me valour yet.

Slicer. Teach thee! I will inspire thee, man. I'll make

Thy name become a terror; and to say, That Have-at-all is coming, shall make room As when the bears are in procession.

Hark hither, Frank——

[*They consult.*]

Hearsay. That's good, but——

Slicer. How think'st now?

Hearsay. Nay, he will pay you large—ly. [*Aloud.*]

Have-at-all. Pay, what else?

Hearsay. Make him believe the citizen's his guest; The citizen, that he is his.

Slicer. Concluded.

Would you fight fair, or conquer by a spell?

Have-at-all. I do not care for witchcraft; I would have

My strength rely merely upon itself.

Slicer. There is a way, tho' I ne'er shew'd it yet,
But to one Spaniard, and 'twas wondrous happy.

Have-at-all. Think me a second Spaniard, worthy
sir.

Slicer. Then listen. The design is by a dinner;
An easy way, you'll say; I'll say, a true.
Hunger may break stone-walls, it ne'er hurts men:
Your cleanly feeder is your man of valour.
What makes the peasant grovel in his muck,
Humbling his crooked soul, but that he eats
Bread just in colour like it? Courage ne'er
Vouchsaf'd to dwell a minute, where a sullen
Pair of brown loaves darken'd the dirty table;
Shadows of bread, not bread. You never knew
A solemn son of bag-pudding and pottage
Make a commander; or a tripe-eater
Become a tyrant. He's the kingdom's arm
That can feed large, and choicely.

Have-at-all. If that be
The way, I'll eat myself into courage,
And will devour valour enough quickly.
Slicer. 'Tis not the casual eating of those meats,
That doth procure those spirits, but the order
And manner of the meal: the ranking of
The dishes, that does all; else he that hath
The greatest range, would be the hardest man.
Those goodly juments of the guard would fight.
(As they eat beef) after six stone a day;
The spit would nourish great attempts: my lord
Would lead a troop, as well as now a masque;
And force the enemy's sword with as much ease
As his mistress's bodkin: gallants would
Owe valour to their ordinaries, and fight
After a crown meal.

Have-at-all. I do conceive
The art is all in all. If that you'll give
A bill of your directions, I'll account
Myself oblig'd unto you for my safety.

Slicer. Take it then thus. All must be soldier-like;

No dish but must present artillery;
 Some military instrument in each.
 Imprimis, six or seven yards of tripe
 Display'd instead o' th' ensign.

Have-at-all. Why! you said,
 Tripe-eaters ne'er made tyrants.

Slicer. Peace, sir: learners
 Must be attentive and believe. Do y' think
 We'll eat this? 'Tis but for formality.
 Item, a collar of good large fat brawn
 Serv'd for a drum, waited upon by two
 Fair long black-puddings, lying by for drum-sticks.
 Item, a well-grown lamprey for a fife;
 Next some good curious march-panes¹⁶ made into
 The form of trumpets. Then in order shall
 Follow the officers: the captain first
 Shall be presented in a warlike cock,
 Swimming in white-broth, as he's wont in blood:
 The serjeant-major he may bustle in
 The shape of some large turkey: for myself,
 Who am lieutenant, I'm content there be
 A buzzard only. Let the corporal
 Come sweating in a breast of mutton, stuff'd¹⁷
 With pudding, or strut in some aged carp:
 Either doth serve, I think. As for perdues¹⁸,
 Some choice sous'd fish brought couchant in a dish
 Among some fennel, or some other grass,
 Shews how they lie i' th' field. The soldier then
 May be thus rank'd: the common one, chicken,
 Duck, rabbit, pigeon; for the more genteel,
 Snipe, woodcock, partridge, pheasant, quail will serve.

¹⁶ *march-panes.*] *March-pane* was a confection made of pistachio nuts, almonds, and sugar, &c. formerly in high esteem, and a constant article in the deserts of our ancestors. See the notes of Dr. Gray, Mr. Hawkins, and Mr. Steevens, to *Romeo and Juliet*, A. I. S. 5.

¹⁷ *a breast of mutton stuff'd*

With pudding.]

This is called a *St. Stephen's Pudding*: it used formerly to be provided at *St. John's College*, Cambridge, uniformly on *St. Stephen's Day*. S. P.

¹⁸ *perdues.*] See note 12 to *The Goblins*.

Hearsay. Bravely contriv'd!

Slicer. That weapons be not wanting,
We'll have a dozen of bones well charg'd with marrow
For ordnance, muskets, petronels, petards;
Twelve yards of sausage by, instead of match;
And caveary¹⁹ then prepar'd for wild-fire.

Hearsay. Rare rogue! how I do love him now, me-thinks!

Slicer. Next we'll have true fat eatable old pikes,
Then a fresh turbot brought in for a buckler,
With a long spitchcock for the sword adjoin'd.
We'll bring the ancient weapons into play.

Have-at-all. Most rare, by Heaven!

Slicer. Peaches, apricots,
And malecotoons²⁰, with other choicer plums,
Will serve for large-sized bullets; then a dish
Or two of pease for small ones. I could now
Tell you of pepper in the stead of powder,
But that 'tis not in fashion 'mongst us gallants.
If this might all stand upon drum-heads, 'twould
Work somewhat better.

Have-at-all. Will 't so? Then we'll have 'em
From every ward i' th' city.

¹⁹ ——— *caveary*] or *caveare*. Giles Fletcher, in his *Russe Commonwealth*, 1591, p. 11, says, in Russia they have divers kinds of fish, "very good and delicate: as the Bellouga or Bellougina, of "four or five elnes long; the Ostrina or Sturgeon, but not so thicke "nor long. These four kinds of fish breed in the *Volgha*, and are "caught in great plenty, and served thence into the whole realme "for a great food. Of the roes of these foure kinds, they make "very great store of *Icary*, or *caveary*."

The introduction of these foreign delicacies is ridiculed by several writers of the times; as *Ben Jonson's Cynthia's Revels*, A. 3. S. 1. "Come, let us go and taste some light dinner, a dish² of slic'd "caviare, or so."

Marston's What you will, A. 2. S. 1,

"A man can scarce put on a tuckt-up cap,
"A button'd frizado sute; scarce eate good meate,
"Anchovies, *caviare*, but hee's satired,
"And term'd phantasticall."

²⁰ ——— *malecotoons*.] The malacoton is one of the late *peaches*. So in *Ben Jonson's Bartholomew Fair*,

"A soft velvet head like a mellicotton." S.

Slicer. No, I'm loth
To put you to such charge. For once, a long
Table shall serve the turn; 'tis no great matter:
The main thing's still behind. We must have there
Some fort to scale; a venison-pasty doth it.
You may have other pies instead of out-works:
Some sconces would not be amiss, I think.
When this is all prepar'd, and when we see
The table look like a pitch'd battle, then
We'll give the word, fall to, slash, kill, and spoil:
Destruction, rapine, violence! spare none.

Hearsay. Thou hast forgotten wine, lieutenant, wine.

Slicer. Then to avoid the gross absurdity
Of a dry battle, 'cause there must some blood
Be spilt (on th' enemies' side, I mean) you may
Have there a rundlet of brisk Claret, and
As much of Alicant; the same quantity
Of Tent would not be wanting; 'tis a wine
Most like to blood. Some shall bleed fainter colours,
As sack and white-wine. Some that have the itch,
(As there are taylor's still in every army)
Shall run with Rhenish that hath brimstone in 't.
When this is done, fight boldly: write yourself
The tenth or 'leventh worthy, which you please,
Your choice is free.

Have-at-all. I'll be the gaming worthy;
My word shall be twice twelve. I think the dice
Ne'er mounted any upon horseback yet.

Slicer. We'll bring your friends and ours to this
large dinner:
It works the better eaten before witness.
Beware you say 'tis yours: confession is
One step to weakness; private conscience is
A theatre to valour. Let's be close:
Old Credulous and his son, and Mr. Caster,
Shall all be there.

Have-at-all. But then they will grow valiant
All at my charge.

Slicer. Ne'er fear 't: the unknowing man
Eats only flesh, the understanding, valour:

His ignorance i' th' mystery keeps him coward.
To him 'tis but a meal; to you 'tis virtue.
It shall be kept here.

Have-at-all. No fitter place. There is
An old rich clutch-fist knight, Sir Thomas Bitefig,
Invite him too; perhaps I may have luck,
And break his purse yet open for one hundred.
A usurer is somewhat exorable
When he is full; he ne'er lends money empty.

Slicer. Discreet, and wisely done: I was about
T' have prompted it.

Hearsay. Stout Mr. Have-at-all,
Let's be sworn brothers.

Have-at-all. Pox! thou fear'st I'll beat thee
After I've eaten. Dost thou think I'll offer 't?
By my next meal I wont; nay, I do love
My friends howe'er. I do but think how I
Shall bastinado o'er the ordinaries.
Arm'd with my sword, battoon and foot, I'll walk
To give each rank its due. No one shall 'scape,
But he I win of.

Hearsay. You shall have at least
Some twenty warrants sign'd upon you straight:
The trunk-hose justices will try all means
To bind you to the peace, but that your strength
Shall not be bound by any.

Slicer. Surgeons will
Pray for your health and happiness: you may
Bring them to be your tributaries, if
You but deny to fight awhile.

Have-at-all. My teeth
Are on an edge till I do eat. Now will
I cozen all men without opposition:
I feel my strength increase with very thought on't.
Sword, sword, thou shalt grow fat; and thou battoon,
Hold out, I pr'ythee: when my labour's done,
I'll plant thee in the tower-yard, and there
Water'd with wine, thou shalt revive, and spring
In spite of nature with fresh succulent boughs,
Which shall supply the commonwealth with cudgels:

Thou, I first meet after this meal, I do
 Pronounce unhappy shadow ; happy yet
 In that thou'lt fall by me. Some men I will
 Speak into carcase ; some I'll look to death ;
 Others I'll breathe to dust : none shall hold back
 This fatal arm. The Templers shall not dare
 T' attempt a rescue ; no mild words shall bury
 My splitted, spitchcock'd——

Slicer. Oliv'd, hash'd ²¹——

Hearsay. Dry'd, powder'd——

Have-at-all. Roasted fury.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

MEANWELL, MOTH.

Meanwell. If what I speak prove false, then stigmatize me.

Moth ²². I na's not what you mean ; depardieux ²³
 You snyb ²⁴ mine old years, sans fail I wene ²⁵ you bin
 A jangler ²⁶, and a golierdis ²⁷.

Meanwell. I swear

By those two Janus' heads you had of us,
 And your own too, as reverend as those,
 There is one loves you, that you think not on.

Moth. Nad be, none pleasaunce is to me ylast ²⁸,

²¹ Oliv'd, hash'd.] Oliv'd is a term of cookery. In *Murrell's New book of Cookery*, N. D. is a receipt to make an olive pye to be eaten hot. Olives are collops of any meat. S.

²² *Moth.*] Cartwright has fetched most of his antiquated terms from Chaucer. I have therefore given the explanation of them from Mr. Tyrwhitt's excellent Glossary on that author.

²³ — depardieux.] In God's name. T.

²⁴ — snyb.] snub, reprove. T.

²⁵ — wene.] think, suppose. T.

²⁶ — jangler.] a prater. T.

²⁷ — golierdis.] “un gliardis, Fr. Goliardus, or Goliardensis, Lat. This jovial sect seems to have been so called from Goliath, the real or assumed name of a man of wit, toward the end of the 12th century, who wrote *Apocalypsis Goliæ*, and other pieces, in burlesque Latin rhymes, some of which have been falsely attributed to Walter Map. In several authors of the 13th century, quoted by Du Cange, the Goliardi are classed with the *joculatores* or *buffones*.” T.

²⁸ — ylast.] left. T.

This white top writeeth much my years, I wis,
 My fire yreken is in ashen cold²⁹.
 I can no whit of dalliance: If I kissen,
 These thick stark bristles of mine beard will pricken
 Ylike the skin of hound-fish. Sikerly³⁰
 What wends against the grain is lytherly³¹.

Meanwell. Methinks y'are strong enough, and very
 lusty,

Fit to get heirs: among your other pieces
 Of age and time, let one young face be seen
 May call you father.

Moth. Wholesome counsel! But
 The world is now full tykel³² sykerly;
 'Tis hard to find a damosel unwennd³³;
 They being all coltish and full of ragery³⁴,
 And full of gergon³⁵ as is a flecken³⁶ pye.
 Whoso with them maketh that bond anon,
 Which men do clypen³⁷ spousail, or wedlock,
 Saint Idiot is his lord, I wis.

Meanwell. This is
 No tender and wanton thing; she is a staid
 And settled widow, one who'll be a nurse
 Unto you in your latter days.

Moth. A norice³⁸
 Some dele ystept in age! So mote³⁹ I gone,
 This goeth aright: how highteth⁴⁰ she, say you?

²⁹ *My fire yreken is in ashen cold.*] So in Chaucer's *Reve's Prologue*, v. 3880,

"Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken." S.

On this last line Mr. Tyrwhitt observes, "There is so great a resemblance between this line and the following, in the *Church-yard Elegy*, Dodsley's Collection, vol. 4.

"Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires."

"that I should certainly have considered the latter as an imitation, if Mr. Gray himself had not referred us to the 169 (170) Sonnet of Petrarch, as his original, *Ch'i veggio nel pensir*, &c.

³⁰ *Sikerly*] surely. T.

³¹ *lytherly*] very ill. T.

³² *tykel*] uncertain. T.

³³ *unwennd*] unspotted. T.

³⁴ *ragery*] wantonness. T.

³⁵ *gergon*] jargon, chattering. T.

³⁶ *flecken*] spotted. T.

³⁷ *clypen*] call, name. T.

³⁸ *A norice*] A nurse. T.

³⁹ *mote*] must. T.

⁴⁰ *highteth*] is she called. T.

Meanwell. Mrs. Joan Potluck; vintner Potluck's widow.

Moth. Joan Potluck, spinster? Love me o' thing mere

Alouten: what time 'gan she brendle thus?

Meanwell. On Thursday morning last.

Moth. Y' blessed Thursday,

Ycleped so from Thor the Saxons' god.

Ah benedicite, I might soothly sayne,

Mine mouth hath itched all this livelong day;

All night me met⁴¹ eke, that I was at kirk;

My heart gan quapp⁴² full oft. Dan Cupido

Sure sent thylke sweven⁴³ to mine head.

Meanwell. You shall

Know more, if you'll walk in.

[*Exit Meanwell.*]

Moth. Wend you beforne;

Kembeth⁴⁴ thyself, and pyketh⁴⁵ now thyself;

Sleeketh thyself; make cheer much digne⁴⁶, good

Robert:

I do arret thou shalt acquainted bin

With nymphs and fauns, and hamadryades:

And yeke the sisterne nine Pierides

That were transmued into birds, nemp'd⁴⁷ pyes,

Metamorphoseos wat well what I mean.

I is as jollie now as fish in Seine.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

HEARSAY, CASTER, SHAPE.

Hearsay. Can I lie hid no where securely from

The throng and press of men? Must every place

Become a theatre, where I seek shelter.

And solitudes become markets, 'cause I'm there?

Good sir, I know your tricks; you would intrap:

This is your snare, not your request.

Shape. Take heed;

⁴¹ *met*] dreamed. T. ⁴² *quapp*] tremble or quake. T.

⁴³ *sweven*] dream. T. ⁴⁴ *kembeth*] combeth. T.

⁴⁵ *pyketh*] pick as a hawk does his feathers. T.

⁴⁶ *digne*] worthy. T. ⁴⁷ *nemp'd*] named. T.

He's nois'd about for a deep-searching head.
I'll pawn my life 'tis a trick.

Hearsay. Leave off these gins,
You do not do it handsomely. You think
Y' have met with fools, I warrant.

Shape. On my life, a spy, a mere informer.

Caster. As I hope
For fortunes, my intentions are most fair.
Shape. A gamester's oath! he hath some reservation.
Hearsay. Yet, did I think you true——

Caster. By all that's good,
You do me wrong, to think that I'd wrong you.
Hearsay. When I lay agent last in New Atlantis,
I met with, what you now desire, a strange
New way of winning, but yet very sure.
Were not the danger great, I'd——

Caster. Do you think
I will betray myself, or you, whom I
Esteem above myself? I have as yet
One hundred left, some part of which——

Shape. Faith, sir,
These times require advice: if it should come
Unto the council's ear once, he might be
Sent into other kingdoms, to win up
Money for the relief o' th' state, and so
Be as it were an honest kind of exile.

Caster. If I do e'er discover, may I want
Money to pay my ordinary: may I
At my last stake (when there is nothing else
To lose the game) throw ames-ace thrice together!
I'll give you forty pound in hand——

Hearsay. I may
Shew you the virtue of't, though not the thing:
I love my country very well. Your high
And low men are but trifles⁴⁸; your pois'd dye,
That's ballasted with quicksilver or gold,

⁴⁸ *Your high and low men.*] High men and low men, are false dice. See Florio's Dictionary, 1598, voce *Pise*. These terms so very oft occur in our ancient dramatic writers, that to quote examples would be endless.

Is gross to this——

Shape. Proffer him more, I say.

Caster. Here's fifty——

Hearsay. For the bristle dye, it is
Not worth that hand that guides it: toys fit only
For clerks to win poor costermongers' ware with.

Shape. You do not come on well.

Caster. Here's threescore——

Hearsay. Then

Your hollowed thumb join'd with your wriggled box,
The slur, and such-like, are not to be talk'd of;
They're open to the eye: For cards, you may,
Without the help of any secret word,
Or a false hand, without the cut or shuffle,
Or the pack'd trick, have what you will yourself;
There's none to contradict you.

Caster. If you please

But to instruct me, here is fourscore pound.

Hearsay. Do you think 'tis money I esteem? I
can

Command each term by art, as much as will
Furnish a navy. Had you but five pound
Left you in all the world, I'd undertake
Within one fortnight you should see five thousand.
Not that I covet any of your dross,
But that the power of this art may be
More demonstrably evident, leave in
My hands all but some smaller sum to set,
Something to stake at first.

Shape. He'll tell you all,

If you but seem to trust him.

Caster. Here I'll lay

Down in your hands all but this little portion,
Which I reserve for a foundation.

Hearsay. Being y' are confident of me, and I
Presume your lips are sealed up to silence,
Take that, which I did never yet discover:
So help you fortune, me philosophy.
(I must intreat your absence, Mr. Shape.)

[Exit Shape.]

I do presume, you know the strength and power
That lies in fancy.

Caster. Strange things are done by it.

Hearsay. It works upon that which is not as yet :
The little Æthiop infant had not been
White in his cradle⁴⁹, had he not been first
White in the mother's strong imagination.
'Tis thought the hairy child, that's shewn about,
Came by the mother's thinking on the picture
Of Saint John Baptist in his camel's coat.
See we not beasts conceive, as they do fancy
The present colours plac'd before their eyes ?
We owe pied colts unto the varied horse-cloth,
And the white partridge to the neighbouring snow.
Fancy can save or kill : it hath clos'd up
Wounds⁵⁰ when the balsam could not, and without
The aid of salves. To think, hath been a cure.
For witchcraft then, that's all done by the force
Of mere imagination. That which can
Alter the course of nature, I presume,
You'll grant shall bear more rule in petty hazards.

⁴⁹ *White in his cradle.*] The original edition reads, *Black in his cradle* ; but, as this play was not printed until after the author's death, it is undoubtedly a mistake ; the epithet *black*, does not agree with the book from whence the story is taken. See *Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourse, touching the Cure of Wounds by the Power of Sympathy*, 4th edition, 1664, p. 104. " I told her sundry stories upon this subject ; as that of the Queen of Ethiopia, who was delivered of a
" white boy ; which was attributed to a picture of the Blessed
" Virgin, which she had always near the tester of her bed, where-
" unto she bore great devotion. I urged another, of a woman who
" was brought to bed of a child all hairy, because of a portrait of
" St. John the Baptist in the wilderness, where he wore a coat of
" camel's hair."

Perhaps the original reading is the true one, and the corruption lies in the former line. I would read,

" It works upon that which is not as yet :
" The little Æthiop infant *would have been*
" *Black in his cradle*, had he not been first
" White in the mother's strong imagination."

The compositor's eye might have caught *had not* from the following line ; a very common accident. Without this emendation, we have too much of *not* and *had not*, in the course of three verses. S.

⁵⁰ *Wounds, &c.*] See *Sir Kenelm Digby's Discourse*, p. 6.

Caster. It must, it must, good sir. I pray go on.

Hearsay. Now the strongest fancies still are found to dwell

In the most simple; they being easiest won
To the most firm belief, who understand not
Who * 'tis they do believe. If they think 'twill
Be so, it will be so: they do command,
And check the course of fortune: they may stop
Thunder, and make it stand, as if arrested
In its mid journey. If that such a one
Shall think you'll win, you must win: 'tis a due
That nature pays those men in recompence
Of her deficiency, that whate'er they think
Shall come to pass. But now the hardest will be
To find out one that's capable of thinking.

Caster. I know you can produce an instrument
To work this your design by: let me owe you
The whole and entire courtesy.

Hearsay. I've one

Committed to my custody but lately,
The powerfull'st that way, I e'er found yet:
He will but think he shall be abus'd in such
A company, and he's abus'd: he will
Imagine only that he shall be cheated,
And he is cheated: all still comes to pass.
He's but one pin above a natural: but——

Caster. We'll purchase him; I'll take up for 't. Old
Simon

Shall have my farm outright now. What's a piece
Of dirty earth to me? a clod? a turf?

Hearsay. Because I see your freer nature's such
As doth deserve supplies, I'll do my best
To win him o'er awhile into your service.

Caster. If I should strive to pay you thanks, I
should

But undervalue this great courtesy.

Sir, give me leave to think and worship. Stay:

* Perhaps we ought to read,

“——— Who understand not
“ *Why* 'tis they so believe.” C.

First, will I beggar all the gentlemen
 That do keep terms; then build with what I win.
 Next, I'll undo all gaming citizens,
 And purchase upon that. The foreman shall
 Want of his wonted opportunities;
 Old Thomas shall keep home, I warrant him.
 I will ascend to the groom-porter's next,
 Fly higher games, and make my mincing knights
 Walk musing in their knotty freeze abroad;
 For they shall have no home. There shall not be
 That pleasure but I'll baulk: I'll run o'er Nature;
 And when I've ransack'd her, I'll weary art:
 My means I'm sure will reach it. Let me see,
 'Twill yearly be——by Heaven I know not what——

Hearsay. Ne'er think to sum it, 'tis impossible:
 You shall ne'er know what angels, pieces, pounds,
 Those names of want and beggary, mean: your
 tongue

Shall utter naught but millions; you shall measure,
 Not count your moneys; your revenues shall
 Be proud, and insolent, and unruly;
 They shall increase above your conquer'd spendings,
 In spite of their excess. Your care shall be
 Only to tame your riches, and to make them
 Grow sober, and obedient to your use.

Caster. I'll send some forty thousand unto Paul's;
 Build a cathedral next in Banbury⁽⁵⁰⁾;
 Give organs to each parish in the kingdom;
 And so root out the unmusical elect.
 I'll pay all soldiers whom their captains won't;
 Raise a new hospital for those maim'd people
 That have been hurt in gaming: then build up
 All colleges, that ruin hath demolish'd,
 Or interruption left unperfect.

Hearsay. 'Twill
 Never be done, I think, unless you do it.
 Provide the wealthiest gamesters: there's but one

(50) *Banbury.*] From *Bishop Corbett's Iter Boreale*, this town appears to have been inhabited chiefly by Puritans. Mr. Dodd, mentioned in A. 4. S. 5. was minister there.

Thing that can do us wrong, discovery.
You have no enemy, but frailty.

Caster. Night

And silence are loud names, compar'd with me.

Hearsay. I see the tide of fortune rolling in
Without resistance. Go, be close, and happy.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

ANDREW, MEANWELL.

Andrew. Upon my conscience now, he cheated me ;
I could have never lost it else so strangely.

Meanwell. What is a paltry cloak to a man of worth ?
It barr'd men, only o' th' sight of your body ;
Your handsomeness will now appear the better.

Andrew. He was as like our Mr. Shape as could be ;
But that he had a patch upon his cheek,
And a black beard, I should have sworn 'twere he :
It was somebody in his clothes, I'm sure.

Meanwell. Some cunning cheater, upon my life, won
His cloak and suit too.

Andrew. There it is for certain.
Pies take him ! doth he play for cloaks still ? Surely
He hath a fly only to win good clothes.

Enter SHAPE.

Shape. The pox and plague take all ill fortune ! this
The second time that he hath cheated me ;
My very best suit that I had !

Andrew. How now !
What lost your cloak, and suit ? A jest, I vow ;
I vow a pretty jest. 'Odsnigs I guess'd so ;
I saw him have it on : it made him look as like you,
As like you——'Tis a rogue, a mere decoy.

Shape. A rogue, a mere decoy ! and yet like me ?

Andrew. Nay hold, I mean he is a rogue, when that
He hath his own clothes on. D'y' think that I
Would call him so, when he is in your suit ?

Shape. No more of that, good Andrew, as you love
me ;

Keep in your wit.

Andrew. Speak, tutor, do I use
To quarrel? Speak, good tutor.

Meanwell. That wit, Andrew,
Of yours will be th' undoing of you, if
You use't no better.

Andrew. Faith, I thought I might
Have broke a witty jest upon him, being
I've lost my cloak.

Meanwell. True; but he has lost his too,
And then you know that is not lawful wit.

Enter HEARSAY.

Hearsay. Here's Mr. Credulous, and old Sir Thomas;
They have some business with you.

Meanwell. Bring 'em in.

Shape. My business lies not here, sirs; fare you
well. [Exit SHAPE.]

Andrew. For God's sake, don't you tell old Sim. on't
now.

SCENE V.

To them SIR THOMAS BITEFIG, CREDULOUS.

Meanwell. God save you, good Sir Thomas.

Sir Thomas. Save you, sir.

Meanwell. You're welcome, Mr. Credulous.

Credulous. Come hither:

Whither do you steal now? What! Where's your
cloak?

Andrew. Going to foils e'en now, I put it off.

Meanwell. To tell you truth, he hath lost it at
doublets.

Credulous. With what a lie you'd flap me in the
mouth!

Thou hast the readiest invention

To put off any thing — thou had'st it from

Thy mother, I'll be sworn: 't ne'er came from me.

Meanwell. Peace, as you love yourself: if that the
knight

Should once perceive that he were given to gaming,
'Twould make him break the match off presently.

Credulous. Sir Thomas, here's my son ; he may be
yours,

If you please to accept him.

Andrew. Father, don't

Give me away for this : try me once more.

Sir Thomas. I like his person well enough, if that
You'll make him an estate convenient.

Meanwell. He hath more in him, sir, than he can
shew.

He hath one fault, he's something covetous.

Sir Thomas. Marry ! a very commendable fault.

Credulous. He is descended of no great high blood :
He hath a house, although he came of none.

His grandfather was a good livery-man,
Paid scot and lot, old Timothy Credulous,
My father, though I say it, that should not.

Sir Thomas. I don't regard this thing, that you call
blood ;

'Tis a mere name, a sound.

Meanwell. Your worship speaks
Just like yourself : methinks he's noble,
That's truly rich. Men may talk much of lines,
Of arms, of blood, of race, of pedigree,
Houses, descents, and families ; they are
But empty noise, God knows ; the idle breath
Of that puff nothing, honour ; formal words,
Fit for the tongues of men that ne'er knew yet
What stem, what gentry, nay, what virtue lies
In great revenues.

Sir Thomas. Well and pithy said !
You may work on my daughter, and prevail
For that young stripling. 'Tis a foolish wench,
An unexperienc'd girl ; she'd like to have been
Caught by Sir Robert Littleworth's son, if that
I had not banish'd him my house ; a youth
Honest enough, I think, but that he's poor ;
Born to more name than fortune.

Credulous. He is safe

For ever wooing. I have laid his father
Out of harm's way; there's picking meat for him,
And God knows where he's gone: he hath not been
Seen this long while; he's sure turn'd vagabond;
No sight of him since th' arrest of his father.

Andrew, address yourself to good Sir Thomas.

Andrew. 'Slid, father, you're the strangest man—I
won't.

Credulous. As God shall mend me, thou'rt the
proudest thing——

Thou can'st not compliment, but in caparisons.

Andrew. What's that to you? I'd fain say something
yet,

But that I can't, my losses do so vex me.

Credulous. Come, think not on't, my boy; I'll fur-
nish thee.

Andrew. Sir, though——

Credulous. Nay, to't, I say: help him, sir, help him.

Andrew. Sir, though without my cloak at this time—
To-morrow I shall have one—give me leave
Barely to say I am your servant, sir——
In hose and doublet.

Credulous. I'll do what you told me.

Hearsay. Take heed: if that you do't, he'll guess
you're given

To idle spendings, and so cross the match.

I will invite him as to myself.

Credulous. Do so.

Hearsay. Sir Thomas, if you'll please so far to
grace us,

As be a guest to-morrow here, we shall

Study hereafter to deserve the favour.

Sir Thomas. Although I do not use to eat at ordi-
naries;

Yet, to accept your courtesy, good friends,
I'll break my wonted custom.

Hearsay. You shall have it
With a free heart.

Sir Thomas. If I thought otherwise,
I do assure you, I'd not venture hither.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT III. SCENE I.

Moth. Harrow⁵¹, alas! I swelt⁵² here as I go;
Brenning⁵³ in fire of little Cupido.
I no where hoart yfeel, but on mine head.
Huh, huh, huh, so; ycapred very wele.
I am thine leek, thou Chaucer eloquent;
Mine head is white, but oh! mine taile is green.
This is the palyes where mine lady wendeth.

*Saint Francis*⁵⁴, and *Saint Benedight*,
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare, and the goblin,
That is hight, Good-fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weazels, rats, and ferrets:
From Curfew-time
To the next prime.

Come forth, mine duck, mine bride, mine honeycomb;
Come forth, mine cinnamon

Enter Mrs. POTLUCK.

Potluck. Who is't that calls?

Moth. A knight most gent.

Potluck. What is your pleasure, sir?

Moth. Thou art mine pleasure, by dame Venus
brent;

So fresh thou art, and therewith so lycand⁵⁵.

Potluck. Alas! I am not any flickering thing:
I cannot boast of that slight-fading gift
You men call beauty; all my handsomeness

⁵¹ *Harrow.*] See Mr. Tyrwhitt's note on Chaucer, vol. 4, p. 239.

⁵² *swelt*] faint. T.

⁵³ *Brenning*] burning. T.

⁵⁴ *Saint Francis.*] See notes to *Midsummer Night's Dream*, A. 2 S. 1.

⁵⁵ *lycand*] agreeable, pleasing.

Is my good-breeding, and my honesty.
I could plant red, where you now yellow see;
But painting shews an'harlot.

Moth. Harlot; so
Called from one Harlotha, concubine
To deignous⁵⁶ Wilhelm, hight the Conqueror.

Potluck. Were he ten Williams, and ten conquerors,
I'd have him know't, I scorn to be his harlot.
I never yet did take press-money to
Serve under any one.

Moth. Then take it now.
Werme kiss! Thine lips ytaste like marrow milk;
Me thinketh that fresh butter runneth on them.
I grant well now, I do endure woe,
As sharp as doth the Tityus in hell,
Whose stomach fowls do tyren⁵⁷ ever more,
That highten vultures, as do tellen clerks.

Potluck. You've spoke my meaning, though I do
not know
What 'tis you said. Now, see the fortune on't;
We do know one another's souls already;
The other must needs follow. Where's your dwelling?

Moth. Yclose by Aldersgate there dwelleth one
Wights clepen Robert Moth; now Aldersgate⁵⁸
Is hotten so from one that Aldrich hight;
Or else, of elders, that is, ancient men;
Or else of aldern-trees, which growden there;
Or else, as Heralds say, from Aluredus:
But whencesoe'er this yate⁵⁹ ycalled is,
There dwelleth Robert Moth, thine paramour.

Potluck. Can you be constant unto me, as I
Can be to you?

Moth. By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is, Wodensday,
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep,

⁵⁶ *deignous*] disdainful. T.

⁵⁷ *tyren*] See note 36 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

⁵⁸ *Aldersgate.*] See *Stowe's Survey of London*, Strype's edition, 1790. vol. 1. B. 2. p. 18.

⁵⁹ *yate*] gate.

Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre; I'll be as faithful to thee,
As Chaunticleer to Madam Partelot⁶¹,

Potluck. Here then, I give away my heart to you;
As true a heart as ever widow gave.

Moth. I Robert Moth, this tenth of our king⁶¹,
Give to thee, Joan Potluck, my biggest cramp-ring⁶²:
And with it my carcase entire I bequeathen

⁶⁰ *As Chaunticleer to madam Partelot.*] The name of Chaucer's cock and hen. S.

⁶¹ *this tenth of our king.*] So that this play was written in 1634. S. P.

⁶² *cramp-ring.*] These rings were sometimes made out of the handles of decay'd coffins; and in more ancient times were consecrated at the ceremony of *creeping the cross*, of which an account is given in a note on the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, with reference to the observations of Dr. Percy on the *Northumberland Household Book*, 1512. S.

Cramp-rings were formerly worn as charms for curing of the cramp. See Brookes's *Natural History*, vol. 1. p. 206. S. P.

Andrew Borde, in the book already quoted, says, "The Kynges of Englande doth halowe every yere *crampe rynges*, the which rynges worne on ones fynger doth helpe them the whyche hath the crampe." Dr. Percy in his notes on the *Northumberland Household Book* speaking of these rings observes, "that our ancient kings even in those dark times of superstition, do not seem to have affected to cure the king's evil; at least in the MSS. above quoted there is no mention or hint of any power of that sort. This miraculous gift was left to be claimed by the Stuarts: our ancient Plantagenets were humbly content to cure the *cramp*." I cite this passage merely to remark that the learned editor of the above curious volume has been betrayed into a mistake, by the manner in which the *cramp rings* are mentioned in Mr. Anstis's MSS. The power of curing the king's evil was certainly claimed by many of the Plantagenets. The above Dr. Borde, who wrote in the time of Henry VIII. says, "The Kynges of England, by the power that God hath given to them, doth make sicke men whole of a sickness called the *Kynges Evyll*." In *Laneham's Account of the Entertainment at Kenelworth Castle*, it is said, "and also by her highness accustomed mercy and charitee, nyne cured of the painful and dangerous diseaz called the *King's Evil*, for that Kings and Queens of this realm withoout oother medsin (save only by handling and prayer) only doo cure it." Polydore Virgil asserts the same, and William Tooker, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, published a book on this subject. For the knowledge of this last book, I am obliged to Dr. Douglas's excellent treatise already mentioned, called *The Criterion*, p. 191, &c.

Under my foot to hell, above my head to heaven ;
 And to witnesse⁶³ that this is sooth,
 I bite thy red lip with my tooth.

Potluck. Though for a while our bodies now must
 part,
 I hope they will be join'd hereafter.

Moth. O !
 And must we part ? Alas ! and must we so ?
 Sin it may be no bet⁶⁴ now gang in peace.

[*Exit Potluck.*]

Though soft into my bed I gin to sink
 To sleep long as I'm wont to done,⁶⁵ yet all
 Will be for naught ; I may well lig and wink,
 But sleep shall there none in this heart ysink. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

CREDULOUS, and SHAPE *dogging him.*

Credulous. So, now the mortgage is mine own out-
 right ;

I swear by the faith of my body now
 It is a pretty thing, o' my corporal oath,
 A very pretty thing. Besides the house,
 Orchards, and gardens, some two hundred acres
 Of land, that beareth as good country corn,
 For country corn, as may be.

Shape. As I'd have it.

Credulous. How now, good friend ? Where dost thou
 live ?

Dost thou kow Caster's farm ?

Shape. Yes, sir ; I fear 'tis gone :
 Sure Caster's farm is cast away !

Credulous. A jest !
 Good troth, a good one of a country one ;
 I see there's wit there too. Then thou dost know it ?

⁶³ And to witnesse, &c.] Alluding to the old way of biting the
 wax, usually red, in sealing deeds. S. P.

The form usually was this ;

And to witness this is sooth,

I bite the wax with my wang tooth. See *Cowell's Interpreter.*

⁶⁴ bet] better. T.

⁶⁵ done] do. T.

Shape. I am afraid I shall not know it long ;
I shall lose my acquaintance.

Credulous. 'Snigs, another !
A very perilous head ; a dangerous brain !
Shape. God bless my master, and the devil take
Somebody else.

Credulous. Um ! that's not quite so good
As th' other two ; that somebody else is me :
(Now you shall see how he'll abuse me here
To mine own face.) Why somebody else, good brother ?

Shape. The rich gout rout his bones. An hungry,
old,
Hard griping citizen, that only feeds
On heirs and orphans' goods, they say must have it :
One that ne'er had the wisdom to be honest,
And 's therefore knave, 'cause 'tis the easier art.
I know he hath not given half the worth on't :
'Tis a mere cheat.

Credulous. 'Slid, brother, thou hast paid him
To th' utmost, though he hath not paid thy master.
Now is my wit up too. This land, I see,
Will make men thrive i' th' brain.

Shape. Would he were here,
Whoe'er he be, I'd give him somewhat more
Into the bargain : a base thin-jaw'd sneaksbill,
Thus to work gallants out of all. It grieves me
That my poor tenement too goes into th' sale.

Credulous. What have I done ? Now, wit, deliver
me !

If he know I am he, he'll cut my throat ;
I never shall enjoy it. Sure it was
Your master's seeking, friend ; he would ne'er else
Have had to do with it : he that bought it is
A very honest man, and if you please him
Will deal with you. I may speak a word
In your behalf ; 'twon't be the worse for you.

Shape. I'm going, sir, unto him ; do you know
Where I may find him ?

Credulous. What if I am he ?

Shape. I am afraid he is not half so honest

As you do seem.

Credulous. Faith, I'm the same. I tried
What metal thou was't made of : I perceive
Thou wilt not flinch for th' wetting ;⁶⁶ thou may'st be
My bailiff there, perhaps.

Shape. An't please your worship !

Credulous. So, now the case is alter'd.

Shape. I do know

It was my master's seeking ; you would ne'er
Have had to do with 't else. He sent me to you
For the last hundred pound, by the same token
That you invited him to th' eating-house.

Credulous. (O this simplicity ! He does not know
Yet what an ordinary means.) I was now coming
To have paid it in.

Shape. I'll save your worship that
Labour, an't please you. Let me now begin
My bailiff-ship.

Credulous. 'Snigs, wiser yet than so.
Where is thy master ?

Shape. Sir, my master's here,
I thank my stars ; but Mr. Caster is
At an horse-race some ten miles off.

Credulous. Why then
I'll stay till he returns : 'twill be by dinner.

Shape. Your best way's now to send it : if by chance
The race go on his side, your worship may
Fail of your purchase.

Credulous. 'Snigs, and that's considerable.
Here, here, make haste with it ; but ere thou goest,
Tell me, is't a pretty thing ?

Shape. O' my corporal oath,
A very pretty thing. Besides the house,
Orchards, and gardens, some two hundred acres
Of land that beareth as good country corn :
God give you luck on't !

Credulous. Right, as I did say,
Ev'n word by word. But pr'ythee stay a little ;

⁶⁶ --- flinch for th' wetting.] An allusion to the effects of water
on cloth ill woven.

What meadow-ground's there? Pasture in proportion?

Shape. As you would wish, sir, I'm in haste.

Credulous. Nay, bailiff,

But one word more, and I have done: what place
Is there to dry wet linen in?

Shape. O twenty,

To hang up clothes, or any thing you please;

Your worship cannot want line-room. God be wi' you!

Credulous. But this once, and——

Shape. I must be gone——The race! [*Exit Shape.*]

Credulous. Little think'st thee, how diligent thou
art

To little purpose. 'Snigs, I pity him:

What haste he makes to cheat himself, poor fool!

Now I am safe, the wretch must pardon me

For his poor tenement; all's mine. I'll sow

One ground or other every month with pease;

And so I will have green ones all the year.

These yeomen have no policy i' th' world. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

PRISCILLA, MEANWELL,

Priscilla. Pray y' entertain yourself awhile, until
I give my mistress notice of your presence.

I'd leave a book with you, but that I see

You are a gentleman: perhaps you'll find

Some pretty stories in the hangings there.

Meanwell. Thank you, sweetheart.

Priscilla. (A very proper man!)

If 't lie in me to do you any pleasure

Pray you, sir, use me; you shall find me ready.

[*Exit Priscilla.*]

Meanwell. I make no doubt of that. These imple-
ments,

These chamber-properties are such ripe things,

They'll fall with the least touch: from twelve to
twenty

They think that others are to sue to them;

When once they've pass'd these limits, they make
bold,

I cannot say to woo, that's something modest,
But ask downright themselves.

Enter Mrs. JANE.

Jane. Leave us, Priscilla,
And wait without awhile.

Meanwell. Fair mistress, pardon
The boldness of a stranger, who unciivilly
Thus interrupts your better thoughts.

Jane. May I
Demand your business?

Meanwell. Under favour thus :
Not to use farther circumstance, fair virgin,
(And yet less fair, 'cause virgin) you are one
That are the thought, the care, the aim, the strife,
I should not err if I should say the madness,
Of all young men : all sighs, all folded arms,
All o'ercast looks, all broken sleeps are ow'd
Only to you.

Jane. I'm sorry I should be
A trouble unto any : if I could
Afford the remedy as well as now
I do your grief, assure yourself that cure
Shall be the birth of my next action.

Meanwell. That cure is my request. If that this
were

Mine own suit, I had us'd no circumstance.
Young master Credulous, a proper man
(For sure he shall be rich) one whom the whole
List of our city-virgins doat on—you
Conceive the rest, I know.

Jane. Alas! what ails him?
I'll not be slack to do him any good.

Meanwell. 'Tis in your power. He is very much,
If you will know 't.—But sure you will not grant
If I should tell you.

Jane. If you thus presume
That I am hard, you only ask denial;
Your expectation's cross'd, except you fail.

Meanwell. If you will know it then, he is in love.

Jane. I pity him indeed, poor heart : with whom ?

Meanwell. Even with your beauteous self.

Jane. 'Tis not well done

To scoff one ne'er did injure you.

Meanwell. I vow

By all that's good, by your fair self, I am

As tender of you as that blest one is,

Whoe'er he be, that loves you most. If I

In any case abuse you, let me be

More miserable than Littleworth.

Jane. Is he become expression ? Is his fate

The period of ill wishes ? Sure he never

Deserv'd so ill from you.

Meanwell. I don't reflect

Upon his ruin'd fortunes, but your coldness ;

And sure I may call him unhappy, whom

You do neglect.

Jane. That man, where'er he be,

Is happier than yourself ; and were he here,

You should see him receiv'd, and yourself scorn'd.

Meanwell. I do not think so, lady ; sure you would

Make more of me than so. I'll bring the man

And so confute you.

Jane. It may be I might

Love you the better something for that office,

If he might enter here.

Meanwell. Nay, I could tell

Y' had cast him off : alas, you need not hide it,

I have it from himself.

Jane. Doth he think so ? Could I but see him——

Meanwell. If his sight can bring

But the least joy unto you (as perhaps

You'll take some pleasure in his misery)

You shall enjoy it.

Jane. I do fear you promise

Only to raise my hopes awhile, and then

To triumph in their ruin.

Meanwell. That you may

See how my breast and tongue agree, I'll leave

This ring with you till I return again.

Jane. My Littleworth! Fool that I was, could I
Not all this while perceive 'twas thee? Why didst
thou

Defer my joy thus long, by suffering me
To stand i' th' cloud?

Meanwell. Alas! I guess'd I'd been
Infectious to thee now; that thou would'st look
On a disease more mildly than on me;
For poverty is counted a contagion.

Jane. I call this kiss to witness (which I wish,
If I prove false, may be the last to me
Which friends pay dying friends) I ne'er will be
Other's than thine.

Meanwell. I like the vow so well,
That the same way I'll seal my promise too.
If I prove not as thou (that is, most constant)
May this kiss be, that I may wish it worse
Than that which is due to departing souls,
The last that I shall take from thee. I am
Sent here, but yet unknown to them that send me,
To be another's spokesman: the man is
That foolish son of Mr. Credulous.
Thou must pretend some liking. 'Twas thy father
Granted me this access to win thee for him:
Be thou no way averse; 't shall be my care
So to bring things about, that thou shalt be
Mine by consent in spite of misery.

Jane. Be secret, and love prosper thy design!

[*Exit Jane.*

Meanwell. Happy that man that meets such faith-
fulness!

I did not think it had been in the sex.

I know not now what's misery. Peace! my fair

[*Music.*

Is hallowing the lute with her blest touch.

A SONG *within.*

1. *Come, O come, I brook no stay:
He doth not love, that can delay.*

*See how the stealing night
Hath blotted out the light,
And tapers do supply the day.*

2. *To be chaste is to be old ;
And that foolish girl that's cold
Is fourscore at fifteen :
Desires do write us green,
And looser flames our youth unfold.*

Meanwell. 'T cannot be her, her voice was ne'er
profan'd
With such immodest numbers.

3. *See the first taper's almost gone ;
Thy flame like that will straight be none,
And I as it expire,
Not able to hold fire :
She loseth time, that lies alone.*

Meanwell. 'Tis the breath
Of something troubled with virginity.

4. *O let us cherish then these powers,
Whiles we yet may call them ours :
Then we best spend our time,
When no dull zealous chime,
But sprightly kisses strike the hours.*

Enter PRISCILLA.

Meanwell. What dost thou mean ?

Priscilla. Only to please you, sir.

Meanwell. Sweetest of things, was't thou ? I'faith I
guess'd

'T could be no other's melody but yours.
There have been many of your sex much given
Unto this kind of music.

Priscilla. Sappho was
Excellent at it ; but Amphion he,
He was the man that out-did all : 'tis said
Of him, that he could draw stones with the sound
Of his sweet strings. I'd willingly arrive
At some perfection in the quality.

Meanwell. I do acknowledge your desires most prone.
This for your trouble.

Priscilla. I am not mercenary,
Your acceptation is reward enough.

Meanwell. You have it then.

Priscilla. Beauty go with you, sir.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

SCENE IV.

CREDULOUS, HEARSAY, SLICER; *to them* Sir THOMAS BITEFIG, HAVE-AT-ALL, CASTER, *as to the Ordinary.*

Credulous. You're welcome, friends, as I may say —

Hearsay. You do forget.

Credulous. — That am a guest as well as you.

Slicer. Most noble sons of fortune, and of valour,
You grace us with your presence: you must pardon
Our small provision.

Hearsay. No variety here,

But you, most noble guests, whose gracious looks
Must make a dish or two become a feast.

Have-at-all. I'll be as free as 'twere mine own.

Caster. Who thinks

On any thing that borders upon sadness,
May he ne'er know what's mirth, but when others
Laugh at his sullen wrinkles.

Have-at-all. We will raise

A noise enough to wake an alderman,
Or a cast captain, when the reck'ning is
About to pay.

Credulous. Hang thinking; 'snigs I'll be
As merry as a pismire. Come, let's in.

Slicer. Let's march in order military, sirs.

Have-at-all. That's well remember'd, most complete
lieutenant.

[*Exeunt as to the Ordinary*]

SCENE V.

RIMEWELL, BAGSHOT, *Vicar* CATCHMEY, Sir CHRISTOPHER.

Rimewell. Come, my most noble order of the club,

'Cause none will else, let's make much of ourselves :
His letter may procure a dinner yet.

Bagshot. Cheer up, Sir Kit, thou look'st too spiritually :

I see too much of the tithe-pig in thee.

Christopher. I'm not so happy : Kit's as hungry now
As a besieged city, and as dry
As a Dutch commentator. This vile world
Ne'er thinks of qualities : good truth, I think
'T hath much to answer for. Thy poetry,
Rimewell, and thy voice, vicar Catchmey, and
Thy law too, Bagshot, is contemn'd : 'tis pity
Professions should be slighted thus. The day
Will come perhaps, when that the commonwealth
May need such men as we. There was a time
When coblers were made church-men ; and those
black'd

Smutch'd creatures, thrust into white surplices,
Look'd like so many magpies, and did speak
Just as they, by rote. But now the land
Surfeits, forsooth : poor labourers in divinity
Can't earn their groat a day, unless it be
Reading of the christian burial for the dead ;
When they, ev'n for that reason, truly thank
God for thus taking this their brother to him.

Catchmey. Something profane, Sir Christopher.

Christopher. When I
Level my larger thoughts unto the basis
Of thy deep shallowness, am I profane ?
Henceforth I'll speak, or rather not speak, for
I will speak darkly.

Catchmey. There's one comfort then
You will be brief.

Christopher. My briefness is prolix.
Thy mind is bodily, thy soul corporeal,
And all thy subtile faculties are not subtile :
Thy subtilty is dulness. I am strong ;
I will not be conceiv'd by such mechanics.

Rimewell. I do conceive you though, Sir Christopher ;
My muse doth sometimes take the self-same flight.

Christopher. Pauci, pauci quos æquus amavit.

But quadragesimal wits⁶⁷, and fancies lean
As ember weeks (which therefore I call lean,
Because they're fat), these I do doom unto
A knowing ignorance: he that's conceiv'd
By such is not conceiv'd; sense is non-sense
If understood by them. I'm strong again.

Rimewell. You err, most orthodoxly, sweet Sir Kit.

Christopher. I love that, though I hate it; and I have
A kind of disagreeing consent to't.

I'm strong, I'm strong again. Let's keep these two
In desperate hope of understanding us:

Riddles and clouds are very lights of speech.

I'll veil my careless anxious thoughts, as 'twere

In a perspicuous cloud, that I may

Whisper in a loud voice, and ev'n be silent

When I do utter words. Words did I call them?

My words shall be no words; my voice no voice;

My noise no noise; my very language silence.

I'm strong, I'm strong. Good sir, you understand not.

Bagshot. Nor do desire: 'tis merely froth and barm,
The yeast that makes your thin small sermons work.

Christopher. Thou hold'st thy peace most vocally.
Again!

Catchmey. I hate this bilk.

Christopher. Thou lov'st 'cause thou dost hate:

Thy injuries are courtesies. Strong again!

Catchmey. Good Sampson, use not this your ass's
jaw-bone.

Christopher. Thou'st got my love by losing it: that
earnest

Jest hath regain'd my soul. Sampson was strong;

He kill'd a thousand with an ass's jaw-bone,

Enter a SERVANT, as passing by.

And so will I. 'St! 'st!—Good friend, d'y' hear?

Here is a letter, friend, to Mr. Meanwell.

Bagshot. Any réversions yet? Nothing transmiss'd?

⁶⁷ quadragesimal wits, i. e. those who write the customary verses during the Lent season at Oxford. S.

Rimewell. No gleanings, James? No trencher-analects^{as}?

Servant. Parley a little with your stomachs, sirs.

Catchmey. There's nothing so ridiculous as the hungry:

A fasting man is a good jest at any time.

Servant. There is a gentleman without, that will'd me

To ask if you'll admit of him among you:

He can't endure to be in good company.

Catchmey. You're merry, James. Yes, by all means, good James.

Admit, quoth he! What else? Pray, send him in.

[*Exit Servant.*]

Let's be resolv'd to fall out now; then he
Shall have the glory to compose the quarrel,
By a good dozen of pacific beer.

Rimewell. Bagshot. Agreed, agreed.

Christopher. My coat allows no quarrel.

Rimewell. The colour bears't if you'll venture the stuff.

The tenderness of it I do confess,
Somewhat denies a grappling.

Christopher. I will try:

Perhaps my spirit will suggest some anger.

Enter ANDREW.

Andrew. Save you, boon sparks! Will't please you to admit me?

Christopher. Your worship graceth us, in condescending

To level thus your presence, humble sir.

Andrew. What may I call your name, most reverend sir?

Bagshot. His name's Sir Kit.

Christopher. My name is not so short:

'Tis a trissyllable, an't please your Worship;
But vulgar tongues have made bold to profane it
With the short sound of that unhallow'd idol

^{as trencher-analects.] i. e. Scraps of any thing; *basileus*, colligo. Every one has heard of the *collectiones* and *analects posterum*. S.}

They call a kit. Boy, learn more reverence.

Bagshot. Yes, to my betters.

Andrew. Nay, friends, do not quarrel.

Christopher. It is the holy cause, and I must quarrel.

Thou son of parchment, got between the standish

And the stiff buckram-bag; thou that may'st call

The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,

The sand thy brother, and the wax thy sister,

And the good pillory thy cousin remov'd;

I say, learn reverence to thy betters.

Bagshot. Set up an hour-glass; he'll go on until

The last sand make his period.

Christopher. 'Tis my custom;

I do approve the calumny: the words

I do acknowledge, but not the disgrace,

Thou vile ingrosser of unchristian deeds.

Bagshot. Good Israel Inspiration, hold your tongue;

It makes far better music, when you nose

Sternhold's or Wisdom's metre⁶⁹.

Catchmey. By your leave,

You fall on me now, brother.

Rimewell. 'Tis my cause:

You are too forward, brother Catchmey.

Catchmey. I too forward!

Rimewell. Yes, I say you are too forward,
By the length of your London-measure beard.

⁶⁹ *Wisdom's metre.*] *Robert Wisdom*, a translator of the Psalms. Wood (*Athenæ Oxoniensis*, vol. 1. Fasti, p. 57.) says, he was "a good Latin and English Poet of his time, and one that had been in exile in Queen Mary's reign. He was also rector of Settrington in Yorkshire, and died in 1568, having been nominated to a bishoprick in Ireland, in the time of Edward the 6th." His version of the Psalms is ridiculed in the volume of posthumous pieces, called *The Remains of Samuel Butler*. See p. 41. edition 1754:

"Thence, with short meal and tedious grace,

"In a loud tone and public place,

"Sings *Wisdom's* Hymns, that trot and pace

"As if Goliath scann'd 'em."

Again, p. 230, "—besides, when Rouse stood forth for his trial,
"Robin *Wisdom* was found the better poet."

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Q

Catchmey. Thou never could'st intreat that respite yet

Of thy dishonesty, as to get one hair
To testify thy age.

Bagshot. I'm beardless too ;
I hope you think not so of me ?

Christopher. Yes, verily ;
Not one hair's difference betwixt you both.

Rimewell. Thou violent cushion-thumper, hold thy tongue ;

The Furies dwell in it.

Catchmey. Peace, good Sir Kit.

Christopher. Sir Kit again! thou art a Lopez.
When

One of thy legs rots off (which will be shortly),
Thou'lt bear about a quire of wicked paper,
Defiled with sanctified rhymes,
And idols in the frontispiece : that I
May speak to thy capacity, thou'lt be
A ballad-monger.

Catchmey. I shall live to see thee
Stand in a play-house door with thy long box,
Thy half-crown library, and cry small books.

Buy a good godly sermon, gentlemen—

A judgment shewn upon a knot of drunkards—

A pill to purge out popery—The life

And death of Catharine Stubbs ⁷⁰—

⁷⁰ *The life*

And death of Catharine Stubbs.]

The three books or pamphlets, of which the titles are given above, might be well known at the time our author wrote. I have not, however, ever been lucky enough to meet with them. *Richard Brome*, in his play of *The Antipodes*, A. 3. S. 2. mentions one of them in the following manner :

“ — a booke of the godly *life and death*

“ *Of Mistress Katherine Stubbs*, which I have turn'd

“ Into sweet meetre, for the vertuous youth,

“ To woe an ancient lady widow with.”

Again, *Bishop Corbet's Iter Boreale*.

“ And in some barn hear cited many an author,

“ *Kute Stubbs*, *Anne Ascue*, or the Ladies Daughter.”

Christopher. Thou wilt visit windows.
Methinks I hear thee with thy begging tone,
About the break of day, waking the brethren
Out of their morning-revelations.

Andrew. Brave sport, i'faith!

Rimewell. Pray y', good sir, reconcile them.
If that same Justice be i' th' ordinary now,
He'll bind them to the peace for troubling him.

Bagshot. Why should he not, good sir? It is his
office.

Andrew. Now, 'tis o' this side: O for a pair of
cudgels!

Rimewell. Peace, inkhorn; there's no music in thy
tongue.

Catchmey. Thou and thy rhyme lie both: the tongue
of man

Is born to music naturally.

Rimewell. Thou thing,
Thy belly looks like to some strutting hill,
O'er-shadow'd with thy rough beard like a wood.

Christopher. Or like a larger jug, that some men
call

A Bellarmine, but we a Conscience;
Whereon the lewder hand of Pagan workman
Over the proud ambitious head, hath carv'd
An idol large, with beard episcopal,
Making the vessel look like tyrant Egton.

The book mentioned in this note, was entitled "A Chrystall
" Glasse for Christian women; containinge a discourse of the life
" and death of Mistress Katherine Stubbs. Printed by Richard
" Jones, 4to. 1592." It was written by her brother Philip Stubbs,
Gent. the author of *The Anatomie of Abuses*, 4to. 1595; concerning
whom, see *Wood's Ath. Oxon.* vol. 1. p. 282.

Mr. Reed was mistaken in supposing that Philip Stubbes, the
author of the *Anatomie of Abuses* (first printed in 1583) was the
brother of Katherine Stubbes; he was the husband, as he himself
states in the opening of the tract: "At fifteen years of age, her
" father being dead, her mother bestowed her in marriage upon one
" master Philip Stubbes, with whom she lived four years and
" almost a half, very honestly and godly." The pamphlet was
first printed in 1592; but it was so popular as to go through many
editions, the latest probably in 1680. C.

Catchmey. Profane again, Sir Christopher, I take it.

Christopher. Must I be strong again? Thou human
beast,

Who'rt only eloquent when thou say'st nothing,
And appear'st handsome while thou hid'st thyself,
I'm holy, 'cause profane.

Andrew. Courageous rascals!

Brave spirits; soldiers in their days, I warrant!

Bagshot. Born in the field, I do assure your
Worship.

This quarrelling is meat and drink to them.

Rimewell. Thou liest.

Bagshot. Nay, then I do defy thee thus.

[*Bagshot draws his inkhorn, and Rimewell catcheth
off Sir Christopher's hat and spectacles.*]

Rimewell. And thus I am prepar'd to answer thee.

Christopher. For the good saint's sake, part them :
I am blind,

If that my spectacles should once miscarry.

Rimewell. Caitiff, this holy instrument shall quail
thee⁷¹.

Bagshot. And this shall send thee to thy cousin-
furies.

Christopher. I feel a film come o'er mine eyes
already:

I must look out an animal conductive,

I mean a dog.

Andrew. Pray y' beat not out his eyes in
Another's hands.

Christopher. Most strongly urg'd!

Catchmey. Your words

Are merely wind. James, ho! what James! some
beer.

They're mastiff dogs; they wont be parted, sir,
Without good store of liquor.

Enter SERVANT, with beer.

Andrew. I will souse them.

Servant. Drink to 'em, sir, if that you'll have 'em
quiet.

⁷¹ quail thee.] See note 24 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Andrew. Is that the way? Here's to you, my friends, a whole one.

Bagshot. Were 't not for that good gentleman, thou'dst smoke for 't.

Rimewell. Had I not vow'd some reverence to his presence,
Thou hadst been nothing.

Bagshot. 'Fore Mars, I was dry.
This valour's thirsty: fill to my antagonist.

Rimewell. No, mine own dish will serve; I'm singular.

Few vessels still do well. I carry this
To drink my beer, while others drink their sack.

I am abstemious Rimewell; I hate wine
Since I spake treason last i' th' cellar. Here,
Give me thy hand, thou child of fervency.
Didst thou mistrust thy spectacles?

It was no anger, 'twas a rapture merely.

Christopher. Drink, and excuse it after. James,
your help!

Come, man of voice, keep time while that I drink.

This moisture shall dry up all injuries,

Which I'll remember only to forget;

And so hereafter, which I'm wont to call

The future now, I love thee stubbornly.

Your beer is like my words, strong, stinging geer.

Catchmey. Here, little lawyer, let's be friends hereafter;

I love this reconciliation with my heart.

Andrew. 'Tis the best deed that e'er I did. O'my conscience,

I shall make a good justice of the peace.

There had been blood shed, if I had not stickled⁷³.

Servant. More blood been spilt, I warrant, than beer now.

⁷³ if I had not stickled.] i. e. been the mediator. The Stickler now is called the *Sidesman*.

"And stickler like, our armies separates."

SHAKESPEARE. S.

Andrew. That inkhorn is a deadly dangerous weapon :

It hath undone one quarter of the kingdom.

Christopher. Men should forgive; but thou art far,
yea far

From it, O Bagshot: thou'rt in love with hate.

Bless me! I see the fiend still in his looks;

He is not reconcileable with drink:

He'll ne'er love truly, till he eat with me.

The nature of his spirit asketh meat;

He hath a wolf in's breast: food must appease him.

Andrew. Cold meat will do it; will't not?

Rimewell. Any thing——

That may employ the teeth.

Andrew. Go, James, provide.

You are not merry yet.

Catchmey. To satisfy you

In that point, we'll sing a song of his.

Andrew. Let's ha 't; I love these ballads hugely.

THE SONG.

1. Catchmey.

Then our music is in prime,

When our teeth keep triple time;

Hungry notes are fit for knells.

May lankness be

No guest to me:

The bag-pipe sounds when that it swells.

Chorus.

May lankness, &c.

2. Bagshot.

A mooting-night⁷³ brings wholesome smiles,

When John-a-Nokes, and John-a-Stiles,

Do grease the lawyer's sattin.

⁷³ *A mooting-night.*] "Moot is a term used in the inns of court, "and signifies the handling or arguing a case for exercise."

BLOUNT.

For the regulations of *Mooting* and *Reading-Days*, see *Dugdale's Origines Juridicales*.

*A reading-day
Frights French away,
The benchers dare speak Latin.*

Chorus.

A reading, &c.

3. Rimewell.

*He that's full doth verse compose ;
Hunger deals in sullen prose :
Take notice and discard her.*

The empty spit

Ne'er cherish'd wit ;

Minerva loves the larder.

Chorus.

The empty spit, &c.

4. Christopher.

*First to breakfast, then to dine,
Is to conquer Bellarmine :
Distinctions then are budding.*

Old Sutcliff's wit⁷⁴

Did never hit,

But after his bag-pudding.

Chorus.

Old Sutcliff's wit, &c.

⁷⁴ *Old Sutcliff's wit.*] This was Dr. Matthew Sutcliff, Dean of Exeter, in the reign of King James the First ; a person who had been one of the opponents of Parsons the Jesuit, in defence of the Reformed Religion. In the year 1616, he procured an act of parliament for incorporating himself and other divines to be provost and fellows of a college then founded at Chelsea, for promoting the study of Polemic divinity, and vindicating the doctrines of the Reformation against all Popish writers. To carry this design into execution, he settled on the college four farms in Devonshire, of the value of 300l. per annum, and the benefit of an extent on a statute, acknowledged by Sir Lewis Stukely, for 4000l. By the act of parliament, the college was impowered to bring a stream of water from the river Lee, for the use of the city of London (a scheme similar to that then lately executed by Sir Hugh Middleton). This foundation, although patronized both by King James and his sons, Prince Henry, and Charles the First, yet fell to decay. One range of building only (scarce an eighth of the intended edifice), was erected by Dr. Sutcliff, at the expence of 3000l. After lingering some time, suits were commenced about the title to the very ground

Andrew. Most admirable! A good eating song!

Christopher. Let's walk in, and practise it: my bowels

Yearn till I'm in charity with all.

Andrew. A christian resolution, good Sir Christopher!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

MEANWELL with a letter in his hand, HEARSAY, SLICER.

MEANWELL reads.

*Sweet sir, I am most passionately yours,
To serve you all the ways I can : Priscilla.
Very well penn'd of a young chambermaid.
I do conceive your meaning, sweet Priscilla.
You see I have the happy fortune on't;
A night for nothing, and intreated too.*

Slicer. Thou dost not know how I do love thee.
Let me

Make use of this ; thou'lt have the like occasion.

Hearsay. Thou art the fawning'st fellow, Slicer—
Meanwell,

Hark here.

Meanwell. For God's sake, be contented, sirs ;
I'm flesh and blood as well as you. Lieutenant,
Think on your suburb beauties. Sweet intelligencer,
I will by no means bar you of your lady :
Your sin, I assure you, will be honourable.

[*Exit Meanwell.*]

Slicer. Pox o' your liquorish lips ! If that she don't
After this sealing forty weeks, deliver
Something unto thee as thy act and deed,
Say I can't prophesy.

on which the college stood, and by a decree of the court of Chancery, in the time of Lord Coventry, three of the four farms were returned to Dr. Sutcliff's heir. See *The Glory of Chelsey Colledge revised*, by John Darly, 4to. 1662. *Sutcliff's wit* seems almost to have been proverbial. Beaumont, in his letter to Ben Jonson, says,

" 'Tis liquor that will find out *Sutcliff's wit*,

" I lie where he will, and make him write worse yet."

Hearsay. If I don't serve him
A trick he thinks not of——

Slicer. Did'st mark how he
Did apply himself to the knight all dinner?
I am afraid he plays the cunning factor,
And in another's name woos for himself.

Hearsay. Let it go on; let it work something farther:
'Tis almost ripe enough to crush. He hath not
Crept high enough as yet, to be sensible
Of any fall.

Slicer. Now is the time, or never.
This night, you know, he and his doxy meet;
Let me alone to give them their good-morrow.
If that we carry things but one week longer
Without discovery, farewell London then,
The world's our own. He ne'er deserves to thrive
That doth not venture for it: wealth's then sweet
When bought with hazard. Fate this law hath set;
The fool inherits, but the wise must get.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

CREDULOUS, HEARSAY, SLICER.

Credulous. *My name's not Tribulation,
Nor holy Ananias:
I was baptiz'd in fashion,
Our vicar did hold bias.*

Hearsay. What, how now, Mr. Credulous? so
merry?

Credulous. Come, let's be mad: by yea and nay, my
son

Shall have the Turkish monarchy; he shall
Have it directly. The twelve companies
Shall be his kickshaws.

Hearsay. Bashaws, sir, you mean.

Credulous. Well, sir, what if I do? Andrew the
Great Turk?

I would I were a pepper-corn⁷⁵, if that
It sounds not well. Does't not?

Slicer. Yes, very well.

Credulous. I'll make it else, great Andrew Mahomet,
Imperious Andrew Mahomet Credulous;
Tell me which name sounds best.

Hearsay. That's as you speak 'em.

Credulous. Oatmealman Andrew! Andrew Oatmeal-
man.

Hearsay. Ottoman, sir, you mean.

Credulous. Yes, Ottoman.

Then, Mrs. Jane, Sir Thomas Bitefig's daughter,
That may be the She-Great-Turk, if she please me.

Slicer. The sign o'th' half-moon that hangs at your
door,

Is not for nought.

Credulous. That's the Turk's arms, they say;
The empire's destin'd to our house directly.
Hang shop-books; give us some wine! hey for a noise⁷⁶
Of fiddlers now!

Hearsay. The Great Turk loves no music.

⁷⁵ *I would I were a pepper-corn.*] So Falstaff says (First Part
Henry IV. A. 3. S. 3.)

"An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made
of, I am a pepper-corn, a brewer's horse."

⁷⁶ *hey for a noise*

Of fiddlers now!] *A noise of fiddlers, is a company or concert of
them; as in Ben Jonson's Epicæne, A. 3. S. 3.*

"The smell of the venison, going through the street, will invite
one noise of fiddlers or other."

Bartholomew Fair, A. 3. S. 6.

"Cry you mercy, sir; will you buy a fiddle to fill up your noise?"
Marmyon's Fine Companion, A. 4. S. 1.

"He come but with a troope of wenches, and a noyse of fiddlers;
and play thee backe like Orpheus."

Dekker's Belman of London. G 2.

— "to bee up more earely then a noyse of shrugging fiddlers."

Miscellaneous State Papers from 1501 to 1726, vol. 1. p. 87.

"— after the which they had a very notable banquet; the
heavenly noise that was there, as well with strange instruments of
music as otherwise I cannot declare."

See also the examples in Mr. Steevens's note on 2d part Henry
IV. A. 2. S. 4.

Credulous. Does he not so? nor I. I'll light tobacco
With my sum-totals; my debt-books shall sole⁷⁷
Pies at young Andrew's wedding; cry-you-mercy,
I would say, gentlemen, the Great Turk's wedding.
My deeds shall be slic'd out in taylor's measures;
They all employed in making Mrs. Mahomet
New gowns against the time. Hang dirty wealth!

Slicer. What should the Great Turk's father do with
wealth?

Credulous. 'Snigs, I would fain now hear some fight-
ing news.

Enter CASTER.

Slicer. There's one will furnish you, I warrant you.

Caster. Pox!—plague!—hell!—death!—damn'd
luck!—This 'tis!—

*The devil take ill fortune. Never man
Came off so: quite and clean defunct, by heaven—
Not a piece left.

Credulous. What, all your ordnance lost?

Caster. But one to bear, and lose it! All the world
Was sure against me.

Credulous. 'Snigs, how many fell?

Caster. He threw twice twelve.

Credulous. By'r lady, a shrewd many!

Caster. The devil, sure, was in his hand, I think.

Credulous. Nay, if the devil was against you, then—

Caster. But one for to be hit in all the time—

And that too safe enough, to any one's thinking:
'T stood on eleven.

Credulous. 'Slid, a mighty slaughter;
But did he stand upon eleven at once.

Caster. The plague take all impertinencies. Peace!

Credulous. These soldiers are so choleric, there is
No dealing with 'em. Then they've lost the day?

Caster. 'Twas ten to one, by Heaven, all the while.

Credulous. And yet all kill'd at last! Hard fortune,
faith!

⁷⁷ sole pies] i. e. be placed at the bottom of them, and act as the
sole to the shoe. S.

What news from Bruxels; or the Hague? D' y' hear
Aught of the Turk's designs?

Caster. I'll make thee news for the Coranti, dotard.

Credulous. Ay, the Coranti; what doth that say?

Caster. O hell! Thou foolish thing,
Keep in that tongue of thine; or——

Slicer. Good now, peace:

He's very furious when he's mov'd.

Hearsay. This 'twas.

You must be venturing without your fancy-man.

Credulous. What officer's that fancy-man, lieutenant?
Some great commander, sure.

Caster. Pox! let it go;

I'll win 't again: 'twas but the reliques of
An idle hundred.

Credulous. 'Snigs, and well remember'd.

You did receive the hundred that I sent you
To th' race this morning by your man, my bailiff?

Caster. Take him away, his wine speaks in him now.

Credulous. Gods'nigs, the farm is mine, and must be
so.

Slicer. Debate these things another time, good
friends.

Enter HAVE-AT-ALL.

Come, come; have patience. Od's my life, away!

There's Mr. Have-at-all is mad; he'll spit you,

If he but know you are a usurer.

Credulous. A plot, a plot, to take away my life and
farm! [Exit.

Have-at-all. Fight, as I live, with any one. Lieu-
tenant,

Do not come near me now; nor yet thou, Caster:

It works, 'fore Mars it works; I'll take my walk,

And if I do find any one, by Jove——

[Exit Have-at-all *.

Caster. What's he fox'd too? Some drunken planet
reigns,

And works upon the world. Provide my fancy,

* The old copy has it, "Enter Have-at-all;" but it is an obvious
error of the press. C.

Good noble patron ; I'll win soberly,
I itch till I have beggar'd all the city. [*Exit Caster.*
Hearsay. "Till that you have undone yourself, you
mean.

Enter MOTH.

Moth. Ey save you both ; for dern love sayen
soothly
Where is thylk amebly franklin, cleped Meanwell ?

Hearsay. He's gone abroad.

Moth. Lere me whylk way he wended.

Slicer. He is gone o'er the fields.

Hearsay. To the knight's house.

Moth. Why laugh you every dele ? So mote I
gone,
This goeth not aright ; I dread some covin.

[*Exit Moth.*

Slicer. Now will he meet with Have-at-all ; there'll
be,

A combat worthy chronicle. Let's go

And see how this grave motion ⁷⁶ will bestir him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

HAVE-AT-ALL : *after a while* MOTH ; SLICER and
HEARSAY *watching.*

Have-at-all. What, no man yet march by ? Whoe'er
comes next

I'll give him one rap more, for making me
Stay here so long.

Enter MOTH.

So, so, here he is ; how shall

I do to know whe'r he be a gentleman,

Or yeoman, or serving man ? I think

I'd best suppose him all, and beat him through

Every degree ; and so I shall not wrong him.

What ? who goes there ?

⁷⁶ *grave motion.*] See note 4 to *The Antiquary*, in this volume.

Moth. Waes heal ⁷⁹, thou gentle knight.

Have-at-all. Waes heal, thou gentle knight?

Speak, what art thou?

Speak quickly, do. Villain, know'st thou not me?

Moth. Now by my troth, I know not your name;

Whider I shall call you my Lord Dan John,
Or Dan Thomas, or Dan Robert, or Dan Albion.

I vow to God thou hast a full fair chine.

Upon my faith, art some officer.

Have-at-all. Have you the pox, sir? speak.

Moth. No.

Have-at-all. No, nor yet
An ache in your bones?

Moth. No.

Have-at-all. No! why then you are
No gentleman; Lieutenant Slicer says so.
This cudgel then serves turn.

Moth. You will not foyn ⁸⁰.

Have-at-all. I will not foyn, but I will beat you, sir.

Moth. Why intermete ⁸¹ of what thou hast to done ⁸²;
So leteth me alone, 't shall be thy best.

Have-at-all. I fancy'd you a beating; you must
have it.

You shall not say but I will shew you favour:
Choose whether you will be hacked with my sword,
Or bruis'd by my batton.

Moth. Dre not thy true
And paynant Morglay ⁸³ out of shete. Lo thus

⁷⁹ *Waes heal.*] A term anciently used in salutation, or rather in drinking. See Selden's notes on the ninth Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*, and notes on *Macbeth*, A. 1. S. 7. for a particular account of the origin of this phrase. S.

⁸⁰ *foyn.*] See note 3 on *The Goblins*, in this volume.

⁸¹ *intermete.*] intermeddle.

Intermete can hardly signify intermeddle, which affords no very apparent meaning. The sense of the line may be best given in a paraphrase: Why, in the mean time (i. e. in the interim) mete (or measure) what thou hast to do. S.

⁸² *to done.*] to do.

⁸³ *Morglay.*] *Morglay* was the sword of Bevis of Southampton.

Eftsoons, sir knight, I greet thee lowting low.

Have-at-all. Down lower yet.

Moth. Rueth⁸⁴ on my gray haieres.

Have-at-all. Yet lower. So, then, thus I do bestride thee.

Moth. Tubal the sonne of Lamech did yfind Musick by knocking hammers upon anviles.

Let go thine blows; thylke art is no compleat*.

Have-at-all. Dost thou make me a smith, thou rogue? a Tubal?

Moth. Harrow⁸⁵ alas! Flet Englond, flet Englond. Dead is Edmond.

Have-at-all. Take that for history.

O brave lieutenant, now thy dinner works!

Moth. I nis not Edmond Ironside, God wot.

Have-at-all. More provocation yet? I'll seal thy lips.

Moth. A twenty devil way! So did the Saxon⁸⁶

It afterwards became a cant word for a sword in general. See *Every Man in his Humour*, A. 3. S. 1. also, *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609, Sign. D 4.

"Had I been accompanied with my toledo, or *morglay*."

⁸⁴ *Rueth*.] pity.

* i. e. now complete. The passage requires this explanation, or poor *Moth*'s argument seems to want force: his present hopes being founded on a supposition, that all possible discoveries to be made by beating, have been already made.

⁸⁵ *Harrow*, alas! *Flet Englond*, *flet Englond*.

Dead is Edmond.

Moth here seems to allude to the following circumstance in the English History: "But uppon the morne followynge, both hostes joyned agayne, and fought egerly: contynuyng whych fyghte, Edrycus espying Edmunde to be at advauntage of wynnynge of the feld, sodaynly pyght a dead mannes hed upon a speare head, and cryed to the host of Englyshmen, *fle, fle, ye Englyshmen*, and *save youre selves, lo here is the heade of Edmunde your kinge*. Fabyan's Chronicle, fo. 247.

⁸⁶ So did the Saxon, &c.] See vol. II.—*Verstigan*, in his *Restitution of Decayed Intelligence*, 1634, p. 180, gives the following account of this transaction:—"King Hingistus prepared them a feast; and after the Brittaines were well whited with wine, he fell to taunting and gurning at them; whereupon blowes ensued; and the British nobility there present, being in all three hundredreth, were all of them slaine; as William of Malmesbury re-

Upon thylke plain of Saram, done to death
By treachery, the lords of merry Englonde
Nem esur Saxes.

Have-at-all. Villain, dost abuse me
In unbaptized language? Do not answer:

[*Moth intreats by signs.*

If that thou dost, by Jove I'll strangle thee.
Do you make mouths, you rascal, thus at me?
You're at dumb service now. Why, this is more
Unsufferable than your old patch'd gibberish:
This silence is abuse. I'll send thee to
The place of it, where thou shalt meet with Oswald,
Vortigern, Harold, Hengist, Horsa, Knute,
Alured, Edgar, and Cunobeline.

[*Slicer, Hearsay step in.*

Thus, thus, I sheath my sword.

Slicer. Redoubted knight,
Enough: it is thy foe doth vanquish'd lie
Now at thy mercy. Mercy not withstand;
For he is one the truest knight alive,
Though conquer'd now he lie on lowly ground.

Have-at-all. Thou ow'st thy life to my lieutenant,
caitiff.

Breathe, and be thankful.

Moth. I rech⁸⁷ not thine yeft⁸⁸;
Maugre⁸⁹ thine head; algate⁹⁰ I suffer none.
I am thine lefe, thine deere, mine Potluck Joan.

SCENE III.

ANDREW, PRISCILLA.

Andrew. Fairest of things, tralucent creature—
Hang me

If I do know what's next.

Priscilla. This meant to me?

"porteth: though others make the number more, and say that the
"Saxons had each of them a SEAX (a kind of crooked knife)
"closely in his pocket, and that at the watch-word, NEM COWN
"SEAXES, which is, TAKE YOUR SEAXES, they suddainely, and at
"unwares, slew the Brittaines."

⁸⁷ rech not] care not.

⁸⁹ maugre] in spite of.

⁸⁸ yeft] gift.

⁹⁰ algate] always.

Andrew. Fairest of things, tralucēt creature, rather
Obscured deity——'Tis gone again.

Lady, will you eat a piece of gingerbread ?

Priscilla. You might have better manners, than to
scoff

One of my breeding.

Andrew. Hark ! Indeed I love you.

Priscilla. Alas !

Andrew. I vow, I burn in love, as doth
A penny faggot.

Priscilla. Hey ho !

Andrew. And I shall

Blaze out sir-reverence, if ye do not quench me.

Priscilla. Indeed now ?

Andrew. Though I say't that should not say't,
I am affected towards you strangely.

Priscilla. Now,
Who'd have thought it ?

Andrew. There's a thing each night
Comes to my bed's head, and cries Matrimony,
Matrimony, Andrew.

Priscilla. God forbid.

Andrew. It is
Some spirit that would join us.

Priscilla. Goodly, goodly.

Andrew. Then do I shake all over.

Priscilla. Doth it so ?

Andrew. Then shake again.

Priscilla. I pray you now.

Andrew. Then cry,
Fairest of things, tralucēt creature, rather
Obscured deity, sweet Mrs. Jane,
I come, I come.

Priscilla. Sweet sir, you are deceiv'd ;
I'm but her woman. Here she comes herself.

Enter Mrs. JANE.

Andrew. Now, as my father saith, I would I were
A eucumber, if I know what to do.

Jane. Why, how now, Pris. ? Who's that that useth
you

So lovingly?

Andrew. Fairest of things——'tis one
Tralucient creature——'tis——Ay, that it is,
One——

Priscilla. That would willingly run out of doors,
If that he had but law enough.

Andrew. I say——

Jane. Nay, be n't afraid; here's none shall do you
harm.

Andrew. 'Tis one that brought his pigs to the wrong
market.

You keep your woman here so fine, that I
Had like t'have made a proper business on't,
Before I was aware. If any thing
Do prove amiss, indeed law, you shall be
The father on't. But know, tralucient creature,
I am come off entire, and now am yours
Whole. Andrew Credulous, your servant's servant.

Jane. Methinks you contradict yourself: how can
you

Be wholly mine, and yet my servant's servant?

Andrew. I do but compliment in that (I see
Downright 's the best way here); if thou can'st love,
I can love too. Law thee there, now! I'm rich.

Jane. I use not to look after riches; 'tis
The person that I aim at.

Andrew. That is me:

I'm proper, handsome, fair, clean-limb'd; I'm rich.

Jane. I must have one that can direct and guide me:
A guardian, rather than a husband; for
I'm foolish yet.

Andrew. Now see the luck on't, lady;
So am I too, i'faith.

Jane. And whoe'er hath me,
Will find me to be one of those things, which
His care must first reform.

Andrew. Do not doubt that;
I have a head for reformation:
This noddle here shall do it. I am rich.

Jane. Riches create no love: I fear you mean

To take me for formality only ;
As some staid piece of household-stuff, perhaps,
Fit to be seen 'mong other ornaments :
Or at the best, I shall be counted but
A name of dignity ; not entertain'd
For love, but state ; one of your train ; a thing
Took to wipe off suspicion from some fairer,
To whom you have vow'd homage.

Andrew. Do not think
I've any plots or projects in my head.
I will do any thing for thee, that thou
Canst name, or think on.

Priscilla. Pray you try him, mistress.
By my virginity, I think he'll flinch.

Andrew. By my virginity, (which is as good
As yours, I'm sure) ; by my virginity,
If that we men have any such thing, (as
We men have such a thing) I do believe,
I will not flinch. Alas ! you don't know Andrew.

Jane. Can you obtain but so much respite from
Your other sovereign's service, as to keep
Your eye from gazing on her for awhile ?

Andrew. If I do look on any woman ; nay,
If I do cast a sheep's eye upon any
But your sweet self, may I lose one of mine !
Marry, I'll keep the other howsoe'er.

Jane. I know not how I may believe you : you'll
Swear you ne'er cast a glance on any, when
Your eye hath baited at each face you met.

Andrew. Blind me, good now : being you mistrust,
I will

Be blinded with this handkerchief ; you shall
See that I love you now. So, let me have
But any reasonable thing to lead me home,
I do not care thought 't be a dog, so that
He knows the way, or hath the wit t' enquire it.

Jane. That care, sir, shall be mine.

[*Exeunt Jane and Priscilla.*]

Andrew. I doubt not, but
I shall be in the Chronicle for this ;
Or in a ballad else. This handkerchief

Shall be hung up i' th' parish church, instead
Of a great silken flag to fan my grave;
With my arms in 't, pourtray'd in good blue thread,
With this word underneath : *This, this was he*
That shut his eyes, because he would not see.
Hold, who comes there?

Enter MEANWELL, SHAPE.

Meanwell. One, sir, to lead you home.

Andrew. Who? tutor Meanwell?

[Shape counterfeits Mrs. Jane's voice.]

Shape. Yes, I do commit you
Uhto your trusty friend : if you perform
This vow, we may——

Andrew. I'll say your sentence out—
Be man and wife.

Shape. If you'll do something else,
That I'll propose.

Andrew. Pray make your own conditions.

Shape. You'll promise me you'll not be jealous of
me?

Andrew. Do what you will, I'll trust you.

Shape. Never hire
Any to tempt me?

Andrew. By this light (I would say
By this darkness) I never will.

Shape. Nor mark
On whom I laugh?—

Andrew. No.

Shape. Nor suspect my smiles,
My nods, my winks?—

Andrew. No, no.

Shape. Nor yet keep count
From any gallant's visit?

Andrew. I'll ne'er reckon :
You shall do what you will.

Shape. You'll never set
Great chests and forms against my chamber door ;
Nor pin my smock unto your shirt a-nights,
For fear I should slip from you ere you wake?

Andrew. As I do hope for day, I will not.

Shape. Give me

Some small pledge from you to assure your love;
 If that you yet prove false, I may have something
 To witness your inconstancy. I'll take
 This little ruby; this small blushing stone
 From your fair finger.

Andrew. Take it, sweet. There is
 A diamond in my band-string; if you have
 A mind to that, I pray make use of 't too.

Shape. In troth, a stone of lustre. I assure you,
 It darts a pretty light, a veget spark⁹¹,
 It seems an eye upon your breast.

Andrew. Nay, take it;
 For love's sake take it then: leave nothing that
 Looks like an eye about me.

Shape. My good Andrew,
 'Cause of thy resolution, I'll perform
 This office for thee. Take my word for't, this
 Shall ne'er betray thee. [Exit Shape.]

Andrew. Farewel, honest Jan; y;
 I cannot see to thank thee, my sweet Jan.
 Tutor, your hand; good Tutor, lead me wisely.

Meanwell. Take comfort, man; I have good news
 for thee:

Thine eyes shall be thine own before next morning.
 [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.

SHAPE, CHIRURGEON, MERCER.

Shape. He's a good friend of mine, and I presume
 Upon your secrecy.

Chirurgeon. O sir, the deed
 By which it came was not more close. D' y' think
 I would undo myself by twitting? 'Twere
 To bring the gallants all about mine ears,
 And make me mine own patient. I'm faithful
 And secret, though a barber.

Shape. Nay, but hear me;
 He's very modest: 'twas his first attempt
 Procur'd him this infirmity. He will

⁹¹ a veget spark.] a lively spark.

Be bashful, I am sure, and won't be known
Of any such thing at the first. You must
Be sure to put him to't.

Chirurgeon. Let me alone :
He knows not yet the world, I do perceive.
It is as common now with gentlemen,
As 'tis to follow fashion : only here
Lieth the difference, that they keep in this
A little longer. I shall have so much,
Upon your word, sir ?

Shape. If you do perform
The cure by that time (twenty pieces, sir,)
You are content ?

Mercer. Yes, sir.

Chirurgeon. It shall be done [Exit Shape.
According to your own prescription.
Sit down, I pray you sir : this gentleman
Is a good friend of yours.

Mercer. Indeed he is a very honest man,
As any one can wish to deal with, verily.

Chirurgeon. Believe 't, he loves you very well.

Mercer. I am most ready
To do him any service, truly. Pray you,
Good brother, don't delay me, I'm in haste.

Chirurgeon. Indeed, and truly, verily, good brother.
How could these milk-sop words e'er get him company
That could procure the pox ? Where do you feel
Your grief most trouble you ?

Mercer. I'm very well : what mean you, brother ?

Chirurgeon. Nay, be not so modest :
'Tis no such heinous fault, as that you should
Seek thus to hide it ; mere ill fortune only——

Mercer. Surely you do forget yourself.

Chirurgeon. Come, come,
He told me you'd be shamefac'd : you must be
Wary hereafter.

Mercer. (I do perceive
He is a little mad indeed : the gentleman
Told me so much just as I came along.)
Yes, yes, I'll be wary ; I'll take heed.
Come, pray y' dispatch me.

Chirurgeon. So, I like you now.
It is the custom of most gentlemen,
Not to confess, until they feel their bones
Begin t' admonish 'em.

Mercer. You are i' th' right.
Good friend, make haste; I've very urgent business.

Chirurgeon. Not rashly neither. Is your gristle
sound?

Methinks 'tis very firm as yet to the touch.
You fear no danger there, as yet, sir, do you?

Mercer. No, I'll assure you. (He must have his
humour:

I see he is not to be cross'd.)

Chirurgeon. When did you
Feel the first grudging on't? 'Tis not broke out
In any place?

Mercer. No, no: I pray y' dispatch me.

Chirurgeon. These things desire deliberation;
Care is requir'd.

Mercer. Good brother, go t' your chest.

Chirurgeon. How can I know what med'cines to
apply,

If that you tell me not where lies your grief?

Mercer. Nay, good now, let me go.

Chirurgeon. I must not, sir;

Nor will not, truly. Trust me, you will wish
You had confess'd, and suffer'd me in time,
When you shall come to dry-burnt racks of mutton,
The syringe, and the tub⁹².

Mercer. So, now enough;

Pray fetch me what you promis'd.

Chirurgeon. Are you wild,
Or mad? I do protest, I ne'er did meet
A gentleman of such perverseness yet.
I find you just as I was told I should.

Mercer. I lose the taking, by my swear, of taking

⁹² the tub.] So in *Timon of Athens*, A. 4. S. 3.

"the tub fast and the diet."

See a note on that passage, *Shakespeare*, vol. 8, p. 409, edit.
1778. S.

As much, whiles that I am receiving this.

Chirurgeon. I will not hinder you, if that you do
Prefer your gain before your health.

Mercer. Well then,
I pray you tell it out: we tradesmen are not
Masters of our own time.

Chirurgeon. What would you have?

Mercer. What would I have? as if you did not know!
Come, come, leave jesting now at last, good brother.

Chirurgeon. I am in earnest, sir.

Mercer. Why, I would have
My money, sir; the twenty pieces that
The gentleman did give you order now
To pay me, for the velvet that he bought
This morning of me.

Chirurgeon. O! the gentleman——

Mercer. You should not make a laughing-stock,
good brother,

Of one that wrongs you not; I do profess
I won't be fubb'd, ensure yourself.

Chirurgeon. The gentleman!
Oh! oh! the gentleman! Is this the cure
I should perform? Truly, I dare not venture
Upon such desperate maladies.

Mercer. You are but merrily dispos'd?

Chirurgeon. Indeed, they are
Too high for my small quality. Verily
Perhaps, good brother, you might perish under
Mine hands truly. I do profess, I am not
Any of your bold mountebanks in this.

Mercer. You're still dispos'd——

Chirurgeon. To laugh at you, good brother.
Gull'd by my swear, by my swear, gull'd: he told me
You had a small infirmity upon you,
A grief of youth, or two: and that I should
Have twenty pieces for the cure. He ask'd you
If that you were content, you answered, yes.
I was in hope I had gain'd a patient more.
Your best way is to make haste after him.

Mercer. Now could I beat myself for a wise fool

That I was, thus to trust him.

[*Exit.*

Chirurgeon. B' w' y', Brother.

'Fore God a good one. O! the gentleman!

[*Exit laughing.*

- SCENE V.

RIMEWELL, BAGSHOT, CATCHMEY, Sir CHRISTOPHER: *a song at a window, congratulating (as they think) Mr. MEANWELL'S marriage.*

1. *Whiles early light springs from the skies,
A fairer from your bride doth rise;
A brighter day doth thence appear,
And makes a second morning there:
Her blush doth shed
All o'er the bed,
Clean shamefac'd beams
That spread in streams,
And purple round the modest air.*
2. *I will not tell what shrieks and cries,
What angry pishes, and what fies,
What pretty oaths then newly born,
The list'ning taper heard there sworn:
Whiles froward she
Most peevishly
Did yielding fight,
To keep o'er night,
What she'd have proffer'd you ere morn.*
3. *Fair, we know, maids do refuse
To grant what they do come to lose.
Intend a conquest, you that wed;
They would be chastely ravished.
Not any kiss
From Mrs. Pris,
If that you do,
Persuade and woo:
Know pleasure's by extorting fed.*

4. *O may her arms wax black and blue
 Only by hard encircling you :
 May she round about you twine
 Like the easy twisting vine ;
 And whiles you sip
 From her full lip,
 Pleasures as new
 As morning dew,
 Let those soft ties your hearts combine.*

Singer. God give you joy, Mr. Meanwell ! God give
 your worship good-morrow !

Rimewell. Come, let's be going.

Christopher. Hold, a blow I'll have,
 One jerk at th' times, wrapp'd in a benediction
 O' th' spouse's teeming, and I'll go with you.

A SONG.

*Now thou our future brother,
 That shalt make this spouse a mother,
 Spring up, and Dod's blessing on't :⁹³
 Shew thy little sorrel pate,
 And prove regenerate
 Before thou be brought to the font.*

*May the parish surplice be
 Cut in pieces quite for thee,
 To wrap thy soft body about ;
 So 'twill better service do,
 Reformed thus into
 The state of an orthodox clout,*

⁹³ Dod's *Blessing on't.*] John Dod, a learned and pious divine, born in Cheshire, educated at Jesus College, Cambridge, and afterwards successively minister of Hanwell, Oxfordshire, Fenny Drayton, Leicestershire, Canons Ashby and Fausley in Northamptonshire, though for a time silenced in each of them. He is commonly called, *The Decalogist*, having, with Robert Cleaver, another Puritan, written *An Exposition on the Ten Commandments*. He died at Fausley in 1645, aged about 90 years.

*When thou shalt leave the cradle,
And shalt begin to waddle,
And trudge in thy little apron ;
May'st thou conceive a grace
Of half an hour's space,
And rejoice in thy Friday capon.*

*For an error that's the flock's,
Name Mr. Paul, but urge St. Knox⁹⁴ ;
And at every reform'd dinner,
Let cheese come in, and preaching,
And by that third course teaching,
Confirm an unsatisfy'd sinner.*

*Thence grow up to hate a ring,
And defy an offering ;
And learn to sing what others say.
Let Christ-tide be thy fast,
And Lent thy good repast :
And regard not an holy-day.*

Enter CONSTABLE and Assistants.

*Constable, Lay hold on them ; lay hold on them, I
say !*

I'll hamper them.

*Catchmey. Hell take your headlong zeal ;
You must be jerking at the times, forsooth.
I am afraid the times will 'scape, and we,
The men of them, shall suffer now the scourge.*

Constable. Let none escape.

*Christopher. 'Twas godliness verily.
It was a hymn I warbled.*

*Constable. Thou dost lie,
It was no hymn, it was a song. Is this
Your filthy rendezvous ? you shall be taught
Another tune.*

Christopher. I do beseech you shew

⁹⁴ St. Knox.] This was John Knox, the celebrated reformer in Scotland. See his character, Robertson's History of Scotland, vol. 1. p. 130.

Merciful cruelty, and as 'twere a kind
Of pitiful hard-heartedness. I'm strong.

[*They bring in Andrew and Priscilla.*]

Constable. I'm glad you told me so, I will provide
Your ward accordingly. Drag 'em out both.

Andrew. Let me but send to th' ordinary.

Constable. You shall not;

The ord'nary hath sent to you. No bail,
I will take none. I'll suffer no such sneaks
As you, to offend this way: it doth belong
T' your betters, sir.

Andrew. Here's a sufficient man
I do assure you; take my word for that.

Constable. This staff was made to knock down sin.
I'll look

There shall be no advowtry⁹⁵ in my ward
But what is honest. I'll see justice done
As long as I'm in office. Come along.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Sir THOMAS BITEFIG as sick, JANE.

Sir Thomas. Now that I have made even, girl, with
Heaven,

Though I am past the worst, and I perceive
My dinner only griev'd me, yet 'cause life's
Frail and uncertain, let me counsel thee;
'Tis good to be beforehand still. First, then,
I charge thee, lend no money; next, serve God;
If ever thou hast children, teach them thrift;
They'll learn religion fast enough themselves.
Nay, do not weep, but hearken. When Heaven shall
Please to call in this weary soul of mine.
Be n't idle in expence about my burial:
Buy me a shroud, any old sheet will serve
To clothe corruption; I can rot without
Fine linen; 'tis but to enrich the grave,
And adorn stench, no reverence to the dead,

⁹⁵ *advowtry.*] adultery.

To make them crumble more luxuriously.
One torch will be sufficient to direct
The footsteps of my bearers. If there be
Any so kind as to accompany
My body to the earth, let them not want
For entertainment: pr'ythee see they have
A sprig of rosemary, dipp'd in common water,
To smell to as they walk along the streets.
Eatings and drinkings are no obsequies.
Raise no oppressing pile to load my ashes;
But if thou'lt needs b' at charges of a tomb,
Five or six foot of common stone, engrav'd
With a good hopeful word, or else a couple
Of capital letters filled up with pitch,
Such as I set upon my sheep, will serve:
State is not meet for those that dwell in dust.
Mourn as thou pleasest for me, plainness shews
True grief: I give thee leave to do it for
Two or three years, if that thou shalt think fit;
'Twill save expence in clothes. And so now be
My blessing on thee, and my means hereafter.
Jane. I hope Heaven will not deal so rigidly
With me, as to preserve me to th' unwelcome
Performance of these sad injunctions.

SCENE II.

To them MEANWELL.

Meanwell. Good health unto you, sir.

Sir Thomas. I have the more,
By reason of the care you took in sending
A confessor unto me.

Meanwell. I! a confessor!
Sure there is some design, some trick or other
Put on you by those men, who never sleep
Unless they've cheated on that day.

Sir Thomas. I hope
You do mean your partners, my good friends?

Meanwell. They ne'er deserve the name of friends;
they do

Covet, not love. If any came from them,
It was some vulture in a holy habit,
Who did intend your carcase, not your safety.
Indeed I know not of 't, I've all this while
Appear'd another to you than I am.

[*Discloseth himself.*]

Perhaps you know me now. I'm he, whom you
Pleas'd to forbid your house, whom Mr. Credulous
Takes leave to style, lost man, and vagabond

Sir Thomas. That I forbad you my house, was only
In care to my daughter, not in hate to you.

Meanwell. That I frequented it without your leave,
Was both in love to you, and to your daughter :
That I have all this while liv'd thus disguis'd,
Was only to avert the snare from you,
Not to entrap you ; that you might not be
Blinded by those, who, like to venomous beasts,
Have only sight to poison ; that you might not
Ruin your daughter in a compliment.

Sir Thomas. This may be your plot, and this discovery

Feign'd only to secure your own designs ;
For 't cannot sink into me, that they durst
Make mirth of my repentance, and abuse
My last devotion with a scene of laughter.

Meanwell. They dare beyond your thought. When
parted this
Your confessor ?

Sir Thomas. You could not choose but meet him,
He is scarce yet at home.

Meanwell. If that you dare
But venture with me home, I'll almost promise
I'll make it plain they've put a trick upon you.

Sir Thomas. Though every step were so much toward
my grave,
I'd tread them o'er with comfort, that I might
Discover this religious villainy. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III.

HEARSAY, SLICER, and SHAPE in his Confessor's habit.

Hearsay. Come, my good vulture, speak; what prey? what mirth?

Slicer. What income, my dear holiness? what sport?

Shape. Give me the chair: imagine me the Knight
(When I sit down,) and (when I stand) the Confessor.

[*As he is thus acting, Meanwell and Sir Thomas discover themselves above.*]

Thus I come in peace to thy soul, good son,
(’Tis you must give it father: I am ill,
I’m very ill; fit only now for heaven.
My soul would fain be flying, were ’t not for
A sin or two that clogs her.) But for a sin
Or two that clogs her? Take heed; don’t, so near
Your last deliverance, play the sophister
With Heaven. A sin or two! why, I’ve heard say
You’re wont to screw your wretched tenants up
To th’ utmost farthing, and then stand upon
The third rent-capon. Then he answers me
In the small doleful tune of a country wench
Examin’d by th’ official, for the mischance
Of a great belly caught at a Whitson-ale⁹⁶;
(I could not help it.) Then it is your custom,
When you invite, to think your meat laid out,
You write your beef disburs’d, are wont to call
For the return of ’t just as for a debt;
(True.) That two chimneys ne’er yet smok’d at once
In all your buildings: (All most true.) That you
Are wont to keep an untouch’d capon, till
Corruption makes it able to walk out,
And visit the barn-door again. I could
Say much more, but I had rather have you
Come so much nearer pardon, as t’ accuse
Yourself, by your own mouth.

Slicer. How grave the rogue was!

Shape. (I’ll do’t as strictly as mine enemy.)

⁹⁶ *Whitson-ale.*] See note 42 to *The Antiquary*, in this vol.

Sir Thomas. I cannot hold : I'll break in as I am,
And take my vengeance whilst my fury's hot.

Meanwell. Repress it, sir, a while ; h' hath but begun.

Shape. Then thus he draws it out, (I do confess
I've been addicted to frugality.)

Son, do not mince : pray call it covetousness.

(*Imprimis*, It hath ever been my custom
To ride beyond an inn, to save my horse-meat.

Item, When once I had done so, and found
No entertainment, I beguil'd the children
Of their parch'd peas ; my man being left to that
We make the emblem of mortality.)

What? Grass, you mean? (Or sweet hay, which you
please.)

Hearsay. Methinks this is truly coming to a reckon-
ing.

He doth account for 's sins with *Item* so.

Shape. (*Item*, I've often bought a Cheapside custard,
And so refresh'd my soul under my cloak,
As I did walk the streets.) Cloaking of sins,
Although they be but eating sins, I do
Pronounce most dangerous. (I find this so,
I'd almost lost mine eyes by 't, being justled.)

Slicer. O thou rich soul of roguery!

Shape. (Moreover,
I once sung Psalms with servants where I lodg'd,
And took part with 'em in their lovely reliques ;
Truly my soul did lust, they were temptations.)
What! sing that you might eat? It is the sin
O' th' brethren, son ; but that their reliques are
Whole widows houses.

Hearsay. O thou preaching devil!

Shape. (*Item*, I entered into a chandler's shop,
And eat my bread in secret, whilst my man
Fed on the wholesome steam of candle-suet.

Item, which grieves me most, I did make bold
With the black-puddings of my needy tailor :
Satan was strong ; they did provoke me much.)

Sir Thomas. Wretch that I was, to trust my bosom to
One so exactly bad, that if the book

Of all men's lives lay open to his view,
Would meet no sin unpractis'd by himself.
I will rush in.

Meanwell. Good sir, keep close a while.

Shape. I see no tears, no penitential tears.
(Alas! I cannot weep, mine eyes are pumice:
But alms I hope may yet redeem.) Alms given
In a large manner, son. (Won't fifty pounds
Wipe off my score?) If doubled 't may do something.
(Can I be sav'd no cheaper? Take this, then,
And pray for me.) With that I thus dismiss'd him.
Bless'd son, for now I dare pronounce thee bless'd,
Being thou'st pour'd thus out thy soul—The wolf!
The wolf! 'Sfoot, peace, we're in the noose;
We are betray'd; yon's Meanwell and the knight—
Truly he is as good a man as any
I ever yet confess'd—don't look that way—
A very honest charitable man,
Full of sincerity and true devotion.

Sir Thomas. Patience itself would now turn furious.
Let's for some officers.

[*Exeunt Sir Thomas and Meanwell.*]

Shape. Discover'd all!
Religion is unlucky to me.

Hearsay. Man,
Perfidious man! there is no trust in thee!

Slicer. I never lik'd this Meanwell; I did always
See treachery writ in's forehead. I well hop'd
H'ad been in prison with his wench.

Shape. Leave railing.
Along with me. There is left one way more;
The cat may yet perhaps light on all four. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

*Sir THOMAS BITEFIG, MEANWELL, CONSTABLE,
WATCHMEN.*

Sir Thomas. What, gone! Upon my life, they did
mistrust.

Meanwell. They are so beaten, that they smell an
officer,

VOL. X.

As crows do powder.

Sir Thomas. Watchman, call you forth
The mistress of the house *imprimis*; for [*Exit Officer.*
They have their lurking-hole near hand, most certain.

Enter MOTH and POTLUCK, as man and wife.

Moth. *Denuncio vobis gaudium magnum,*
Robertus de Tinea electus est in sedem hospitalem,
Et assumit sibi nomen Galfridi.

Joy comes to our house: I Robert Moth am
Chesen into thyk hospital seat,
Thylk bason of Joan Potluck, vintner's widow,
And do transmue⁹⁷ my name to Geffery.
New foysons⁹⁸ byn ygraced with new titles.
Come, buss.

Potluck. Fie! Mr. Geffery, I swear,
You make m' ashamed 'fore all this company.

Sir Thomas. Sir, if you be the master of this house,
You've harbour'd here a company of cheating villains,
Which we are come t' apprehend.

Potluck. Pray y' look,
Search every corner: here's no cheats. I'm sure
The house was clear before your worship enter'd.

Constable. Make fast the doors, for fear they do
escape.

Let's in, and ferret out these cheating rake-hells.

[*As the watchmen go in and out about the rooms,*
Hearsay, Slicer, and Shape, mingle themselves
with 'em, being accounted watchmen; and so
pass without discovery.

Enter 1st WATCHMAN and HEARSAY.

1st Watchman. 'Tis very certain they are not in the
house.

Sir Thomas. They had no time to get away.

Hearsay. Why then,
It may be, being they are such cunning fellows,
They have the trick of going invisible.

Enter 2d WATCHMAN and SLICER.

2d Watchman. There's no place left unsearch'd,
but pots and mouse-holes.

⁹⁷ *transmue*] change.

⁹⁸ *oysons*] foyson is plenty, abundance.

Slicer. They're either gone or in the house, that's certain.

2d Watchman. That cannot be: the doors were shut, I'm sure,

And so they could not get out; the rooms then are All search'd, and so they cannot be within.

Slicer. I'll lay my neck to a farthing then, they're vanish'd.

Hearsay. Sunk like the Queen; they'll rise at Queen-hive, sure ⁹⁹!

Enter CONSTABLE, and other WATCHMEN, and SHAPE among 'em, bring in CREDULOUS and CASTER.

Shape. Most certain, these are two of them: for this Old knave, I'll take my oath that he is one.

Constable. Confess, confess: where are your other comrades?

Credulous. I am as honest as the skin that is Between thy brows.

Constable. What skin between my brows?
What skin, thou knave? I am a Christian;
And what is more, a constable! What skin?

Sir Thomas. You are mistaken, friends.

Constable. I cry you mercy.

Shape. The constable may call you any thing
In the king's name, upon suspicion.

Sir Thomas. We're cheated, friends: these men
o' th' ordinary

Have gull'd us all this while, and now are gone.

Caster. I am undone! Ne'er let me live, if that
I did not think they would gull me. I perceive
Fancy doth much: see how 'tis come to pass!

⁹⁹ *Sunk like the Queen; they'll rise at Queenhive, sure.*] The story here alluded to, is told in an old play, entitled "The famous Chronicle of King Edward the First, surnamed Edward Longshanks, with his Returne from the Holy Land. Also, the Life of Llewellyn, rebell in Wales. Lastly, the sinking of Queene Elinor, who sunck at Charing Crosse, and rose againe at Potter's hith, now named Queene hith. By George Peele." 4to. 1593, 1599. See also a ballad on the same subject, in *Evans's Edition of Old Ballads*, vol. 1. p. 237.

- This play is given in vol. XI. C.

Credulous. Where is my son? God bless him!

Where is Andrew?

Pray God they have not taken him along:

He hath a perilous wit to be a cheat;

H'd quickly come to be his Majesty's taker.

Constable. I took one Andrew Credulous this morning

In dishonest adultery with a trull;

And if he be your son, he is in prison.

Credulous. Their villainy, o' my life! Now, as I am

A freeman, and a grocer, I had rather

Have found forty pounds. I pray go fetch him.

[*Exit Officer.*]

Sir Thomas. I'm sorry that your son takes these lewd courses;

He is not fit to make a husband of.

Credulous. Do not condemn before you hear. I'll warrant,

Though he be guilty, yet he's innocent.

Enter HAVE-AT-ALL.

Moth. Hent ¹⁰⁰ him, for dern love hent him; I done drad

His visage foul, yfrounc'd ¹⁰¹ with glowing eyn.

Have-at-all. I come t' excuse my ruder usage of you;

I was in drink when that I did it: 'twas

The plot of those base knaves, I hear, are gone,

To teach me valour by the strength of wine;

Naming that courage which was only fury,

It was not wilfully.

Moth. I do not rech

¹⁰⁰ *Hent him.*] take hold of him. T.

¹⁰¹ *yfrounc'd.*] wrinkled. As the passage stands at present, it is unintelligible. To be "*yfrounc'd* with glowing eyn," if *yfrounc'd* should mean *wrinkled*, it is little better than unmeaning jargon. *Yfrounc'd*, however, does never signify *wrinkled*, but *decorated*, *adorned*. So in *Milton's Penseroso*—

"Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont,

"With Attic boy to hunt;

"But kerchief'd in a comely cloud."

Foul-yfrounc'd is therefore, grossly or ill-cover'd, i. e. in a slovenly manner. S.

One bean for all. This buss is a blive guerdon ¹⁰².

Hence carlishnesse yferre. 'Tis a sooth saw,

Had I but venged all mine herme,

Mine cloak had not been furred half so werm.

*Enter OFFICERS, with ANDREW, PRISCILLA, and the
four that were taken at the window, singing.*

Credulous. Now, sir, you shall hear all. Come,
Andrew, tell me

How cam'st thou hither?

Andrew. Truly, Mr. Meanwell

Told me, that I should meet with Mrs. Jane;

And there I found her chambermaid!

Credulous. D' y' see?

Your chambermaid, Sir Thomas! Out, you whore.

Andrew. Take heed what you say, father; she's my
wife.

Credulous. I would thou'rt in thy grave, then; 'twere
the better

Fortune o' th' two.

Priscilla. Indeed, this reverend man join'd us i' th'
prison.

Christopher. Marriage is a bond;
So no place fitter to perform it in.

Sir Thomas. Send for my daughter hither; we'll
know all.

What are you, sir?

Christopher. A workman in the clergy.

Constable. Yes, this is one I took at the window
singing,

With these three other vagrant fellows here.

Christopher. I was in body there, but not in mind,

So that my sin is but inchoately perfect;

And I, though in a fault, did not offend;

And that for three reasons. First, I did yield

Only a kind of unwilling consent.

Secondly, I was drawn, as 'twere, by their

Impulsive gentleness: mark, sir, I'm strong.

Thirdly, I deem'd it not a woman's shambles.

Fourthly and lastly, that I sung was only

¹⁰² blive guerdon.] quick reward.

An holy wish. Once more, beloved,—

Sir Thomas. Peace!

Y' have said enough already. How came you
To sing beneath the window?

Rimewell. Mr. Hearsay

Told us, that Mr. Meanwell was new married;
And thought it good that we should gratify him,
And shew ourselves to him in a Fescennine¹⁰³.

Credulous. That rascal Meanwell, was the cause of
all:

I would I had him here.

Sir Thomas. Why, this is he,

Sir Robert Littleworth his son: he hath
Disclos'd their villainies; he is no cheat.

Meanwell. God save you, Mr. Credulous; you have
Forgotten me perhaps: I'm somewhat chang'd.
You see, your lost man's found; your vagabond
Appears at last.

Credulous. Go, you are a gibing scab.

Leave off your flouting: you're a beardless boy;
I am a father of children.

Meanwell. And your son

Will be so shortly, if he han't ill luck
To vex you more, that hundred pounds you sent
To Mr. Caster, Shape, i' th' habit of
A country-fellow, gull'd you of.

Credulous. That rascal!

Thou shew'st thy wit t' abuse an old man thus:
As God shall mend me, I will hamper thee.
Thou'st been disguis'd here all this while, thou hast!
Would I were bray'd in mine own mortar¹⁰⁴, if

¹⁰³ *a Fescennine.*] i. e. A nuptial ditty: from *Fescennia*, or *Fescennium*, a town in Italy, where these kinds of songs were first practised. S.

¹⁰⁴ *Would I were bray'd in mine own mortar.*] To bray, to pound, or grind small.

“ I'll burst him, I will bray

“ His bones, as in a mortar.”

“ Except you would bray christendom in a mortar, and mould it
“ into a new paste, there is no possibility of a holy war.” *BACON.*
Johnson's Dictionary,—“ voce bray.”

I do not call th' in question the next term,
For counterfeiting of the King's subjects.
Come away from him, sirrah ; come along.

[*Exeunt Credulous, Andrew, and Priscilla.*

Meanwell. There's a trunk they've left behind ; I have
Seiz'd it for you ; so that you'll be no loser.

Sir Thomas. If you can find a way, whereby I may
Reward this courtesy of yours, I shall
Confess myself engaged doubly to you,
Both for the benefit and its requital.

Enter JANE.

Meanwell. The appearance of your daughter here
suggests
Something to ask, which yet my thoughts call boldness.

Sir Thomas. Can she suggest yet any good, that is
So expert grown in this flesh-brokery ?

Meanwell. O do not blot that innocence with sus-
picion,

Who never came so near a blemish yet,
As to be accus'd. To quit you of such thoughts,
I did receive a tempting letter from
That strumpet that's gone out (as sin is bold
To try, even where no hope is) : I made promise ;
But to secure myself, and withal sound
Th' affections of young Credulous unto
Your virtuous daughter, told him he should meet her,
Where I agreed to meet your chamber-maid,
The blame must all be mine.

Sir Thomas, 'Tis her deliverance.
She hath escap'd two plagues, a lustful fool.

Meanwell. I dare not challenge her, I do confess,
As a reward due to my service ; and
If you deny her me, assure yourself
I'll never draw her from obedience.
I will not love her to procure her ruin,
And make m' affection prove her enemy.

It also means only to stamp with the feet: thus in *Fortescue's Forests*, 1571, fol. 68. "When Apelles his horse was brought into the place the other began to *brais* and *stirre* as is their common usage." C.

Sir Thomas. You speak most honestly : I never did
Think ill of your intents, but always gave
A testimony to your life as large
As were your merits. But your fortunes are
Unequal ; there's the want.

Meanwell. What's there defective,
Love shall supply. True, Mr. Credulous
Is a rich man, but yet wants that which makes
His riches useful, free discretion.
He may be something in th' eye o' th' world ;
But let a knowing man, that can distinguish
Between possessions and good parts, but view him,
And prize impartially, he will be rated
Only as chests and caskets, just according
To what he holds. I value him as I
Would an exchequer, or a magazine.
He is not virtuous, but well stor'd : a thing
Rather well victuall'd than well qualified ;
And if you please to cast your eye on me,
Some moneys will call back my father's lands
Out of his lime-twigg fingers, and I shall
Come forth as gay as he.

Sir Thomas. I'll strive no longer.
For fear I seem t' oppose felicity.
If she'll give her consent, y' are one.

Jane. It is
The voice of angels to me. I had thought
Nothing in all the store of nature could
Have added to that love wherewith I do
Reverence that name, my father, till that you
Spoke this.

Sir Thomas. I know your former loves : grow up
Into an aged pair, yet still seem young.
May you stand fresh, as in your pictures still,
And only have the reverence of the aged.
I thank you for your pains, Mr. Constable :
You may dismiss your watch now.

Shape. A pox on't !
That after all this, ne'er a man to carry
To prison ! Must poor tradesmen be brought out,

And no body clapp'd up?

Meanwell. That you mayn't want

Employment, friends, take this, I pray, and drink it.

Slicer. Sir, when y' are cheated next, we are your servants—

[*Exeunt all but Shape, Hearsay, and Slicer.*]

SCENE V.

SHAPE, SLICER, HEARSAY.

Shape. Lie thou there, watchman. How the knave
that's look'd for,

May often lurk under the officer.

Invention, I applaud thee.

Hearsay. London air,

Methinks, begins to be too hot for us.

Slicer. There is no longer tarrying here: let's swear
Fidelity to one another, and
So resolve for New England¹⁰⁵.

Hearsay. 'Tis but getting
A little pigeon-hole reformed ruff——

Slicer. Forcing our beards into th' orthodox bent—

Shape. Nosing a little treason 'gainst the king,
Bark something at the bishops, and we shall
Be easily receiv'd.

Hearsay. No fitter place.

They are good silly people; souls that will
Be cheated without trouble. One eye is
Put out with zeal, th' other with ignorance;
And yet they think they're eagles.

Shape. We are made

¹⁰⁵ *So resolve for New England.*] This is intended to ridicule the Puritans of the times, who, on account of the severe censures of the Star-Chamber, the greatness of the fines there, the rigorous proceedings to impose ceremonies, the suspending and silencing ministers for not reading in church the Book of Sports, and other grievances, sold their estates, and settled in *New England*. The emigrations, on these accounts, at length became so general, that a proclamation was put forth in 1635, to stop those who had determined to follow their friends. It is remarkable, that amongst those who were actually on shipboard, and prevented by the proclamation from proceeding on their voyage, were the patriot Hampden, and his cousin Oliver Cromwell.

Just fit for that meridian. No good work's
Allow'd there: faith, faith, is that they call for,
And we will bring it 'em.

Slicer. What language speak they?

Hearsay. English, and now and then a root or two
Of Hebrew, which we'll learn of some Dutch skipper,
That goes along with us this voyage. Now
We want but a good wind; the brethren's sighs
Must fill our sails; for what Old England won't
Afford, New England will. You shall hear of us
By the next ship that comes for proselytes.
Each soil is not the good man's country only;
Nor is the lot his to be still at home:

*We'll claim a share, and prove that Nature gave
This boon, as to the good, so to the knave.*

[*Exeunt.*]

THE EPILOGUE.

Shape. *We have escap'd the law, but yet do fear
Something that's harder answer'd—your sharp ear.
O for a present sleight now, to beguile
That, and deceive you but of one good smile.
'Tis that must free us : th' Author dares not look
For that good fortune, to be sav'd by's book.
To leave this blessed soil is no great woe ;
Our grief's in leaving you, that make it so :
For if you shall call in those beams you lent,
'Twould ev'n at home create a banishment.*

EDITION.

The Ordinary: a Comedy. Written by William Cartwright, M. A. *Ch. Ch. Oxon.* London: Printed for Humphrey Moseley; and are to be sold at his Shop, at the Sign of The Prince's Armes, in St Paul's Churchyard. 1651. 8vo.

JOVIAL CREW ;
OR,
THE MERRY BEGGARS.

RICHARD BROME was of mean extraction, and sometime servant to Ben Jonson. At what time he began to write, we have no account ; but his master says, it was not until he had served him the term of an apprenticeship. The first play of Brome's, which appeared in print in 1632,* has the following verses from Ben Jonson :

“ To my faithful servant, and (by his continu'd
“ virtue) my loving friend, the author of this
“ work, Mr. Richard Brome.

“ I had you for a servant once, Dick Brome,
“ And you perform'd a servant's faithful parts :
“ Now you are got into a nearer room
“ Of fellowship, professing my old arts.
“ And you do do them well ; with good applause ;
“ Which you have justly gained from the stage,
“ By observation of those comick laws,
“ Which I, your master, first did teach the age.
“ You learnt it well, and for it serv'd your time,
“ A 'prenticeship, which few do now a-days :
“ Now each court hobbihorse will wince in rime ;
“ Both learned and unlearned, all write plays.
“ It was not so of old : men took up trades
“ They knew the crafts they had been bred in right :
“ An honest Bilboe-smith would make good blades,
“ And the physician teach men spue and ——.
“ The cobbler kept him to his awl ; but now,
“ He'll be a poet scarce can guide a plow.”

Besides this testimony in his favour, by one who was not apt to be over-lavish of his praises, several of the principal poets of the times, as Shirley, Dekker, Ford, Chamberlain, and others, addressed verses to him, on several of his performances ; and he appears to have been generally well respected. †

* The Northern Lass.

† Thomas Randolph, in his answer to Ben Jonson, speaks rather slightly of Brome and his performances,

“ And let those things in blush
“ Till they be taught to blush
“ Like what they will, and more contented be
“ With what Brome swept from thee.” C.

"In imitation of his master," (says Langbaine, p. 35.)
 "he studied men and humour more than books; and
 "his genius affecting comedy, his province was more
 "observation than study: his plots were his own, and
 "he forg'd all his various characters from the mint of
 "his own experience and judgment."

By the dedication of the present play to Thomas Stanley, Esq. it is manifestly the last of his productions. From several circumstances mentioned therein, we may collect, that the address was written about the time in which the play was published. Supposing this conjecture well founded, there can be no doubt but he died in the year 1652; as in the subsequent one, five of his plays were made public by his namesake, Alexander Brome.*

Besides the Lancashire Witches, which he wrote in conjunction with Thomas Heywood, he was the author of

1. The Northern Lass: A Comedy. Acted at the Globe and Black Fryers, 1632. 4to.

[Oldys, in his MS. additions to Langbaine, says,
 "In a collection of poems, called *Folly in Print, or a Book of Rhimes*, 8vo. 1667,
 "p. 107, there is a ballad, called *The Northern Lass*. She was the Fair Maid of
 "Doncaster, named Betty Maddox; who
 "when an hundred horsemen woo'd her, she
 "conditioned, that he who could dance her
 "down, she would marry; but she wearied
 "them all, and they left her a maid for her
 "pains."]

2. The Sparagus Garden: A Comedy. Acted in 1635, at Salisbury Court. 4to. 1640.

3. The Antipodes: A Comedy. Acted in 1638, at Salisbury Court. 4to. 1640.

* In the address of Alexander Brome "to the Readers," Richard Brome is spoken of as then dead, but nothing is said to lead to the supposition that that event was very recent—"Tis not
 "praise, for the author bid me tell you, that *now he is dead*, he is
 "of Falstaff's minde, and cares not for honour." *Five New Plays*
 by Richard Brome, 1653. C.

4. *The Jovial Crew; or, the Merry Beggars: A Comedy.* Acted in 1641, at the Cockpit, Drury Lane. 4to. 1652.

5. *A Mad Couple well match'd: A Comedy.* 8vo. 1653.

6. *Novella: A Comedy.* Acted in 1632, at Black Friars. 8vo. 1653.

7. *The Court Beggar: A Comedy.* Acted in 1632, at the Cockpit. 8vo. 1653.

8. *The City Wit; or, the Woman wears the Breeches: A Comedy.* 8vo. 1653.

9. *The Damoiselle; or the New Ordinary: A Comedy.* 8vo. 1653.

[The last five were published by Alexander Brome*.]

10. *The Queen's Exchange: A Comedy.* Acted at Black Friars. 4to. 1657.

[Published by Henry Brome; who, in an address to the readers, mentions several other works of the author being in his possession.]

11. *The English Moor; or, the Mock-Marriage: A Comedy.* 8vo. 1659.

12. *The Love-sick Court; or, the Ambitious Politick: A Comedy.* 8vo. 1659.

13. *Covent Garden weeded; or, the Middlesex Justice of Peace.* A Comedy. 8vo. 1659.

* Sir Aston Cockaine, in his *Poems*, 1658, p. 108. has "A Pælu-dium to Mr. Richard Brome's Plays," in which he anticipates the time when the stage shall recover from the thralldom of the Puritans,

"And the dull zealots shall give way and fly,

"Or be converted to bright poesy:"

and in which he mentions, Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, Shakespeare, Davenant, Massinger, and Shirley; and alludes to the Globe, Black-friars, White-friars, Fortune, and Bull Theatres.

To the change that subsequently took place, though the prophecy of Sir A. Cockaine was not verified by any means to the full extent, Alexander Brome refers in some lines he prefixed to the *Five New Plays*, by Richard Brome, published under his care.

"This Revolution makes exploded wit

"Now see the fall of those that ruin'd it;

"And the condemned stage hath now obtain'd

"To see her executioners arraign'd." &c. C.

14. **New Academy; or, the New Exchange : A Comedy.** 8vo. 1659.

15. **The Queen and Concubine : A Comedy.** 8vb. 1659. *

* The subsequent plays, not now known to exist, at least under these titles, have been assigned to Richard Brome, but on very questionable authority.

Wit in Madness.

Christianetta.

The Jewish Gentleman.

The Love-sick Maid.

Life and Death of Sir Martin Skink.

The Apprentice Prize.

In the two last he is said to have been assisted by Thomas Heywood. C.

Richard Brome has a commendatory poem prefixed to Humphrey Mill's *Night Search*, &c. 8vo. 1640. Again, before Tatham's *Fancies Theatre*, 8vo. 1640. and Jordan's *Poetical Varieties*, 4to. 1637. O. G.

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, INGENIOUS, AND JUDICIOUS
GENTLEMAN,

THOMAS STANLEY, Esq.*

SIR,

I HAVE, long since, studied in these anti-ingenuous times, to find out a man, that might at once be both a judge and patron to this issue of my old age, which needs both; and my blessed stars have flung me upon you, in whom both those attributes concenter and flourish. Nor can I yet find a reason why I should present it to you, (it being below your acceptance or censure) but only my own confidence; which had not grown to this forwardness, had it not been encouraged by your goodness. Yet, we all know, beggars use to flock to great men's gates; and though my fortune has cast me in that mould, I am poor and proud, and preserve the humour of him who could not beg for any thing but great boons: such as are your kind acceptance and protection. I dare not say (as my brethren use) that I present this as a testimonial of my gratitude, or recompence for your favours; for, I protest, I conceive it so far from quitting old engagements, that it creates new: so that all that this play can do, is but to make more work; and involves me in debts beyond a possibility of satisfaction. Sir, it were a folly in me, to tell you of your worth; the world knows it enough, and are bold to say, Fortune and Nature scarce ever clubb'd so well. You know, sir, I am old, and cannot cringe nor court with the powder'd and ribbanded wits of our days; but though I cannot speak so much, I

* Author of *The History of Philosophy*, and editor of *Æschylus*. He died April 19th, 1678.—See his Life in *Biographia Britannica*.

can think as well, and as honourably as the best, All the arguments I can use to induce you to take notice of this thing of nothing, is, that it had the luck to tumble last of all in the epidemical ruin of the scene ; and now limps higher with a wooden leg, to beg an alms at your hands. I will wind up all, with a Use of Exhortation :

That since the times conspire to make us all beggars, let us make ourselves merry ; which, if I am not mistaken, this drives at. Be pleased therefore, sir, to lodge these harmless beggars in the out-houses of your thoughts ; and, among the rest, him that in this cuckow-time, puts in for a membership, and will fill the choir of those that duly and truly pray for you ; and is,

Sir,

Your humble Servant,

RIC. BROOME.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.*

MEN.

OLDRENTS.
HEARTY.
SPRINGLOVE.
VINCENT.
HILLIARD.
JUSTICE CLACK.
OLIVER.
TALLBOY.
MARTIN.

* The piece was cast as follows at the Theatre Royal, on its revival after the union of the two Companies of the Queen's Theatre and the Theatre Royal,

Oldrents.....	<i>Mr. Keen.</i>
Hearty	<i>Pinkethman.</i>
Springlove	<i>Mills.</i>
Vincent	<i>Wilks.</i>
Hilliard	<i>Cibber.</i>
Justice Clack	<i>Norris.</i>
Oliver	<i>Booth.</i>
Tallboy	<i>Bullock.</i>
Martin	<i>Bullock, jun.</i>
Randall	<i>Johnson.</i>
Scentwell	<i>Husband.</i>
1st Gentleman	<i>Smith.</i>
2d Gentleman	<i>Burkhead.</i>
Usher	<i>Kent.</i>
Butler	<i>Fairbank.</i>
Cook	<i>Sherman.</i>
Patrico	<i>Fairbank.</i>
Soldier	<i>Cory.</i>
Lawyer	<i>Carna'y.</i>
Courtier	<i>Bowen.</i>
Poet	<i>Norris.</i>

WOMEN.

Rachel	<i>Mrs. Bicknell.</i>
Meriel	<i>Moor.</i>
Amie	<i>Saunders.</i>

C.

RANDAL.
 SCENTWELL.
 FIRST GENTLEMAN.
 SECOND GENTLEMAN.
 USHER }
 BUTLER } *to Oldrents.*
 COOK }
 PATRICO }
 SOLDIER }
 LAWYER } *Beggars.*
 COURTIER }
 POET }

WOMEN.

RACHEL.
 MERIEL.
 AMIEL.

A

JOVIAL CREW:

OR,

THE MERRY BEGGARS.

ACT I.

OLDRENTS. HEARTY.

Oldrents. It has, indeed friend, much afflicted me.

Hearty. And very justly, let me tell you, sir,
That could so impiously be curious
To tempt a judgment on you; to give ear
And faith too (by your leave) to fortune-tellers,
Wizards, and gipsies!

Oldrents. I have since been frightened
With it in a thousand dreams.

Hearty. I would go drunk¹
A thousand times to-bed, rather than dream
Of any of their riddlemy riddlemies.
If they prove happy, so; if not, let 't go:
You'll never find their meaning till the event,

¹ This hath generally been a favourite play, and frequently represented on the stage. In the year 1732, Mr. Roome, one of the heroes of the Dunciad, turned it into a Ballad Opera. The songs inserted in it were written by himself and Sir William Young. With the alterations made by these gentlemen it continued to be performed until very lately, when it was further curtailed and reduced to an after-piece. Mr. Love, late of Drury-lane Theatre, formed an opera of two acts from the *Jovial Crew*, which he called, *The Ladies Frolic*, acted in the year 1770.

² go drunk] First edit. be drunk.

If you suppose there was at all a meaning :
As the equivocating devil had, when he
Cozen'd the monk, to let him live soul-free,
Till he should find him sleeping between sheets :
The wary monk, abjuring all such lodging,
At last, by over watching in his study,
The foul fiend took him napping, with his nose
Between the sheet-leaves of his conjuring-book.
There was the whim, or double meaning on't.
But these fond fortune-tellers, that know nothing,
Aim to be thought more cunning than their master,
The 'foresaid devil, tho' truly not so hurtful :
Yet, trust 'em ! hang 'em. Wizards ! old blind buz-
zards !

For once they hit, they miss a thousand times ;
And most times give quite contrary ; bad for good,
And best for worst. One told a gentleman
His son should be a man-killer, and be hang'd for't ;
Who after prov'd a great and rich physician,
And with great fame i' th' university,
Hang'd up in picture for a grave example ;
There was the whim of that. Quite contrary !

Oldrents. And that was happy. Would mine could so
Deceive my fears !

Hearty. They may ; but trust not to 't. Another
schemist

Found, that a squint-ey'd boy should prove a notable
Pick-purse, and afterwards a most strong thief ;
When he grew up to be a cunning lawyer,
And at last dy'd a judge. Quite contrary !
How many have been mark'd out by these wizards
For fools, that have after been prick'd for sheriffs ?
Was not a shepherd's boy foretold to be
A drunkard, and to get his living from
Bawds, whores, thieves, quarrellers, and the like ?
And did he not become a suburb justice,
And live in wine and worship by the fees
Rack'd out of such delinquents ? there's the whim on 't.
Now I come to you. Your figure-finger finds,
That both your daughters, notwithstanding all

Your great possessions, which they are co-heirs of,
Shall yet be beggars : may it not be meant,
(If, as I said, there be a meaning in it)
They may prove courtiers, or great courtiers' wives.
And so be beggars in law ? Is not that
The whim on 't, think you ? You shall think no worse
on 't.

Oldrents. Would I had your merry heart !

Hearty. I thank you, sir.

Oldrents. I mean the like.

Hearty. I would you had ; and I
Such an estate as yours. Four thousand yearly,
With such a heart as mine, would defy Fortune,
And all her babbling soothsayers. I'd as soon
Distrust in Providence, as lend a fear
To such a destiny for a child of mine,
While there be sack and songs in town or country.
Think like a man of conscience, (now I'm serious)
What justice can there be for such a curse
To fall upon your heirs ? Do you not live
Free, out of law, or grieving any man ?
Are you not th' only rich man lives unenvy'd ?
Have you not all the praises of the rich,
And prayers of the poor ? Did ever any
Servant or hireling, neighbour, kindred, curse you,
Or wish one minute shorten'd of your life ?
Have you one grudging tenant ? Will they not all
Fight for you ? Do they not teach their children,
And make 'em too pray for you, morn and evening,
And in their graces too, as duly as
For king and realm ? The innocent things would think
They ought not eat else.

Oldrents. 'Tis their goodness.

Hearty. It is your merit. Your great love and
bounty

Procures from Heaven those inspirations in 'em.
Whose rent did ever you exact ? Whose have
You not remitted, when by casualties
Of fire, of floods, of common dearth, or sickness,

Poor men were brought behind-hand? Nay, whose losses

Have you not piously repair'd?

Oldrents. Enough.

Hearty. What heriots have you ta'en from forlorn widows?

What acre of your thousands have you rack'd?

Oldrents. Good friend, no more.

Hearty. These are enough, indeed,

To fill your ears with joyful acclamations

Where'er you pass: *Heaven bless our landlord, Oldrent;*

Our master, Oldrent; our good patron, Oldrent.

Cannot these sounds conjure that evil spirit

Of fear out of you, that your children shall

Live to be beggars? Shall 'squire Oldrent's daughters

Wear old rents in their garments, (there's a whim too)

Because a fortune-teller told you so?

Oldrents. Come, I will strive to think no more on't.

Hearty. Will you ride forth for air then, and be merry?

Oldrents. Your counsel and example may instruct me.

Hearty. Sack must be had in sundry places too:

For songs I am provided.

Enter SPRINGLOVE with books and papers, he lays them on the table.

Oldrents. Yet here comes one brings me a second fear,

Who has my care, the next unto my children.

Hearty. Your steward, sir, it seems, has business with you.

I wish you would have none.

Oldrents. I'll soon dispatch it,

And then be for our journey instantly.

Hearty. I'll wait your coming down, sir.

[*Exit.*

Oldrents. But why, Springlove,

Is now this expedition?

Springlove. Sir, 'tis duty.

Oldrents. Not common among stewards, I confess,

To urge in their accompts before the day
Their lords have limited. Some that are grown
To hoary hairs and knighthoods are not found
Guilty of such an importunity.

'Tis yet but thirty days, when I give forty,
After the half-year day, our Lady last.
Could I suspect my trust were lost in thee,
Or doubt thy youth had not ability
To carry out the weight of such a charge,
I then shou'd call on thee.

Springlove. Sir, your indulgence,
I hope, shall ne'er corrupt me. Ne'ertheless,
The testimony of a fair discharge,
From time to time, will be encouragement
To virtue in me. You may then be pleas'd
To take here a survey of all your rents

[*Springlove turns over the several books to his master.*

Receiv'd, and all such other payments as
Came to my hands since my last audit, for
Cattle, wool, corn, all fruits of husbandry;
Then my receipts on bonds, and some new leases;
With some old debts, and almost desperate ones,
As well from country cavaliers as courtiers.
Then here, sir, are my several disbursements,
In all particulars for yourself and daughters,
In charge of house-keeping, buildings, and repairs;
Journeys, apparel, coaches, gifts, and all
Expences for your personal necessities.
Here—servants' wages, liveries, and cures:
Here—for supplies of horses, hawks, and hounds;
And lastly, not the least to be remembered,
Your large benevolences to the poor.

Oldrents. Thy charity there goes hand-in-hand with
mine.

And, *Springlove*, I commend it in thee, that
So young in years art grown so ripe in goodness.
May their heaven-piercing prayers bring on thee
Equal rewards with me!

Springlove. Now here, sir, is
The balance of the several accompts,

Which shews you what remains in cash ; which, added
To your former bank, makes up in all——

Oldrents. Twelve thousand and odd pounds.

Springlove. Here are the keys

Of all. The chests are safe in your own closet.

Oldrents. Why in my closet ? Is not yours as safe ?

Springlove. O, sir, you know my suit.

Oldrents. Your suit ! What suit ?

Springlove. Touching the time of year.

Oldrents. 'Tis well-nigh May :—

Why, what of that, good Springlove ?

Springlove. O, sir, you hear I'm call'd.

[*Nightingale sings.*]

Oldrents. Fie, Springlove, fie,

I hope thou hast abjur'd that uncouth practice.

Springlove. You thought I had forsaken nature then.

Oldrents. Is that disease of nature still in thee

So virulent ; and, notwithstanding all

My favours, in my gifts, my cares and counsels,

Which, to a soul ungrateful, might be boasted :

Have I first bred thee, and then preferr'd thee (from

I will not say how wretched a beginning)

To be a master over all my servants ;

Planted thee in my bosom, and canst thou

There slight me for the whistling of a bird ?

Springlove. Your reason, sir, informs you, that's no
cause ;

But 'tis the season of the year that calls me.

What moves her notes, provokes my disposition,

By a more absolute power of Nature, than

Philosophy can render an account for.

Oldrents. I find there's no expelling it ; but still

It will return. I have tried all the means,

As I may safely think, in human wisdom,

And did, as near as reason could, assure me,

That thy last year's restraint had stopp'd for ever

That running sore on thee, that gadding humour ;

When, only for that cause, I laid the weight

Of my estate in stewardship upon thee,

Which kept thee in that year, after so many

Summer vagaries thou hadst made before.

Springlove. You kept a swallow in a cage that while.
I cannot, sir, endure another summer
In that restraint, with life: 'twas then my torment,
But now my death. Yet, sir, my life is yours,
Who are my patron; freely may you take it.
Yet, pardon, sir, my frailty, that do beg
A small continuance of it on my knees.

Oldrents. Can there no means be found to preserve
life

In thee, but wandering like a vagabond?
Does not the sun as comfortably shine
Upon my gardens, as the opener fields?
Or on my fields, as others far remote?
Are not my walks and greens as delectable
As the highways and commons? Are the shades
Of sycamore and bowers of eglantine
Less pleasing, than of bramble, or thorn hedges,
Or of my groves and thickets, than wild woods?
Are not my fountain waters fresher than
The troubled streams, where every beast does drink?
Do not the birds sing here as sweet and lively
As any other where? Is not thy bed more soft,
And rest more safe, than in a field or barn?
Is a full table, which is called thine own,
Less curious or wholesome, than the scraps
From other trenchers, twice or thrice translated?

Springlove. Yes, in the winter season, when the fire
Is sweeter than the air.

Oldrents. What air is wanting?

Springlove. O, sir, you have heard of pilgrimages,
and

The voluntary travels of good men.

Oldrents. For penance, or to holy ends: but bring
Not those into comparison, I charge you.

Springlove. I do not, sir; but pardon me, to think
Their sufferings are much sweeten'd by delights,
Such as we find by shifting place and air.

Oldrents. Are their delights in beggary? or, if to take
Diversity of air be such a solace,

Travel the kingdom over; and if this
Yield not variety enough, try further,
Provided your deportment be genteel.
Take horse, and man, and money: you have all,
Or I'll allow enough.

[*Nightingale, Cuckow, &c. sing.*

Springlove. Oh! how am I confounded!
Dear sir, return me naked to the world,
Rather than lay those burdens on me, which
Will stifle me. I must abroad, or perish.

Oldrents. I will no longer strive to wash this Moor,
Nor breathe more minutes so unthriftilly,
In civil argument, against rude wind;
But rather practise to withdraw my love,
And tender care, (if it be possible)
From that unfruitful breast, incapable
Of wholesome counsel.

Springlove. Have I your leave, sir?

Oldrents. I leave you to dispute it with yourself,
I have no voice to bid you go, or stay:
My love shall give thy will pre-eminence;
And leave the effort to time and providence. [Exit.

Springlove. I am confounded in my obligation
To this good man: his virtue is my punishment,
When 'tis not in my nature to return
Obedience to his merits. I could wish
Such an ingratitude were death by th' law,
And put in present execution on me,
To rid me of my sharper suffering.
Nor but by death, can this predominant sway
Of nature be extinguish'd in me. I
Have fought with my affections, by th' assistance
Of all the strengths of art and discipline,
(All which I owe him for in education too)
To conquer and establish my observance,
As in all other rules, to him in this,
This inborn strong desire of liberty,
In that free course, which he detests as shameful;
And I approve my earth's felicity;
But find the war is endless, and must fly.

What must I lose then? a good master's love.
 What loss feels he, that wants not what he loses?
 They'll say I lose all reputation:
 What's that, to live where no such thing is known?
 My duty to a master will be question'd:
 Where duty isn't exacted, it is none,
 And among beggars, each man is his own.

Enter RANDAL and three or four servants with a great kettle, and black-jacks, and a baker's basket, all empty; exeunt with all; manet RANDAL.

Now fellows, what news from whence you came?

Randal. The old wonted news, sir, from your guest-house, the old barn. We have unloaded the bread-basket, the beef-kettle, and the beer-bumbards³ there, amongst your guests the beggars; and they have all prayed for you and our master, as their manner is, from the teeth outward: marry, from the teeth inwards 'tis enough to swallow your alms, from whence I think their prayers seldom come.

Springlove. Thou shouldst not think uncharitably.

Randal. Thought's free, master steward, an't please you. But your charity is nevertheless notorious, I must needs say.

Springlove. Meritorious, thou mean'st to say.

Randal. Surely, sir, no: 'tis out of our curate's book.

Springlove. But I aspire no merits, nor popular thanks; 'tis well if I do well in it.

Randal. It might be better though (if old Randal, whom you allow to talk, might counsel) to help to breed up poor men's children, or decayed labourers,

³ *beer-bumbards.*] A bumbard was a large black-jack. In "*Philocthonista, or, The Drunkard opened, dissected, and anatomized*," 4to. 1635, p. 45, is an enumeration of the names of such drinking-cups as were then used in England. "Other bottles wee have of leather, "but they most used amongst the shepheards and harvest people "of the country; small jacks wee have in many ale-houses of the "citie and suburbs, tipt with silver, besides the great black-jack "and *bombards* at the court, which, when the Frenchmen first saw, "they reported at their returne into their country, that the "Englishmen used to drinke out of their bootes."

past their work or travel; or towards the setting up of poor young married couples, than to bestow an hundred pound a-year (at least you do that, if not all you get) besides your master's bounty, to maintain in begging such wanderers as these, that never are out of their way; that cannot give account from whence they came, or whither they would; nor of any beginning they ever had, or any end they seek, but still to stroll and beg till their bellies be full, and then sleep till they be hungry.

Springlove. Thou art ever repining at those poor people! they take nothing from thee but thy pains; and that I pay thee for too. Why shouldst thou grudge?

Randal. Am I not bitten to it every day, by the six-footed bloodhounds that they leave in their litter, when I throw out the old, to lay fresh straw for the new comers at night. That's one part of my office. And you are sure, that though your hospitality be but for a night and a morning for one rabble, to have a new supply every evening. They take nothing from me indeed; they give too much.

Springlove. Thou art old Randal still! ever grumbling, but still officious for 'em.

Randal. Yes, hang 'em, they know I love 'em well enough; I have had merry bouts with some of them.

Springlove. What say'st thou, Randal?

Randal. They are indeed my pastime. I left the merry griggs (as their provender has prick'd 'em) in such a hoigh yonder! such a frolic! you'll hear anon, as you walk nearer 'em.

Springlove. Well, honest Randal, thus it is: I am for a journey. I know not how long will be my absence; but I will presently take order with the cook, pantler⁴, and butler, for my wonted allowance to the poor, and I will leave money with thee to manage the affair till my return.

⁴ *pantler.*] The *pantler* was the officer who presided over the pantry, as the butler over the buttery, and the haistiller over the haistery. See Notes to the Northumberland Household Book, p. 417.

Randal. Then up rise Randal, bailiff of the beggars.

Springlove. And if our master be displeas'd (although the charge be mine) at the openness of the entertainment, thou shalt then give it proportionably in money, and let them walk further.

Randal. Pseugh! that will never do't, never do 'em good: 'tis the seat, the habitation, the rendezvous that cheers their hearts. Money would clog their consciences; nor must I lose the music of 'em in their lodging.

Springlove. We will agree upon't anon. Go now about your business.

Randal. I go. Bailiff? nay steward and chamberlain, of the rogues and beggars. [Exit.

Springlove. I cannot think but with a trembling fear
On this adventure, in a scruple, which
I have not weigh'd with all my other doubts:
I shall, in my departure, rob my master.
Of what? of a true servant; other theft
I have committed none: and that may be supplied,
And better too, by some more constant to him.
But I may injure many in his trust,
Which now he cannot but be sparing of.
I rob him too of the content and hopes
He had in me, whom he had built and rais'd
Unto that growth in his affection,
That I became a gladness in his eye,
And now must be a grief or a vexation

[A noise and singing within.

Unto his noble heart. But hark! Ay, there's
The harmony that drowns all doubts and fears.
A little nearer—

SONG.

*From hunger and cold who lives more free,
Or who more richly clad than we?
Our bellies are full, our flesh is warm,
And against pride our rags are a charm.
Enough is our feast, and for to-morrow,
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow,
No sorrow, no sorrow, no sorrow, no sorrow.
Let rich men care, we feel no sorrow.*

Springlove. The emperor hears no such music ; nor
Feels content like this.

*Each city, each town, and every village,
Affords us either an alms or pillage :
And if the weather be cold and raw,
Then in a barn we tumble in straw.
If warm and fair, by yea-cock and nay-cock,
The fields will afford us a hedge or a hay-cock,
A hay-cock, a hay-cock, a hay-cock, a hay-cock, &c.*

Springlove. Most ravishing delight ! but, in all this,
Only one sense is pleas'd ; mine ear is feasted :
Mine eye too must be satisfied with my joys.
The hoarding usurer cannot have more
Thirsty desire to see his golden store,
When he unlocks his treasury, than I
The equipage in which my beggars lie.

*[He opens the scene ; the beggars are discover'd
in their postures ; then they issue forth, and at
last the Patrico.]*

All. Our master, our master ! our sweet and com-
fortable master !

Springlove. How cheer, my hearts ?

1st Beggar. Most crowse⁵, most capringly,
Shall we dance, shall we sing, to welcome our king ?
Strike up piper, a merry merry dance,
That we on our stampers may foot it and prance,
To make his heart merry, as he has made ours :
As lustick⁶ and frolick as lords in their bowers.

[Music, Dance.]

Springlove. Exceeding well perform'd.

1st Beggar. 'Tis well, if it like you⁷, master : but
we have not that rag among us, that we will not dance
off to do you service, we being all and only your ser-
vants, most noble sir. Command us therefore, and
employ us, we beseech you.

⁵ crowse] These terms are explained at the end of this play.

⁶ lustick] i. e. As lusty, as jovial. *Lustigh* is a Dutch word,
with those significations. See note on *All's well that ends well*, A. 2.
S. 3. " *Lustick*, as the Dutchman says." S.

⁷ It like you.] See note 8 to *Cornelia*, vol. II.

Springlove. Thou speak'st most courtly.

2d Beggar. Sir, he can speak, and could have writ as well. He is a decay'd poet, newly fallen in among us; and begs as well as the best of us. He learn'd it pretty well in his own profession before, and can the better practise it in ours now.

Springlove. Thou art a wit too, it seems.

3d Beggar. He should have wit and knavery too, sir; for he was an attorney, till he was pitch'd over the bar, and, from that fall, he was taken up a knight of the post; and so he continued, till he was degraded at the whipping-post, and from thence he ran resolutely into this course. His cunning in the law, and the other's labour with the Muses, are dedicate to your service; and, for myself, I'll fight for you.

Springlove. Thou art a brave fellow, and speak'st like a commander. Hast thou borne arms?

4th Beggar. Sir, he has borne the name of a Netherland soldier, till he ran away from his colours, and was taken lame with lying in the fields, by a sciatica; I mean, sir, the strapado: after which, by a second retreat, indeed running away, he scrambled^a into this country, and so escap'd the gallows; and then snapp'd up his living in the city, by his wit in cheating, pimping, and such like arts, till the cart and the pillory shew'd him too publicly to the world: and so, begging being the last refuge, he enter'd into our society, and now lives as honestly, I must needs say, as the best of us.

Springlove. Thou speak'st good language too.

1st Beggar. He was a courtier born, sir, and begs on pleasure, I assure you; refusing great and constant means from able friends to make him a staid man; yet, the want of a leg notwithstanding, he must travel in this kind, against all common reason, by the special policy of Providence.

^a *scrambled.*] See note 35 on *The Merry Devil of Edmonton*, vol. V.

Springlove. As how, I pr'ythee?

1st Beggar. His father, sir, was a courtier; a great court-beggar, I assure you: I made these verses on him, and his son here.

*A courtier begg'd by covetise, not need,
From others that, which made them beg, indeed.
He begg'd till wealth had laden him with cares,
To keep for's children, and their children, shares;
While the oppress'd, that lost that great estate,
Sent curses after it unto their fate.
The father dies (the world says) very rich;
The son being gotten, while (it seems) the itch
Of begging was upon the courtly sire,
Or bound by fate, will to no wealth aspire,
Tho' offer'd him in money, clothes, or meat,
More than he begs, or instantly must eat.
Is not he heavenly blest that hates earth's treasure,
And begs with, what's a gentleman but's pleasure?
Or say it be upon the heir a curse,
What's that to him? the beggar's ne'er the worse:
For of the general store that Heaven has sent,
He values not a penny, till 't be spent.*

All. A scribble, a scribble!

2d Beggar. What city or court-poet could say more than our hedge-muse-monger here?

3d Beggar. What say you, sir, to our poet Scribble here?

Springlove. I like his vein exceeding well, and the whole concert of you.

2d Beggar. Concert, sir! we have musicians among us: true merry beggars indeed, that being within the reach of the lash for singing libellous songs at London, were fain to fly into our covey, and here they sing all our poet's ditties. They can sing any thing most tuneably, sir, but psalms. What they may do hereafter, under a triple-tree, is much expected; but they live very civilly and genteelly among us.

Springlove. But what is he there, that solemn old fellow, that neither speaks of himself, nor any body for him?

2d Beggar. O sir, the rarest man of all: he is a prophet. See how he holds up his prognosticating nose: he is divining now.

Springlove. How, a prophet?

2d Beggar. Yes, sir, a cunning man, and a fortune-teller. 'Tis thought he was a great clerk before his decay; but he is very close, will not tell his beginning, nor the fortune he himself is fallen from; but he serves us for a clergyman still, and marries us, if need be, after a new way of his own.

Springlove. How long have you had his company?

2d Beggar. But lately come amongst us; but a very ancient stroller all the land over, and has travell'd with gypsies, and is a patrico. Shall he read your fortune, sir?

Springlove. If it please him.

Patrico. Lend me your hand, sir.

By this palm, I understand

Thou art born to wealth and land;

And after many a bitter gust,

Shalt build with thy great grandsire's dust.

Springlove. Where shall I find it? But come, I'll not trouble my head with the search.

2d Beggar. What say you, sir, to our crew? are we not well congregated?

Springlove. You are a jovial crew, the only people whose happiness I admire.

3d Beggar. Will you make us happy in serving you? Have you any enemies? Shall we fight under you? Will you be our captain?

2d Beggar. Nay, our king.

3d Beggar. Command us something, sir.

Springlove. Where's the next rendezvous?

1st Beggar. Neither in village nor in town; But three mile off at Maple-down⁹.

Springlove. At evening, there I'll visit you.

⁹ *Maple-down.* In Kent, on the north-west side of Wrotham.

SONG ¹⁰.

*Come, come away ; the spring
 (By every bird that can but sing,
 Or chirp a note) doth now invite
 Us forth, to taste of his delight.
 In field, in grove, on hill, in dale,
 But above all, the nightingale ;
 Who in her sweetness stripes t' out-do
 The loudness of the hoarse cuckoo.
 Cuckoo, cries he ; jug, jug, jug, sings she,
 From bush to bush, from tree to tree.
 Why in one place then tarry we ?*

*Come away ; why do we stay ?
 We have no debt or rent to pay :
 No bargains or accounts to make ;
 Nor land, nor lease, to let or take :
 Or if we had, should that remove us,
 When all the world's our own before us ?
 And where we pass, and make resort,
 It is our kingdom and our court.
 Cuckoo, cries, &c. [Exeunt Cantantes.*

Springlove. So now away.

¹⁰ Song.] On the revival of this play, the following song was substituted, instead of that in the text :

1.

" Courtiers, courtiers, think it no scorn,
 " That silly poor swains in love should be :
 " Love lies hid in rags all torn,
 " As well as in silks and bravery.

Chorus.

" And the beggar he loves his lass as dear
 " As he that has thousands, thousands, thousands ;
 " As he that has thousand pounds a year.

2.

" States and titles are pitiful things ;
 " The meanest estate more pleasing does prove :
 " Lords and ladies, princes and kings,
 " With beggars have equal charms in love.

Chorus.

" And the beggar," &c. [Exeunt Cantantes.

They dream of happiness that live in state;
But they enjoy it that obey their fate.

ACT II.

Enter VINCENT, HILLIARD, MERIEL, RACHEL.

Vincent. I am overcome with admiration at the felicity they take!

Hilliard. Beggars! they are the only people can boast the benefit of a free state, in the full enjoyment of liberty, mirth, and ease; having all things in common, and nothing wanting of Nature's whole provision within the reach of their desires. Who would have lost this sight of their revels?

Vincent. How think you, ladies? Are they not the only happy in a nation?

Meriel. Happier than we, I'm sure, that are pent up and tied by the nose to the continual steam of hot hospitality here, in our father's house, when they have the air at pleasure, in all variety.

Rachel. And though I know we have merrier spirits than they, yet to live thus confin'd stifles us.

Hilliard. Why, ladies, you have liberty enough; or may take what you please.

Meriel. Yes, in our father's rule and government, or by his allowance! What's that to absolute freedom; such as the very beggars have; to feast and revel here to-day, and yonder to-morrow; next day, where they please, and so on still, the whole country or kingdom over? There's liberty! the birds of the air can take no more.

Rachel. And then at home here, or wheresoever he comes, our father is so pensive, (what muddy spirit soever possesses him, would I could conjure it out!) that he makes us even sick of his sadness, that were wont to see my gossip's cock to-day, mould cockle bread, dance clutterdepouch and hannykin booby, bind barrels, or do any thing before him, and he would laugh at us.

Meriel. Now he never looks upon us but with a sigh,

or tears in his eyes, though we simper ever so sanctifiedly. What tales have been told him of us, or what he suspects, I know not. God forgive him; I do, but I am weary of his house.

Rachel. Does he think us whores too, because sometimes we talk as lightly as great ladies. I can swear safely for the virginity of one of us, so far as word and dead goes: merry, thought's free.

Meriel. Which is that one of us, I pray? Yourself, or me?

Rachel. Good sister Meriel, charity begins at home: but I'll swear, I think as charitably of thee, and not only because thou art a year younger neither.

Meriel. I am beholden to you. But for my father, I would I knew his grief, and how to cure him, or that we were where we could not see it. It spoils our mirth; and that has been better than his meat to us.

Vincent. Will you hear our motion, ladies?

Meriel. Pseugh! you would marry us presently out of his way, because he has given you a foolish kind of promise; but we will see him in a better humour first, and as apt to laugh as we to lie down¹¹, I warrant him.

Hilliard. 'Tis like that course will cure him, would you embrace it.

Rachel. We will have him cur'd first, I tell you; and you shall wait that season, and our leisure.

Meriel. I will rather hazard my being one of the devil's ape-leaders, than to marry while he is melancholy.

Rachel. Or I to stay in his house, to give entertainment to this knight, or t'other coxcomb, that comes to cheer him up with eating of his cheer: when we must fetch 'em sweetmeats, and they must tell us, "Ladies, your lips are sweeter;" and then fall into courtship; one, in a set speech, taken out of Old Breton's Works¹²; another, with verses out of *The Academy of Compliments*¹³, or some or other of the new poetical

¹¹ *As apt to laugh as we to lie down.*] Alluding to the old game at cards, called *Laugh and lie down*. S. P.

¹² *Old Breton.*] See note 20 to *The Goblins*.

¹³ *Academy of Compliments.*] A popular book, in great reputation

pamphleteers, ambitious only to spoil paper, and publish their names in print. And then to be kiss'd, and sometimes slaver'd — fagh.

Meriel. 'Tis not to be endur'd. We must out of the house. We cannot live but by laughing, and that aloud, and nobody sad within hearing.

Vincent. We are for any adventure with you, ladies. Shall we project a journey for you? Your father has trusted you, and will think you safe in our company; and we would fain be abroad upon some progress with you. Shall we make a fling to London, and see how the spring appears there in the Spring Garden; and in Hyde Park, to see the races, horse and foot; to hear the jockies crack, and see the Adamites¹⁴ run naked afore the ladies?

with the lower ranks of readers. It was composed of verses, letters, &c.

The reference here to Nicholas Breton is quite clear, which is not by any means the case in *The Goblins*. "Old Breton's Works" and "the Academy of Compliments" are spoken of as distinct; but to a Tract by Breton (called in 1635, *A Mad World my Masters*; *Mistake me not*, but first printed, I believe, in 1603), is appended, what is entitled *The Mirrour of Compliments*, and one division of it is thus headed, "How to salute a gentlewoman with an intention of marriage, and to offer her his service." It is in a dialogue between Aleander and Clarinda, and in reference to what is said in the text a very small part of it may be quoted,

"*Aleander.* Mistress, I see so many noble and honest virtues expressed in your courtesy as persuade my affectionate hope that my intentions shall be acceptable, and that in time I may attain to some thing in your good favour.

"*Clarinda.* Sir, if I had any good favour in me it should be wholly at your dispose, but having none you cannot hope for any.

"*Aleander.* Mistress, you have so many graceful beauties that I should be most happy to possess and enjoy them. And I should be much preferred in my own esteem if I had the favour to be affected by you as much as I love and honour you.

"*Clarinda.* When I condescend to your affection it must be so well disposed that it exceed not the terms of civil honesty."

This, and much more in the same stile, fully bears out the criticism of Rachel: in conclusion, the gentleman protests that his intentions are most honourable, and the lady replies, "Sir, my affection shall be the pledge of my gratitude, wherewith I thank you for this and all your other undeserved favours: I am your humble servant." C.

¹⁴ *Adamites.*] A sect which sprung up at Amsterdam. Both

Rachel. We have seen all already there, as well as they, last year.

Hilliard. But there ha' been new plays since.

Rachel. No, no; we are not for London.

Hilliard. What think you of a journey to the Bath, then?

Rachel. Worse than t' other way. I love not to carry my health where others drop their diseases: there's no sport i' that.

Vincent. Will you up to the hill-top of sports then, and merriments, Dover's Olympics, or the Cotswold Games¹⁵.

Meriel. No, that will be too public for our recreation: we would have it more within ourselves.

Hilliard. Think of some course yourselves, then. We are for you upon any way, as far as horse and money can carry us.

Vincent. Ay, and if those means fail us, as far as our legs can bear, or our hands can help us.

men and women used to pray, and perform all divine services naked.

¹⁵ *Dover's Olympics, or the Cotswold Games.*] "These games were begun, and continued, at a certain time in the year, for forty years, by one Robert Dover, an attorney of Barton on the Heath, in Warwickshire, son of John Dover of Norfolk; who, being full of activity, and of a generous, free, and public spirit, did, with leave from King James the 1st, select a place on Cotswold Hills, in Gloucestershire, whereon those games should be acted. Endimion Porter, Esq. a native of that county, and a servant to that king, a person also of a most generous spirit, did, to encourage Dover, give him some of the king's old clothes, with a hat and feather, and ruff, purposely to grace him, and consequently the solemnity. Dover was constantly there in person, well mounted and accoutred, and was the chief director and manager of those games, frequented by the nobility and gentry (some of whom came sixty miles to see them) even till the rascally rebellion was begun by the Presbyterians, which gave a stop to their proceedings, and spoiled all that was generous or ingenious elsewhere." This is Wood's account, *Ath. Oxon.* vol. 2. 812. In 1636 was published *Annalia Dubrensis, upon the yearly celebration of Mr. Robert Dover's Olympic Games, upon Cotswold Hills, &c.* containing verses by Drayton, Randolph, Ben Jonson, Feltham, Mennis, Marryon, Heywood, and others. Prefixed to it is a plate, representing the games and sports, and Captain Dover on horseback, riding from place to place.

Rachel. And we will put you to't. Come aside, Meriel——

Vincent. Some jeer, perhaps, to put upon us.

Hilliard. What think you of a pilgrimage to St. Winifride's Well¹⁶?

Vincent. Or a journey to the Wise Woman at Nantwich, to ask if we be fit husbands for 'em?

Hilliard. They are not scrupulous in that, we having had their growing loves up from our childhoods, and the old squire's good-will before all men.

Rachel and Meriel. Ha! ha! ha!——

Vincent. What's the conceit, I marvel?

Rachel and Meriel. Ha! ha! ha!——

Hilliard. Some merry one, it seems.

Rachel. And then, Meriel, hark again—ha! ha! ha!

Vincent. How they are taken with it!

Meriel. Ha! ha! ha!—hark again, Rachel!

Hilliard. Some wonderful nothing, sure! They will laugh as much, to see a swallow fly with a white-feather imp'd¹⁷ in her tail.

Vincent. They were born laughing, I think.

Rachel and Meriel. Ha! ha! ha!——

Vincent. If it be not some trick upon us, which they'll discover in some monstrous shape, they cozen me. Now, ladies, is your project ripe? Possess us¹⁸ with the knowledge of it.

Rachel. It is more precious than to be imparted upon a slight demand.

Hilliard. Pray let us hear it: you know we are your trusty servants.

Vincent. And have kept all your counsels ever since we have been infant play-fellows.

Rachel. Yes, you have play'd at all kinds of small game with us; but this is to the purpose. Ha! ha! ha!

Hilliard. It seems so, by your laughing.

¹⁶ *St. Winifride's Well.*] Near Holywell, in the county of Flint. See *Pennant's Tour in North Wales*, 1773, p. 28.

¹⁷ *Imp'd.*] Junius, in his *Etymologicon*, explains *Imp* in this manner: *Surculus. Imped, Insertus. cymræis imp est Surculus. "impio, Imculare, inserete."*

¹⁸ *Possess us, &c.*] See note 7 to *The City Night-cap*, vol. XI.

Rachel. And asks a stronger tongue-tie than tearing of books, burning of samplers, making dirt-pies, or piss and paddle in't.

Vincent. You know how, and what we have vow'd—to wait upon you any how, and any whither.

Meriel. And you will stand to't?

Hilliard. Ay, and go to't with you, wherever it be.

Meriel. Pray tell 't 'em, sister Rachel.

Rachel. Why, gentlemen,—ha! ha!—thus it is—tell it you, Meriel.

Vincent. O, is that all?

Meriel. You are the elder. Pray tell it you.

Rachel. You are the younger: I command you to tell it. Come, out with it, they long to have it.

Hilliard. When?

Vincent. When?

Meriel. In troth, you must tell it, sister; I cannot. Pray begin.

Rachel. Then, gentlemen, stand your ground.

Vincent. Some terrible business, sure!

Rachel. You seem'd e'en now to admire the felicity of beggars.

Meriel. And have engag'd yourself to join with us in any course.

Rachel. Will you now with us, and for our sakes, turn beggars?

Meriel. It is our resolution, and our injunction on you.

Rachel. But for a time, and a short progress.

Meriel. And for a spring-trick of youth, now in the season.

Vincent. Beggars! what rogues are these?

Hilliard. A simple trial of our loves and service!

Rachel. Are you resolv'd upon 't? if not, God be with you.

We are resolved to take our course.

Meriel. Let yours be to keep counsel.

Vincent. Stay, stay. Beggars! are we not so already?

Don't we now beg our loves, and our enjoyings

Do we not beg to be receiv'd your servants?
To kiss your hands, or, if you will vouchsafe,
Your lips, or your embraces?

Hilliard. We now beg,
That we may fetch the rings and priest to marry us.
Wherein are we now beggars?

Rachel. That will not serve. Your time's not come
for that yet: you shall beg victuals first.

Vincent. O, I conceive your begging progress is to
ramble out this summer among your father's tenants;
and 'tis in request among gentlemen's daughters to de-
vour their cheese-cakes, apple-pies, cream and cus-
tards, flapjacks¹⁹, and pan-puddings.

Meriel. No, no, not so.

Hilliard. Why so we may be a kind of civil beggars.

Rachel. I mean stark, errant, downright beggars: ay,
Without equivocation, statute beggars.

Meriel. Couchant and passant, guardant, rampant
beggars.

Vincent. Current and vagrant——

Hilliard. Stockant, whippant beggars!

Vincent. Must you and we be such? would you so
have it?

Rachel. Such as we saw so merry, and you concluded
Were the only happy people in a nation.

Meriel. The only freemen of a commonwealth;
Free above Scot-free; that observe no law,
Obey no governor, use no religion,
But what they draw from their own ancient custom,
Or constitute themselves, yet are no rebels.

Rachel. Such as of all men's meat, and all men's
money,
Take a free part; and wheresoe'er they travel,
Have all things *gratis* to their hands provided.

Vincent. Course fare, most times.

¹⁹ *Flapjacks.*] A *flapjack* is a provincial term for an apple-puff. S.
So in *Pericles*. A. 2. S. 1.

"Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for all-day;
"fish for fasting-days and more; or puddings and *flapjacks*: and
"thou shalt be welcome."

Rachel. Their stomach makes it good,
And feasts on that which others scorn for food.

Meriel. The antidote, content, is only theirs.
And unto that such full delights are known,
That they conceive the kingdom is their own.

Vincent. 'Fore Heaven I think they are in earnest;
for they were always mad.

Hilliard. And we were madder than they, if we
should lose 'em.

Vincent. 'Tis but a mad trick of youth, as they say,
for the spring, or a short progress; and mirth may be
made out of it, if we knew how to carry it.

Rachel. Pray gentlemen, be sudden.

Harkee, you hear the cuckoo.

[*Cuckoo.*

Hilliard. We are most resolutely for you in your
course.

Vincent. But the vexation is how to set it on foot.

Rachel. We have projected it. Now if you be per-
fect lovers and friends, search you the means. We
have puzzled them.

Meriel. I am glad on't. Let 'em pump.

Vincent. 'Troth, a small stock will serve to set up
withal. This coat sold off o' my back, might serve to
furnish a camp-royal of us.

Hilliard. But how to enter or arrange ourselves into
the crew, will be the difficulty. If we light raw and
tame amongst them, (like cage-birds among a flight of
wild ones) we shall never pick up a living, but have our
brains peck'd out.

Vincent. We want instructions dearly.

Enter SPRINGLOVE.

Hilliard. O here comes Springlove: his great bene-
factorship among the beggars might prefer us with
authority into a ragged regiment presently. Shall I put
it to him?

Rachel. Take heed what you do. His greatness
with my father will betray us.

Vincent. I will cut his throat then. My noble
Springlove, the great commander of the Maunders²⁰,

²⁰ *Commander of the Maunders.] i. e. The Beggars: from maund,*

and king of Canters, we saw the gratitude of your loyal subjects, in the large tributary content they gave you in their revels.

Springlove. Did you, sir?

Hilliard. We have seen all with great delight and admiration.

Springlove. I have seen you too, kind gentlemen and ladies, and overheard you in your strange design, to new-create yourselves out of the worldly blessings and spiritual graces heaven has bestow'd upon you, To be partakers and co-actors too, In those vile courses, which you call delights, Ta'en by those despicable and abhorr'd creatures.

Vincent. Thou art a despiser, nay, a blasphemer Against the Maker of those happy creatures; Who, of all human, have priority In their content; in which they are so blest, That they enjoy most in possessing least.

Who made 'em such, dost think? Or why so happy?

Rachel. He grows zealous in the cause: sure he'll beg, indeed.

Hilliard. Art thou an hypocrite then, all this while? Only pretending charity, or using it To get a name and praise unto thyself, And not to cherish and increase those creatures In their most happy way of living? Or Dost thou bestow thine alms with a foul purpose, To stint their begging²¹, and with loss to buy And slave those free souls from their liberty?

Meriel. They are more zealous in the cause than we.

Springlove. But are you, ladies, at defiance too With reputation, and the dignity Due to your father's house and you?

Rachel. Hold thy peace, good Springlove; and tho'

a basket, in which alms was anciently given to the poor. Hence, says Spelman, our *Maundy Thursday*. S.

²¹ To stint their begging.] To stint, is to stay, to stop. So the Nurse in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"It stinted and cry'd, ay."

See the note on that passage, last edition. S.

You seem to dislike this course, and reprove us for it,
Do not betray us in it; your throat's in question.
I tell you for good-will, good Springlove.

Meriel. What would'st thou have us do? Thou talk'st

O' th' house: 'tis a base melancholy house.
Our father's sadness banishes us out on't.
And for the delight thou tak'st in beggars
And their brawls²², thou canst not but think
They live a better life abroad, than we
Do in this house.

Springlove. I have sounded your faith, and I am glad

I find you all right: and for your father's sadness,
I'll tell you the cause on't. I overheard it
But this day, in private discourse with
His merry mate, Mr. Hearty: he has been told
By some wizard, that you both were born
To be beggars.

All. How! how!

Springlove. For which he is so tormented in mind,
that he

Cannot sleep in peace, nor look upon you
But with heart's grief.

Vincent. This is most strange!

Rachel. Let him be grieved then, till we are
beggars:

We have just reason to become so now;
And what we thought on but in jest before,
We'll do in earnest now.

Springlove. O, I applaud this resolution in you;
Would have persuaded it, will be
Your servant in't. For, look ye, ladies,

²² *beggars*

And their brawls.] So in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, A. 2. S. 2.
vol. II. Dame Chat says,

"Shall such a *begars brawle* as that, thinkest thou, make me a
"theefe?"

"The pocks light on her hores sydes, a pestilence and mis-
"cheefe."

The sentence of your fortune does not say,
That you shall beg for need, hunger, or cold
Necessity : if, therefore, you expose yourselves
On pleasure into it, you shall absolve
Your destiny, nevertheless, and cure
Your father's grief. I am overjoy'd
To think on't ; and will assist you faithfully.

All. A Springlove ! a Springlove !

Springlove. I am prepar'd already for the adventure,
And will with all conveniences furnish
And set you forth ; give you your dimensions,
Rules and directions : I will be your guide,
Your guard, your convoy, your authority.
You do not know my power, my command
I' th' beggars' commonwealth.

Vincent. But how, but how, good Mr. Springlove ?

Springlove. I'll confess all. In my minority
My master took me up a naked beggar ;
Bred me at school, then took me to his service,
You know in what good fashion ; and you may
Collect to memory for seven late summers,
Either by leave, pretending friends to see
At far remote parts of the land, or else
By stealth, I would absent myself from service,
To follow my own pleasure, which was begging,
Led to 't by nature. My indulgent master,
Yet ignorant of my course, on my submission,
When cold and hunger forc'd me back at winter,
Receiv'd me still again. 'Till two years since,
He being drawn by journey towards the North,
Where I then quarter'd with a ragged crew ;
On the highway, not dreaming of him there,
I did accost him with a—*Good, your worship,*
The gift of one small penny to a cripple ;
(For here I was with him) *and the good Lord*
To bless you, and restore it you in Heaven. [*Halts.*

All. Ha ! ha ! ha !

Springlove. My head was dirty-clouted, and this
leg
Swaddled with rags, the other naked, and

My body clad like his upon the gibbet.
 Yet he, with searching eyes, through all my rags
 And counterfeit postures, made discovery
 Of his man Springlove; chid me into tears,
 And a confession of my forespent life.
 At last, upon condition that vagary
 Should be the last, he gave me leave to run
 That Summer out: in Autumn, home came I
 In my home clothes again, and former duty.
 My master not alone conserv'd my counsel,
 But lays more weighty trust and charge upon me:
 Such was his love to keep me a home-man,
 That he conferred his steward's place upon me,
 Which clogg'd me the last year from those delights
 I wou'd not lose again to be his lord.

All. A Springlove! a Springlove!

Springlove. Pursue the course you are on then, as
 cheerfully

As the inviting season smiles upon you;
 Think, how you are necessitated to it,
 To quit your father's sadness, and his fears
 Touching your fortune. Till you have been beggars
 The sword hangs over him. You cannot think
 Upon an act of greater piety
 Unto your father, than t' expose yourselves
 Brave volunteers, unpress'd by common need
 Into this meritorious warfare; whence
 (After a few days, or short season, spent)
 You bring him a perpetual peace and joy,
 By expiating the prophecy that torments him.
 'Twere worth your time in painful woeful steps,
 With your lives hazard in a pilgrimage,
 So to redeem a father; but you'll find
 A progress of such pleasure (as I'll govern it)
 That the most happy courts could never boast
 In all their trampings²² on the countries cost;
 Whose envy we shall draw, when they shall read,
 We out-beg them, and for as little need.

All. A Springlove! A Springlove!

²² trampings.] 1st edit. trampings.

Springlove. Follow me, gallants, then, as cheerfully
As—(hark! we are summon'd forth.) [*Birds singing.*

All. We follow thee.— [*Exeunt.*

Enter RANDAL; a purse in his hand.

Randal. Well, go thy ways. If ever any just or charitable steward was commended, sure thou shalt be at the last quarter-day. Here's five-and-twenty pounds for this quarter's beggar's charge; and (if he return not by the end of this quarter) here's order to a friend to supply for the next. If I now shou'd venture for the commendation of an unjust steward, and turn this money to mine own use? Ha! dear devil! tempt me not. I'll do thee service in a greater matter. But to rob the poor! (a poor trick) every churchwarden can do it. Now something whispers me, that my master, for his steward's love, will supply the poor, as I may handle the matter: then I rob the steward, if I restore him not the money at his return. Away, temptation; leave me. I am frail flesh; yet I will fight with thee. But say the steward never return. O, but he will return. Perhaps he may not return. Turn from me, Satan: strive not to clog my conscience. I wou'd not have this weight upon 't for all thy kingdom.

Enter HEARTY singing, and OLDRENTS.

Hearty. Hey down, hey down, a down, &c.

Remember, sir, your covenant to be merry.

Oldrents. I strive, you see, to be so.

Yet something pricks me within, methinks.

Hearty. No further thought, I hope, of Fortune's tell-tales.

Oldrents. I think not of 'em: nor will I presage,
That when a disposition of sadness
O'erclouds my spirits, I shall therefore hear
Ill news, or shortly meet with some disaster.

Hearty. Nay, when a man meets with bad tidings;
why

May not he then compel his mind to mirth;
As well as puling stomachs are made strong
By eating against appetite?

Oldrents. Forc'd mirth though is not good.

Hearty. It relishes not, you'll say: no more does meat

That is most savoury, to a long sick stomach,
Until by strife and custom 'tis made good.

Oldrents. You argue well; but do you see you fellow?

Hearty. I never noted him so sad before.
He neither sings, nor whistles.

Oldrents. Something troubles him.
Can he force mirth out of himself now, think you?

Hearty. What speak you of a clod of earth, a hind?

But one degree above a beast, compar'd
To the airy spirit of a gentleman.

Oldrents. He looks as he came laden with ill news,
To meet me on my way.

Hearty. 'Tis very pretty. Suppose the ass
Be tir'd with sadness, will you disburthen him
To load yourself? Think of your covenant to be merry,

In spite of Fortune, and her riddle-makers.

Oldrents. Why, how now, Randal! Where's Springlove?

Hearty. He's ever in his care. But that I know
The old squire's virtue, I should think Springlove
Were sure his bastard.

Randal. Here's his money, sir.

I pray that I be charged with it no longer.
The devil and I have strain'd courtesy these two hours
about it. I would not be corrupted with the trust of
more than is mine own. Mr. Steward gave it me, sir,
to order it for the beggars: he has made me steward
of the barn and them, while he is gone (he says) a
journey, to survey and measure lands abroad about the
countries: some purchase, I think, for your worship.

Oldrents. I know his measuring of land. He is
Gone his old way; and let him go.
Am not I merry, Hearty?

Hearty. Yes; but not hearty merry. There's a
whim, now.

Oldrents. The poor's charge shall be mine. Keep you the money
For him.

Randal. Mine is the greater charge, then.
Knew you but my temptations and my care,
You would discharge me of it.

Oldrents. Ha! ha! ha!

Randal. I have not had it so many minutes, as I have been in several minds about it; and most of them dishonest.

Oldrents. Go then, and give it to one of my daughters to keep for Springlove.

Randal. O, I thank your worship— [Exit.

Oldrents. Alas, poor knave!
How hard a task it is to alter custom!

Hearty. And how easy for money to corrupt it.
What a pure treasurer would he make!

Oldrents. All were not born for weighty offices,
Which makes me think of Springlove.
He might have ta'en his leave, though.

Hearty. I hope he's run away with some large trust.
I never lik'd such demure down-look'd fellows.

Oldrents. You are deceiv'd in him.

Hearty. If you be not, 'tis well. But this is from the covenant.

Oldrents. Well, sir, I will be merry: I am resolv'd
To force my spirit only unto mirth.
Shou'd I hear now my daughters were misled
Or run-a-way, I wou'd not send a sigh
To fetch 'em back.

Hearty. T'other old song for that.

SONG.

*There was an old fellow at Waltham-Cross,
Who merrily sung when he liv'd by the loss.
He never was heard to sigh with hey-ho,
But sent it out with a heigh trolly-lo.*

He cheer'd up his heart, when his goods went to wrack,
With a hem, boy, hem, and a cup of old sack.*

* *Wrack* is the old and the proper word; and it must besides be so spelt for the rhyme; but Mr. Reed altered it to *wreck*. C.

Oldrents. Is that the way on't? Well, it shall be mine, then.

Enter RANDAL.

Randal. My mistresses are both abroad, sir.

Oldrents. How! since when?

Randal. On foot, sir, two hours since, with the two gentlemen their lovers. Here's a letter they left with the butler, and there's a muttering in the house.

Oldrents. I will not read nor open it; but conceive Within myself the worst that can befall them; That they are lost, and no more mine. What follows? That I am happy, and all my cares are flown. The counsel I anticipated from My friend, shall serve to set my rest upon²⁴

²⁴ *to set my rest upon.*] *To set up a rest*, is a phrase which occurs in almost every poet in the times of James and Charles. It is taken from terms used at the game of *primero*, and perhaps, at other games then played. The following, amongst other instances, will be sufficient to prove it.

Nugæ Antiquæ, vol. 2. p. 31.

"The other tale I wold tell of a willinge and wise loss, I have hearde dyversly tolde. Some tell it of Kyng Phillip and a favyrt of his; some of our worthy Kyng Henry 8 and Domingo; and I may call it a tale, because perhappes it is but a tale; but thus they tell it: The Kinge, 55 eldest hand, *sets up all restes*, and discarded flush; Domingo or Dundego, call him how you will, helde it uppon 49, or som such game; when all *restes wear up*, and they had discarded, the Kinge threw his 55 on the boord open, with great lafter, supposing the game (as yt was) in a manner sewer. Domingo was at his last carde incownter'd flush, as the standers-by saw, and tolde the daye after; but seeing the Kinge so mery, would not for a rest at *primero* put him owt of that pleasawnt conceyt, and put up his cardes quietly, yielding it lost."

Supposes by Gascoigne, A. 3. S. 2.

"This amorous cause, that hangs in controversy betwixt Domine Doctor and me, may be compared to them that play at *primero*, of whom one peradventure shall leese a great sum of money before he win one stake; and at last, half in anger, *shall set up his rest*; win it, and after that another, another, and another; till at last he draw the most part of the money to his heap: the other by little and little, still diminishing his rest till," &c.

Prologue to *Return from Parnassus*, 1606.

"Gentlemen, you that can play at noddie, or rather play upon noddies, you that can *set up a rest at primero* instead of a rest, laugh," &c.

Without all further helps, to jovial mirth;
Which I will force out of my spleen so freely,
That grief shall lose her name, where I have being;
And sadness from my furthest foot of land,
While I have life, be banish'd.

Hearty. What's the whim now?

Oldrents. My tenants shall sit rent-free for this
twelve-month;

And all my servants have their wages doubled;
And so shall be my charge in house-keeping.
I hope my friends will find and put me to't.

Hearty. For them I'll be your undertaker, sir.

But this is overdone; I do not like it.

Oldrents. And for thy news, the money that thou hast
Is now thine own: I'll make it good to Springlove.
Be sad with it, and leave me; for I tell thee
I'll purge my house of stupid melancholy.

Randal. I'll be as merry as the charge that's under
me.

[*A confus'd noise within of laughing and singing,
and one crying out.*]

The beggars, sir, do you hear them in the barn?

Oldrents. I'll double their allowance too, that they
may

Double their numbers, and increase their noise:

Churchyard's Challenge, p. 62.

"On which resolution the soldier *sets up his rest*, and commonly
"hazards the winning or loosing of as great a thing as life may be
"worth."

Ibid.

"Spoyle brings home plagues to wife and children both,

"When husband hath at play *set up his rest*."

Women Pleas'd, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. S. 1.

"— be sure you hit it right,

"Or I'll be sure you shall not 'scape the danger."

"Sil. *My rest is up now*, madam.

"Duch. Then play't cunningly."

Elder Brother, by Beaumont and Fletcher, A. 5. S. 1.

"Eus. *My rest is up*,

"Nor will I give less.

"Char. I'm no gamester, Eustace,

"Yet I can guess your resolution stands

"To win, or lose all," &c.

These bear not sound enough ; and one, methought,
Cry'd out among them.

Randal. By a most natural cause. For there's a
doxy

Has been in labour, sir, and 'tis their custom,
With songs and shouts to drown the woman's cries.
A ceremony which they use, not for
Devotion, but to keep off notice of
The work they have in hand. Now she is in
The straw it seems, and they are quiet.

Hearty. The straw ! that's very proper there. That's
Randal's whim.

Oldrents. We will have such a lying-in, and such
A christening ! such upsitting and gossiping !
I mean to send forty miles circuit at the least,
To draw in all the beggars can be found ;
And such devices we will have for jollity,
As fame shall boast to all posterity.
Am I not merry, Hearty ? hearty merry.

Hearty. Woud you were else. I fear this overdoing.

Oldrents. I'll do't for expiation of a crime,
That's charg'd upon my conscience till 't be done.

Hearty. What's that ? what says he ?

Oldrents. We will have such a festival month on't,
Randal—

Randal. Sir, you may spare the labour and the cost ;
They'll never thank you for't. They'll not endure
A ceremony that is not their own,
Belonging either to the child or mother.
A month, sir ! they'll not be detain'd so long
For your estate. Their work is done already ;
The bantling's born ; the doxy's in the strummel ;
Laid by an autem mort of their own crew,
That serv'd for midwife ; and the child-bed woman
Eating of hasty-pudding for her supper,
And the child part of it for pap,
I warrant you, by this time ; then to sleep,
So to rise early to regain the strength
By travel which she lost by travail.

Hearty. There's Randal again.

Oldrents. Can this be !

Randal. She'll have the bantling at her back to-morrow,
That was to-day in her belly, and march a foot
Back with it.

Hearty. Art there again, old Randal ?

Randal. And for their gossiping, now you are so
nigh,
If you'll look in, I doubt not, but you'll find 'em
At their high feast already.

Hearty. Pray, let's see 'em, sir.

*Randal opens the scene. The beggars discovered at
their feast. After they have scrambled awhile at their
victuals ; this song,*

*Here safe in our ²⁵ skipper, let's cly off our peck,
And bowse in defiance o' th' Harman-beck,*
Here's pannum and lap, and good poplars of Yarrum,
To fill up the crib, and to comfort the quarron.*

*Now bowse a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the strummel.
Now bowse a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the strummel.*

*Here's ruffpeck and casson, and all of the best,
And scraps of the dainties of gentry cofe's feast.
Here's grunter and bleater, with tib of the butt'ry,
And Margery Prater, all dress'd without slutt'ry.
For all this ben cribbing and peck let us then,
Bowse a health to the gentry cofe of the ken.*

*Now bowse a round health to the go-well and come-well
Of Cicely Bumtrincket that lies in the strummel.*

Oldrents. Good Heaven ! how merry they are.

Hearty. Be not you sad at that.

Oldrents. Sad, Hearty ? no, unless it be with envy
At their full happiness. What is an estate

²⁵ See the explanation of these cant terms at the end of the play.

* Harman wrote a pamphlet against beggars called " A Caveat
for Common Cursitors," recently reprinted. *Beck* or *Beak* is in use
at the present day as slang for a constable, C.

Of wealth and power, ballanc'd with their freedom,
But a mere load of outward compliment,
When they enjoy the fruits of rich content?
Our dross but weighs us down into despair,
While their sublimed spirits dance i' th' air.

Hearty. I ha' not so much wealth to weigh me down;
Nor so little, I thank chance, as to dance naked.

Oldrents. True, my friend, Hearty; thou having less
than I

(Of which I boast not) art the merrier man:
But they exceed thee in that way so far,
That should I know my children now were beggars
(Which yet I will not read) I must conclude
They were not lost, nor I to be aggriev'd.

Hearty. If this be madness, 'tis a merry fit.

Enter PATRICO. *Many of the beggars look out.*

Patrico. Toure out with your glaziers, I swear by the
ruffin,

That we are assaulted by a *queer cuffin.*

Randal. Hold! what do you mean, my friends?

This is our master,

The master of your feast and feasting-house.

Patrico. Is this the *gentry cofe*?

All the Beggars. Lord bless his worship; his good
worship: bless his worship! [*Exeunt Beggars.*]

Manet PATRICO.

Patrico. Now, bounteous sir, before you go,
Hear me, the beggar Patrico;
Or, priest, if you do rather chuse
That we no word of canting use.
Long may you live, and may your store
Never decay, nor baulk the poor;
And as you more in years do grow,
May treasure to your coffers flow:
And may your care no more thereon
Be set, than ours are, that have none;
But as your riches do increase,
So may your heart's content and peace.
And, after many, many years,
When the poor have quit their fears

Of losing you, and that with Heaven
And all the world you have made even,
Then may your blest posterity,
Age after age successively,
Until the world shall be untwin'd,
Inherit your estate and mind.
So shall the poor, to the last day,
For you, in your succession, pray.

Hearty. 'Tis a good vote, sir Patrico; but you are too grave. Let us hear and see something of your merry grigs, that can sing, play gambols, and do feats.

Patrico. Sir, I can lay my function by,
And talk as wild and wantonly
As Tom, or Tib, or Jack, or Jill,
When they at *bowsing ken* do swill.
Will you therefore deign to hear
My *autem mort*, with throat as clear
As was dame Aniss's of the name:
How sweet in song her notes she'll frame,
That when she chides, as loud is yawning,
As chanticleer wak'd by the dawning.

Hearty. Yes, pray let's hear her. What, is she your wife?

Patrico. Yes, sir, we of our ministry,
As well as those o' th' presbytery,
Take wives, and defy dignity.

[Exit.

Hearty. A learned clerk in verity.

Enter PATRICO with his old wife, with a wooden bowl of drink. She is drunk.

Patrico. By *salmon*, I think
My mort is in drink.
I find by her stink,
And the pretty pretty pink
Of her nyes, that half wink,
That the tipling feast,
With the doxy in the nest,
Hath turn'd her brain
To a merry merry vein.

Mort. Go fiddle, Patrico, and let me sing. First set me down here on both my *prats*. Gently, gently,

for cracking of my wind : now I must use it. Hem,
hem. [She sings.

This is ben bowse, this is ben bowse ;

Too little is my skew ;

I bowse no lage, but a whole gage

Of this I'll bowse to you.

This bowse is better than rom-bowse ;

It sets the gan a giggling :

The autem mort finds better sport

In bowsing than in nigling.

This is ben bowse, &c.

[She tosses off her bowl, falls back, and is carried out.

Patrico. So, so ; your part is done——

[Exit with her.

Hearty. How find you, sir, yourself ?

Oldrents. Wondrous merry, my good Hearty.

Enter PATRICO.

Patrico. I wish we had, in all our store,
Something that could please you more.

The old, or *autem mort's* asleep ;

But before the young ones creep

Into the straw, sir, if you are

(As gallants sometimes love coarse fare.

So it be fresh and wholesome ware)

Dispos'd to *doxy*, or a *dell*,

That never yet with man did mell,

Of whom no *upright man* is taster ;

I'll present her to you, master.

Oldrents. Away, you wou'd be punish'd. Oh !

Hearty. How is it with you, sir ?

Oldrents. A sudden qualm over-chills my stomach ;
But 'twill away.

Enter DANCERS.

Patrico. See, in their rags then, dancing for your
sports,

Our *clapper dudgeons* and their *walking morts*. [Dance.

Patrico. You have done well. Now let each tripper
Make a retreat into the *skipper* ;

And *couch a hogshead*, till the *darkman's* past ;

Then all, with bag and baggage, *bing awast*.

[Exeunt Beggars.

Randal. I told you, sir, they would be gone to-morrow.

I understand their canting.

Oldrents. Take that amongst you—— [*Gives money.*

Patrico. May rich plenty so you bless,

Tho' you still give, you ne'er have less. [*Exit.*

Hearty. And as your walks may lead this way,
Pray, strike in here another day.

So you may go, sir *Patrico*——

How think you, sir? or what? or why do you think at all, unless on sack and supper-time? Do you fall back? Do you not know the danger of relapses?

Oldrents. Good *Hearty*, thou mistak'st me: I was thinking upon this *Patrico*; and that he has more soul than a born beggar in him.

Hearty. Rogue enough, though, to offer us his what-d'calls, his doxies. Heart and a cup of sack, do we look like beggar-niggers.

Oldrents. Pray, forbear that language.

Hearty. Will you then talk of sack that can drown sighing? Will you in to supper, and take me there your guest? or must I creep into the barn amongst your welcome ones?

Oldrents. You have rebuk'd me timely, and most friendly. [*Exit.*

Hearty. Would all were well with him! [*Exit.*

Randal. It is with me:

For now these pounds are, as I feel them swag,
Light at my heart, tho' heavy in the bag. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

Enter VINCENT and HILLIARD, in their rags.

Vincent. Is this the life that we admir'd in others, with envy at their happiness?

Hilliard. Pray, let us make virtuous use of it, and repent us of that deadly sin, before a greater punish-

ment than famine and lice fall upon us, by steering our course homeward. Before I'll endure such another night——

Vincent. What? What wouldst thou do? I wish thy mistress heard thee.

Hilliard. I hope she does not; for I know there is no altering our course, before they make the first motion.

Vincent. Is 't possible we should be weary already, and before their softer constitutions of flesh and blood?

Hilliard. They are the stronger in will, it seems.

Enter SPRINGLOVE.

Springlove. How now, comrades; repining already at your fulness of liberty? Do you complain of ease?

Vincent. Ease, call'st thou it? Didst thou sleep to-night?

Springlove. Not so well these eighteen months, I swear; since my last walks.

Hilliard. Lightning and tempest are out of thy litany. Could not the thunder wake thee?

Springlove. Ha! ha! ha!

Vincent. Nor the noise of the crew in the quarter by us.

Hilliard. Nor the hogs in the hovel, that cry'd till they drown'd the noise of the wind? If I could but once have dreamt, in all my former nights, that such an affliction could have been found among beggars, sure I should never have travell'd to the proof on't.

Vincent. We look'd upon them in their jollity, and cast no further.

Hilliard. Nor did that only draw us forth, by your favour, Vince, but our obedience to our loves, which we must suffer, till they cry home again. Are they not weary yet, as much as we, dost think, Springlove?

Springlove. They have more moral understanding than so. They know, and so may you, this is your birth-night into a new world. And we all know, or have been told, that all come crying into the world, when the whole world of pleasure is before us. The world itself had ne'er been glorious, had it not first been a confus'd chaos.

Vincent. Well: never did knights-errant in all

adventures, merit more of their ladies, than we beggar-errants, or errant-beggars do in ours.

Springlove. The greater will be your reward. Think upon that, and shew no manner of distaste, to turn their hearts from you : you're undone then.

Hilliard. Are they ready to appear out of their privy lodgings, in the pigs palace of pleasure²⁶? Are they coming forth?

Springlove. I left 'em almost ready, sitting on their pads of straw, helping to dress each other's head : the one's eye is t'other's looking-glass, with the prettiest coil they keep to fit their fancies in the most graceful way of wearing their new dressings, that you would admire.

Vincent. I hope we are as gracefully set out, are we not?

Springlove. Indifferent well. But will you fall to practice? Let me hear how you can maund, when you meet with passengers.

Hilliard. We do not look like men, I hope, too good to learn.

Springlove. Suppose some persons of worth or wealth passing by now. Note me : Good your good worship, your charity to the poor, that will duly and truly pray for you day and night——

Vincent. Away, you idle rogue : you should be set to work and whipt.

Springlove. That is lame and sick, hungry and comfortless——

Vincent. If you were well serv'd——

Springlove. And even to bless you and reward you for it——

Hilliard. Pr'ythee hold thy peace (here be doleful notes indeed) and leave us to our own genius. If we must beg, let's let it go as it comes, by inspiration. I love not your set form of begging.

Springlove. Let me instruct you, though.

²⁶ Pigs palace of pleasure.] An allusion to the title of *Painter's* work, called *The Palace of Pleasure*.

Enter RACHEL and MERIEL in rags.

Rachel. Have a care, good Meriel: what hearts or limbs soever we have, and though never so feeble, let us set our best faces on't, and laugh our last gasp out, before we discover any dislike or weariness to them. Let us bear it out, till they complain first, and beg to carry us home a pick-pack.

Meriel. I am sorely surbated²⁷ with hoofing already though, and so crupper-cramp'd with our lodging, and so bum-fiddled with the straw, that——

Rachel. Think not on't. I am numb'd i' th' bum and shoulders too a little; and have found the difference between a hard floor with a little straw, and a down bed with a quilt upon 't: but no words, nor a sour look, pr'ythee.

Hilliard. O, here they come now; madam Few-clothes and my lady Bonnyrag.

Vincent. Peace, they see us.

Rachel and Meriel. Ha! ha! ha!

Vincent. We are glad the object pleases you.

Rachel. So does the subject.

Now you appear the glories of the spring,
Darlings of Phœbus, and the summer's heirs.

Hilliard. How fairer, than fair Flora's self appear,
To deck the spring, Diana's darlings dear!
O let us not, Acteon-like, be struck,
(With greedy eyes while we presume to look
On your half nakedness, since courteous rags
Cover the rest) into the shape of stags.

Rachel and Meriel. Ha! ha! ha! — We are glad you are so merry.

Vincent. Merry and lusty too. This night will we lie together, as well as the proudest couple in the barn.

Hilliard. And so will we. I can hold out no longer.

Rachel. Does the straw stir up your flesh to't, gentlemen?

²⁷ *surbated.*] *futighed.* So *Spencer's Fairy Queen*, B. 3. C. 4. S. 34.

“Least they their finnes should bruze, and *surbate* sore

“Their tender feete upon the stony grownd.”

Meriel. Or does your provender prick you?

Springlove. What! do we come for this? laugh and lie down

When your bellies are full. Remember, ladies,
You have not begg'd yet, to quit your destiny,
But have liv'd hitherto on my endeavours.
Who got your suppers, pray, last night, but I?
Of dainty trencher-fees, from a gentleman's house,
Such as the serving-men themselves sometimes
Would have been glad of. And this morning now,
What comfortable chippings and sweet buttermilk
Had you to breakfast?

Rachel. O, 'twas excellent! I feel it good still here.

Meriel. There was a brown crust amongst it, that
has made my neck so white, methinks: is it not,
Rachel?

Rachel. Yes. You gave me none on't;
You ever covet to have all the beauty.
'Tis the ambition of all younger sisters.

Vincent. They are pleased, and never like to be
weary.

Hilliard. No more must we, if we'll be theirs.

Springlove. Peace! Here come passengers. Forget
not your rules; and quickly disperse yourselves, and
fall to your calling——

Enter two GENTLEMEN.

1st Gentleman. Lead the horses down the hill. The
heat of our speed is over; for we have lost our journey.

2d Gentleman. Had they taken this way, we had
overtaken 'em, or heard of 'em, at least.

1st Gentleman. But some of our scouts will light on
'em, the whole country being over-spread with 'em.

2d Gentleman. There was never such an escape else.

Vincent. A search for us, perhaps: Yet I know not
them, nor they me, I am sure. I might the better beg
of them; but how to begin, or set the worst leg for-
wards? would I were whipt if I know now.

1st Gentleman. That a young gentlewoman of her
breeding, and heir to such an estate, should fly from so
great a match, and run away with her uncle's clerk!

2d Gentleman. The old justice will run mad upon't, I fear.

Vincent. If I were to be hang'd now, I could not beg for my life.

Springlove. Step forwards, and beg handsomely: I'll set my goad in your breech else.

Vincent. What shall I say?

Springlove. Have I not told you? Now begin.

Vincent. After you, good Springlove.

Springlove. Good, your good worships——

1st Gentleman. Away, you idle vagabond——

Springlove. Your worship's charity to a poor creature welly starv'd.

Vincent. That will duly and truly pray for you.

2d Gentleman. You counterfeit villains, hence.

Springlove. Good masters sweet worship, for the tender mercy of——

Vincent. Duly and truly pray for you.

1st Gentleman. You should be well whipt, and set to work, if you were duly and truly serv'd.

Vincent. Did not I say so before?

Springlove. Good worshipful master's worship, to bestow your charity, and —— to maintain your health and limbs.

Vincent. Duly and truly pray for you.

2d Gentleman. Be gone, I say, you impudent, lusty, young rascals.

1st Gentleman. I'll set you going else.

[*Switches them.*]

Springlove. Ah, the goodness of compassion, to soften your hearts to the poor.

Vincent. Oh, the devil; must not we beat 'em now? steth*——

Springlove. Nor shew an angry look for all the skin of our backs. Ah, the sweetness of that mercy that gives to all, to move your compassion to the hungry, when it shall seem good unto you, and night and day to bless all that you have. Ah, ah——

* Or 'death! though it does not seem to have been so understood by the old printer. C.

2d Gentleman. Come back, sirrah. His patience and humility has wrought upon me.

Vincent. Duly and——

2d Gentleman. Not you, sirrah; the other. You look like a sturdy rogue.

Springlove. Lord bless your master's worship.

2d Gentleman. There's a halfpenny for you. Let him have no share with you.

Vincent. We shall never thrive o' this trade.

1st Gentleman. They're of a fraternity, and will share, I warrant you.

Springlove. Never in our lives, truly. He never begg'd with me before.

1st Gentleman. But if hedges or hen-roosts could speak, you might be found sharers in pillage, I believe.

Springlove. Never saw him before, bless you good master, in all my life. (Beg for yourself, your credit's gone else.) Good Heaven to bless and prosper you.

[*Exit.*

2d Gentleman. Why dost thou follow us? Is it your office to be privy to our talk?

Vincent. Sir, I beseech you hear me. (s'lfe, what shall I say?) I am a stranger in these parts, and destitute of means and apparel.

1st Gentleman. So methinks; and what of that?

Vincent. Will you, therefore, be pleas'd, as you are worthy gentlemen, and bless'd with plenty——

2d Gentleman. This is courtly!

Vincent. Out of your abundant store, toward my relief in extreme necessity, to furnish me with a small parcel of money; five or six pieces, or ten, if you can presently spare it.

1st and 2d Gentleman. Stand off. [Draw.

Vincent. I have spoil'd all; and know not how to beg otherwise.

1st Gentleman. Here's a new way of begging!

Vincent. Quite run out of my instructions!

2d Gentleman. Some highway thief, o' my conscience, that forgets he is weaponless.

Vincent. Only to make you merry, gentlemen, at my

unskilfulness in my new trade. I have been another man in my days. So I kiss your hands. [Exit.]

1st Gentleman. With your heels, do you?

2d Gentleman. It had been good to have apprehended the rake-shame. There is some mystery in his rags. But let him go.

Enter OLIVER, putting up his sword.

Oliver. You found your legs in time. I had made you halt for something, else.

1st Gentleman. Master Oliver, well return'd: What's the matter, sir?

Oliver. Why, sir, a counterfeit lame rogue begg'd of me; but in such language, the high sheriff's son of the shire could not have spoke better, nor to have borrow'd a greater sum. He ask'd me if I could spare him ten or twenty pound. I switch'd him, his cudgel was up: I drew, and into the wood he 'scap'd me, as nimbly—But, first, he told me, I should hear from him by a gentleman, to require satisfaction of me.

2d Gentleman. We had such another begg'd of us. The court goes a begging, I think.

1st Gentleman. Dropt through the clouds, I think. Met you no news of your kinswoman, mistress Amie?

Oliver. No: what's the matter with her? Goes her marriage forwards with young master Talboy? I hasten'd my journey from London to be at the wedding?

2d Gentleman. 'Twas to have been yesterday morning; all things in readiness prepar'd for it; but the bride, stolen by your father's clerk, is slipt away. We were in quest of 'em, and so are twenty more, several ways.

Oliver. Such young wenches will have their own ways in their own loves, what matches soever their guardians make for 'em. And I hope my father will not follow the law so close, to hang his clerk for stealing his ward with her own consent. It may breed such a grudge, as may cause some clerks to hang their masters, that have 'em o' the hip of injustice. Besides, Martin, tho' he be his servant, he is a gentleman; but,

indeed, the miserablest rascal ! he will grudge her meat when he has her.

1st Gentleman. Your father is exceedingly troubled at their escape : I wish that you may qualify him with your reasons.

Oliver. But what says Talboy to the matter, the bridegroom, that should ha' been ?

2d Gentleman. Marry, he says little to the purpose, but cries outright.

Oliver. I like him well for that : he holds his humour : a miserable wretch too, tho' rich. I ha' known him cry when he has lost but three shillings at mumchance²⁸. But, gentlemen, keep on your way to comfort my father. I know some of his man's private haunts about the country here, which I will search immediately.

1st Gentleman. We'll accompany you, if you please.

Oliver. No, by no means ; that will be too public.

2d Gentleman. Do your pleasure. [Exeunt.

Oliver. My pleasure, and all the search that I intend, is, by hovering here, to take a review of a brace of the handsomest beggar braches that ever grac'd ditch or hedge-side. I pass'd by them in haste, but something so possesses me, that I must—what the devil must I ? A beggar ? why, beggars are flesh and blood, and rags are no diseases. Their lice are no French fleas ; and there is much wholesomer flesh under country dirt, than city painting ; and less danger in dirt and rags, than in ceruse and satin. I durst not take a touch at London both for the present cost and fear of an after-reckoning. But, Oliver, dost thou speak like a gentleman ? fear price or pox ! ha ! Marry do I, sir : nor can beggar sport be inexcusable in a young country gentleman, short of means, for another respect, a principal one indeed, to avoid the punishment or charge of

²⁸ *at mumchance.*] This game I find mentioned in *Dekker's Bellman of London*, F 3.

“ The taker or the verser is the man must play with him, the cards are fetcht and *mumchance*, or decoy is the game : the first wager is wine, the second two pence in money, from two pence they rise to a shilling, from that to a pound, &c.”

bastardy : there's no commuting with them, or keeping of children for them. The poor whores, rather than part with their own, or want children at all, will steal other folks' to travel with, and move compassion. He feeds a beggar-wench well that fills her belly with young bones. And, these reasons considered, good master Oliver!—'Slid, yonder they are at peep; and now sitten down as waiting for my purpose.

Enter VINCENT.

'Heart, here's another delay! I must shift him. Dost hear, honest poor fellow? I pr'ythee go back presently: and at the hill foot (here's sixpence for thy pains) thou shalt find a footman with a horse in his hand. Bid him wait there: his master will come presently, say.

Vincent. Sir, I have a business of another nature to you, which (as I presume you are a gentleman of right noble spirit and resolution) you will receive without offence, and in that temper as most properly appertains to the most heroic natures.

Oliver. Thy language makes me wonder at thy person. What's the matter with thee? quickly.

Vincent. You may be pleas'd to call to mind a late affront, which, in your heat of passion, you gave a gentleman.

Oliver. What, such a one as thou art, was he?

Vincent. True, noble sir. Who could no less in honour, than direct me, his chosen friend, unto you, with the length of his sword, or to take the length of yours. The place, if you please, the ground whereon you parted; the hour, seven to-morrow morning; or, if you like not these, in part, or all, to make your own appointments.

Oliver. The bravest method in beggars that ever was discovered! I would be upon the bones of this rogue now, but for crossing my other design, which fires me; I must therefore be rid of him on any terms. Let his own appointments stand: tell him I'll meet him.

Vincent. You shall most nobly engage his life to serve you, sir.

Oliver. You'll be his second, will you?

Vincent. To do you further service, sir, I have undertaken it.

Oliver. I'll send a beadle shall undertake you both.

Vincent. Your mirth becomes the bravery of your mind, and dauntless spirit: so takes his leave, your servant, sir: [Exit.]

Oliver. I think, as my friend said, the court goes a begging indeed. But I must not lose my beggar-wench.

Enter RACHEL and MERIEL.

Oh, here they come. They are delicately skinn'd and limb'd. There, there! I saw above the ham, as the wind blew.—Now they spy me.

Rachel. Sir, I beseech you, look upon us with the favour of a gentleman. We are in a present distress, and utterly unacquainted in these parts, and therefore forc'd by the calamity of our misfortune, to implore the courtesy, or rather charity, of those to whom we are strangers.

Oliver. Very fine, this!

Meriel. Be therefore pleas'd, right noble sir, not only valuing us by our outward habits, which cannot but appear loathsome or despicable unto you, but as we are forlorn Christians; and in that estimation, be compassionately moved to cast a handful or two of your silver, or a few of your golden pieces unto us, to furnish us with linen, and some decent habiliments——

Oliver. They beg as high as the man-beggar I met withal! Sure the beggars are all mad to-day, or bewitch'd into a language they understand not. The spirits of some decay'd gentry talk in them, sure.

Rachel. May we expect a gracious answer from you, sir?

Meriel. And that as you can wish our virgin prayers to be propitious for you.

Rachel. That you never be denied a suit by any mistress.

Meriel. Nay, that the fairest may be ambitious to place their favours on you.

Rachel. That your virtue and valour may lead you

to the most honourable actions; and that the love of all exquisite ladies may arm you.

Meriel. And that, when you please to take a wife, may honour, beauty, and wealth, contend to endow her most.

Rachel. And that with her you have a long and prosperous life.

Meriel. A fair and fortunate posterity.

Oliver. This exceeds all that ever I heard, and strikes me into wonder. Pray tell me how long have you been beggars, or how chanc'd you to be so?

Rachel. By influence of our stars, sir.

Meriel. We were born to no better fortune.

Oliver. How came you to talk thus, and so much above the beggars' dialect?

Rachel. Our speech came naturally to us, and we ever lov'd to learn by rote as well as we could.

Meriel. And to be ambitious above the vulgar, to ask more than common alms, whate'er men pleas'd to give us.

Oliver. Sure, some well-dispos'd gentleman, as myself, got these wenches. They are too well grown to be mine own, and I cannot be incestuous with 'em.

Rachel. Pray, sir, your noble bounty.

Oliver. What a tempting lip that little rogue moves there! and what an enticing eye the other! I know not which to begin with. What's this, a flea upon thy bosom?

Meriel. Is it not a straw-colour'd one, sir?

Oliver. O, what a provoking skin is there! That very touch inflames me.

Rachel. Sir, are you moved in charity towards us yet?

Oliver. Mov'd? I am mov'd: no flesh and blood more mov'd!

Meriel. Then, pray, sir, your benevolence.

Oliver. Benevolence? Which shall I be benevolent to? or which first? I am puzzled in the choice. Would some sworn brother of mine were here to draw a cut with me.

Rachel. Sir, noble sir.

Oliver. First, let me tell you, damsels, I am bound by a strong vow, to kiss all of the woman-sex I meet this morning.

Meriel. Beggars and all, sir?

Oliver. All, all. Let not your coyness cross a gentleman's vow, I beseech you—— [Kiss.

Rachel. You will tell, now.

Oliver. Tell, quotha! I could tell a thousand on those lips—and as many upon those. What life-restoring breaths they have! milk from the cow steams not so sweetly. I must lay one of 'em aboard: both, if my tackling hold.

Rachel and Meriel. Sir, sir.

Oliver. But how to bargain now, will be the doubt. They that beg so high as by the handfuls, may expect for price above the rate of good mens' wives.

Rachel. Now will you, sir, be pleas'd?

Oliver. With all my heart, sweetheart; and I am glad thou knowest my mind. Here is twelve-pence a-piece for you.

Rachel and Meriel. We thank you, sir.

Oliver. That's but in earnest; I'll jest away the rest with you. Look here—all this. Come, you know my meaning. Dost thou look about thee, sweet little one? I like thy care. There's nobody coming; but we'll get behind these bushes. I know you keep each other's counsels.—Must you be drawn to't? Then I'll pull. Come away—

Rachel and Meriel. Ah, ah——

Enter SPRINGLOVE, VINCENT, HILLIARD.

Vincent. Let's beat his brains out.

Oliver. Come, leave your squealing.

Rachel. O, you hurt my hand!

Hilliard. Or cut the lecher's throat.

Springlove. Wou'd you be hang'd? Stand back; let me alone.

Meriel. You shall not pull us so.

Springlove. O do not hurt 'em, master.

Oliver. Hurt 'em! I meant 'em but too well. Shall I be so prevented?

Springlove. They be but young and simple; and if they have offended, let not your worship's own hands drag 'em to the law, or carry 'em to punishment. Correct 'em not yourself; it is the beadle's office.

Oliver. Do you talk, shake-rag? Heart, yond's more of 'em! I shall be beggar-maul'd if I stay. Thou say'st right, honest fellow; there's a tester for thee. *[Exit running.]*

Vincent. He is prevented, and asham'd of his purpose.

Springlove. Nor were we to take notice of his purpose more than to prevent it.

Hilliard. True, politic Springlove, 'twas better his own fear quit us of him, than our force.

Rachel. Look you here, gentlemen, twelve pence a-piece.

Meriel. Besides fair offers and large promises. What ha' you got to-day, gentlemen?

Vincent. More than (as we are gentlemen) we would have taken.

Hilliard. Yet we put it up in your service.

Rachel and Meriel. Ha, ha, ha, switches and kicks. Ha, ha, ha. —

Springlove. Talk not here of your gettings: we must quit this quarter. The eager gentleman's repulse may arm and return him with revenge upon us: we must therefore leap hedge and ditch now; through the briars and mires, till we escape out of this liberty to our next rendezvous, where we shall meet the crew, and then hay-toss and laugh all night.

Meriel. As we did last night.

Rachel. Hold out, Meriel.

Meriel. Lead on, brave general. *[To Springlove.]*

Vincent. What shall we do? they are in heart still! Shall we go on?

Hilliard. There's no flinching back, you see.

Springlove. Besides, if you beg no better than you begin, in this lofty fashion, you cannot escape the jail or the whip, long.

Vincent. To tell you true, 'tis not the least of my purpose to work means for our discovery, to be releas'd out of our trade.

Enter MARTIN and AMIE, in poor habits.

Springlove. Stay, here come more passengers; single yourselves again, and fall to your calling discreetly.

Hilliard. I'll single no more: if you'll beg in full cry, I am for you.

Meriel. Ay, that will be fine: let's charm all together.

Springlove. Stay first, and listen a little.

Martin. Be of good cheer, sweetheart, we have escap'd hitherto; and I believe that all the search is now retir'd, and we may safely pass forwards.

Amie. I should be safe with thee. But that's a most lying proverb that says, "where love is, there's no lack." I am faint, and cannot travel further without meat, and if you lov'd me, you would get me some.

Martin. We'll venture at the next village to call for some. The best is, we want no money.

Amie. We shall be taken then, I fear: I'll rather pine to death.

Martin. Be not so fearful; who can know us in these clownish habits?

Amie. Our clothes indeed are poor enough to beg with. Would I could beg, so it were of strangers that could not know me, rather than buy of those that would betray us.

Martin. And yonder be some that can teach us.

Springlove. These are the young couple of run-away lovers disguis'd, that the country is so laid for. Observe and follow now: *Now the Lord to come with ye, good loving measter and meestress, your blessed charity to the poor, lame and sick, weak and comfortless, that will night and day—*

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly pray for you.*

Springlove. Pray hold your peace, and let me alone. *Good young measter and meestress, a little comfort amongst us all, and to bless you wherever you go, and—*

All. *Duly and truly pray for you. Duly and truly—*

Springlove. Pray, do not use methus. *Now sweet*

young measter and meestress, to look upon your poor, that have no relief or succour, no bread to put in our heads.

Vincent. Would'st thou put bread in thy brains?

No lands or livings.

Springlove. No house nor home, nor covering from the cold; no health, no help, but your sweet charity.

Meriel. No bands or shirts, but lousy on our backs.

Hilliard. No smocks or petticoats to hide our scratches.

Rachel. No shoes to our legs, or hose to our feet.

Vincent. No skin to our flesh, nor flesh to our bones shortly.

Hilliard. If we follow the devil that taught us to beg. *[Aside.*

All. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Springlove. I'll run away from you if you beg a stroke more.

Good worshipful measter and meestress——

Martin. Good friend forbear: here is no master or mistress: we are poor folks; thou see'st no worship upon our backs I am sure; and for within we want as much as you, and would as willingly beg, if we knew how as well.

Springlove. Alack for pity: you may have enough; and what I have is yours, if you'll accept it. 'Tis wholesome food from a good gentleman's gate——Alas, good mistress——much good do your heart. How savourly she feeds!

Martin. What, do you mean to poison yourself?

Amie. Do you shew love in grudging me?

Martin. Nay, if you think it hurts you not, fall too, I'll not beguile you. And here, mine host, something towards your reckoning.

Amie. This beggar is an angel sure!

Springlove. Nothing by way of bargain, gentle master; 'tis against order, and will never thrive. But pray, sir, your reward in charity.

Martin. Here then in charity. This fellow would never make a clerk.

All together.

Springlove. What! all this, master?

Amie. What is it? let me see't.

Springlove. 'Tis a whole silver three-pence, mistress.

Amie. For shame, ungrateful miser! Here, friend, a golden crown for thee.

Springlove. Bountiful goodness! gold? If I thought a dear year were coming, I would take a farm now.

Amie. I have robb'd thy partners of their shares too: there's a crown more for them.

All. *Duly and truly pray for you.*

Martin. What have you done? less would have serv'd, and your bounty will betray us.

Amie. Fie on your wretched policy.

Springlove. No, no, good master; I knew you all this while, and my sweet mistress too. And now I'll tell you, the search is every way, the country all laid for you; 'tis well you stay'd here. Your habits, were they but a little nearer our fashion, would secure you with us. But are you married, master and mistress? are you join'd in matrimony? in heart I know you are. And I will (if it please you) for your great bounty, bring you a curate that lacks no licence, nor has any living to lose, that shall put you together.

Martin. Thou'rt a heavenly beggar!

Springlove. But he is so scrupulous, and severely precise, that unless you, mistress, will affirm that you are with child by the gentleman, or that you have at least cleft or slept together, (as he calls it,) he will not marry you: but if you have lain together, then 'tis a case of necessity, and he holds himself bound to do it.

Martin. You may say you have.

Amie. I would not have it so, nor make that lie against myself, for all the world.

Springlove. That I like well, and her exceedingly.

[*Aside.*

I'll do my best for you, however.

Martin. I'll do for thee that—thou shalt never beg more.

Springlove. That cannot be purchas'd scarce for the

price of your mistress. Will you walk master? we use no compliments.

Amie. By enforc'd matches wards are not set free
So oft as sold into captivity;
Which made me, fearless, fly from one I hate,
Into the hazard of a harder fate. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter TALBOY, OLIVER, with riding-switches.

Talboy. She's gone.

Amie is gone.
Ah me, she's gone,
And has me left,
O' joy bereft,
To make my moan.
O me, *Amie*!

Oliver. What the devil ails the fellow, trow? why, why, master *Talboy*, my cousin *Talboy* that should'st have been, ar't not asham'd to cry at this growth, and for a thing that's better lost than found—a wench?

Talboy. Cry! who cries? do I cry? or look with a crying countenance? I scorn it; and scorn to think on her, but in just anger.

Oliver. So, this is brave now, if 'twould hold.

Talboy. Nay, it shall hold: and so let her go for a scurvy what d'ye call it; I know not what bad enough to call her—but something of mine goes with her, I am sure. She has cost me in gloves, ribbands, scarfs, rings, and such-like things, more than I am able to speak of at this time—oh.

Oliver. Because thou canst not speak for crying. Fie, master *Talboy*, again?

Talboy. I scorn it again, and any man that says I cry, or will cry again. And let her go again; and what she has of mine let her keep, and hang herself, and

the rogue that's with her. I have enough, and am heir of a well-known estate, and that she knows—and therefore that she should slight me, and run away with the wages-fellow, that is but a petty clerk, and a serving-man, there's the vexation of it—oh there's the grief, and the vexation of it—oh—

Oliver. Now he will cry his eyes out! you, sir, this life have I had with you all our long journey, which now is at an end here. This is master Oldrent's house, where perhaps we shall find old Hearty, the uncle of that rogue Martin, that is run away with your sweet-heart.

Talboy. Ay, 'tis too true, too true, too true! you need not put me in mind on't—oh—oh—

Oliver. Hold your peace, and mind me: leave your bawling, for fear I give you correction. This is the house, I say, where it is most likely we shall hear of your mistress and her companion. Make up your face quickly; here comes one of the servants, I suppose.

Enter RANDAL.

Shame not yourself for ever, and me for company: come, be confident.

Talboy. As confident as yourself or any man; but my poor heart feels what lies here. Here; ay, here it is. Oh!

Oliver. Good morrow, friend. This is 'squire Oldrent's house, I take it.

Randal. Pray take it not, sir, before it be to be let: it has been my master's, and his ancestors in that name, above these three hundred years, as our house-chronicle doth notify, and not yet to be let: but as a friend or stranger, in guestwise, you are welcome to it, as all other gentlemen are, far and near, to my good master, as you will find anon when you see him.

Oliver. Thou speak'st wittily and honestly: but I pr'ythee, good friend, let our nags be set up; they are tied up at the post. You belong to the stable? do you not?

Randal. Not so much as the stable belongs to me,

sir. I pass through many offices of the house, sir ; I am the running bailiff of it.

Oliver. We have rid hard, hoping to find the 'squire at home at this early time in the morning.

Randal. You are deceived in that, sir, he has been out these four hours ; he is no snail, sir. You do not know him, I perceive, since he has been new moulded, but I'll tell you, because you are gentlemen.

Oliver. Our horses, good friend.

Randal. My master is an ancient gentleman, and a great housekeeper, and pray'd for by all the poor in the country : he keeps a guest-house for all beggars far and near, costs him a hundred a year at least, and is as well belov'd among the rich ; but of late he fell into a great melancholy, upon what I know not ; for he had then more cause to be merry than he has now : take that by the way.

Oliver. But, good friend, our horses.

Randal. For he had two daughters that knew well to order a house, and give entertainment to gentlemen : they were his house-doves, but now they are flown, and no man knows how, why, or whither.

Talboy. My dove is flown too. Oh—

Randal. Was she your daughter, sir ? She was a young one then, by the beard you wear.

Talboy. What she was, she was, d' ye see. I scorn to think on her—but I do—oh.

Oliver. Pray hold your peace, or feign some mirth, if you can.

[*Talboy sings.*

Let her go, let her go ;

*I care not if I have her, I have her or no.**

Ha, ha, ha—oh, my heart will break—oh—

Oliver. Pray think of our horses, sir.

Randal. This is right my master : when he had his daughters he was sad, and now they are gone he is the

* Probably part of some song or ballad well known when the play was first produced. C.

merriest man alive: up at five a clock in the morning, and out till dinner-time; out again at afternoon, and so 'till supper-time: skise out this away, and²⁹ skise out that away; (he's no snail I assure you) and *tantivy* all the country over, where hunting, hawking, or any sport is to be made, or good fellowship to be had; and so merry upon all occasions, that you would even bless yourself if it were possible.

Oliver. Our horses, I pr'ythee.

Randal. And we, his servants, live as merrily under him, and do all thrive. I myself was but a silly lad when I came first, a poor turn-spit boy. Gentlemen kept no whirling-jacks then to cozen poor people of meat; and I have now, without boast, 40*l.* in my purse, and am the youngest of half a score in the house: none younger than myself but one, and he is the steward over all. His name is master Springlove, (bless him where'er he is,) he has a world of means, and we, the underlings get well the better by him; besides the rewards many gentlemen give us, that fare well, and lodge here sometimes.

Oliver. O! we shall not forget you, friend, if you remember our horses before they take harm.

Randal. No hurt I warrant you; there's a lad walking them.

Oliver. Is not your master coming, think you?

Randal. He will not be long a coming: he's no snail, as I told you.

Oliver. You told me so indeed.

Randal. But of all the gentlemen that toss up the ball, yea, and the sack too, commend me to old master Hearty, a decayed gentleman, lives most upon his own mirth, and my master's means, and much good do him with it: he is the finest companion of all; he does

²⁹ Skise out this away, and skise out that away.] I should suppose we ought to read

"Skir out this a way, and skir out that a way."

To skir is to scour, to pass hastily. So in *Macbeth*.

"Send out more horses, skir the country round."

Again in *King Henry V.*

"And make them skir away, &c."

hold my master up with stories, and songs, and catches, and t'other cup of sack, and such tricks and jigs, you would admire—he is with him now.

Oliver. That Hearty is Martin's uncle: I am glad he is here. Bear up, Talboy. Now, friend, pray let me ask you a question—pr'ythee stay.

Randal. Nay, marry I dare not. Your yawds may take cold, and never be good after it— *[Exit.*

Oliver. I thought I should never have been rid of him; but no sooner desired to stay but he is gone: a pretty humour.

Re-enter RANDAL.

Randal. Gentlemen, my master will be here e'en now, doubt not, for he is no snail,—as I told you. *[Exit.*

Oliver. No snail's a great word with him. Pr'ythee Talboy, bear up. Here comes another grey fellow.

Enter USHER.

Usher. Do you stand in the porch, gentlemen? the house is open to you. Pray enter the hall, I am the usher of it.

Oliver. In good time, sir. We shall be bold here then to attend your master's coming.

Usher. And he's upon coming, and when he comes, he comes apace; he's no snail, I assure you.

Oliver. I was told so before, sir. No snail! sure 'tis the word of the house, and as ancient as the family.

Usher. This gentleman looks sadly, methinks.

Talboy. Who I? not I: Pray, pardon my looks for that: but my heart feels what's what. Ah me—

Usher. Pray walk to the buttery, gentlemen, my office leads you thither.

Oliver. Thanks, good master usher.

Usher. I have been usher these twenty years, sir, and have got well by my place for using strangers respectfully.

Oliver. He has given the hint too.

Usher. Something has come in by the bye, besides standing wages, which is very duly paid, (thank a good master and an honest steward :) Heaven bless 'em, we all thrive under 'em.

Enter BUTLER with glasses and a napkin.

O, here comes the butler.

Butler. You are welcome, gentlemen: please you draw nearer my office, and take a morning's draught in a glass of sack, if it please you.

Oliver. In what please you, sir; we cannot deny the courtesy of the house in the master's absence.

Butler. He'll come apace when he comes; he's no snail, sir. *[Going.]*

Oliver. Still 'tis the house-word, and all the servants wear livery-beards.

Butler. Or perhaps you had rather drink white wine and sugar: please yourselves, gentlemen; here you may taste all liquors. No gentleman's house in all this county, or the next, so well stor'd (— make us thankful for it.) And my master, for his hospitality to gentlemen; his charity to the poor; and his bounty to his servants, has not his peer in the kingdom, (— make us thankful for it;) and 'tis as fortunate a house for servants as ever was built upon fairy ground. I myself, that have served here man and boy these four and forty years, have gotten together (besides something more than I will speak of, distributed among my poor kindred) by my wages, my vails at Christmas, and otherwise, together with my rewards of kind gentlemen, that have found courteous entertainment here——

Oliver. There he is too.

Butler. Have, I say, gotten together (tho' in a dangerous time I speak it) a brace of hundred pounds (— make me thankful for it;) and for losses have had none. I have been Butler these two and thirty years, and never lost the value of a silver spoon, nor ever broke a glass (— make me thankful for it.) White wine and sugar, say you, sir?

Oliver. Please yourself, sir.

Butler. This gentleman speaks not: or had you rather take a drink of brown ale with a toast, or March-beer with sugar and nutmeg? or had you rather drink without sugar?

Oliver. Good sir, a cup of your household beer,

[*Exit Butler.*]

I fear he will draw down to that at last.

Enter BUTLER with a silver can of sack.

Butler. Here, gentlemen, is a glass of my master's small-beer : but it is good old Canary, I assure you ; and here's to your welcome.

Enter COOK.

Cook. And welcome the Cook says, gentlemen. Brother Butler, lay a napkin : I'll fetch a cut of the sir-loin to strengthen your patience till my master comes, who will not now be long, for he's no snail, gentlemen.

Oliver. I have often heard so ; and here's to you, master Cook—Pr'ythee speak, master Talboy, or force one laugh more, if thou canst.

Cook. Sir, the Cook drinks to you. [To Talboy.]

Talboy. Ha, ha, ha—

Oliver. Well said.

Talboy. He is in the same livery-beard too.

Cook. But he is the oldest cook, and of the ancientest house, and the best for housekeeping in this county or the next ; and though the master of it write but 'squire, I know no lord like him.

Enter CHAPLAIN.

And now he's come, here comes the word before him. The parson has ever the best stomach ; I'll dish away presently. [Exit.]

Butler. Is our master come, Sir Domine ?

Chaplain. *Est ad Manum. Non est ille testudo.*

Oliver. He has the word too, in Latin. Now bear up, Talboy.

Chaplain. Give me a preparative of sack : it is a gentle preparative before meat ; and so a gentle touch of it to you, gentlemen.

Oliver. It is a gentle offer, sir, and as gently to be taken.

Enter OLDRENTS and HEARTY.

Oldrents. About with it, my lads ; and this is as it should be—Not till my turn, sir, I ; though I confess I have had but three morning-draughts to-day.

Oliver. Yet it appears you were abroad betimes, sir.

Oldrents. I am no snail, sir.

Oliver. So your men told us, sir.

Oldrents. But where be my catchers? Come, a round, and so let us drink.

[*This catch sung, and they drink about. The singers are all greybeards.*

A round, a round, a round, boys, a round;

Let mirth fly aloft, and sorrow be drown'd.

Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,

Can charm away care when the ground looks blue.

Oldrents. Well said, old Hearty; and gentlemen, welcome.

Talboy. Ah—

[*He sighs.*

Oldrents. Oh mine ears! what was that, a sigh? and in my house? look, has it not split my walls? if not, make vent for it; let it out; I shall be stifled else.

[*Exit Chaplain.*

Oliver. He hopes your pardon, sir, his cause consider'd.

Oldrents. Cause! Can there be cause for sighing?

Oliver. He has lost his mistress, sir.

Oldrents. Ha, ha, ha, is that a cause? Do you hear me complain of the loss of my two daughters?

Oliver. They are not lost I hope, sir.

Oldrents. No more can be his mistress: no woman can be lost; they may be mislaid a little, but found again, I warrant you.

Talboy. Ah—

[*Sighs.*

Oldrents. Ods my life! he sighs again, and means to blow me out of my house. To horse again, here's no dwelling for me, Or stay, I'll cure him if I can: give him more sack to drown his suspirations.

[*While Oldrents and Talboy drink, Oliver takes Hearty aside.*

Oliver. Sir, I am chiefly to inform you of the disaster.

Hearty. May it concern me?

Oliver. Your nephew Martin has stolen my father's ward, that gentleman's bride that should have been.

Hearty. Indeed, sir!

Oliver. 'Tis most true— [*He gives Hearty a letter.*]

Hearty. Another glass of sack! this gentleman brings good news,

Oliver. Sir, if you can prevent his danger—

Hearty. Hang all preventions; let 'em have their destiny.

Talboy. Sir, I should have had her, 'tis true;

But she's gone, d'ye see, and let her go. [*To Oldrents.*]

Oldrents. Well said, he mends now.

Talboy. I am glad I'm rid of her, d'ye see, before I had more to do with her—

Hearty. He mends apace. [*Hearty reads the letter.*]

Talboy. For should I have married her before she had run away, d'ye see, and that she had run away, d'ye see, after she had been married to me, d'ye see, then I had been a married man without a wife, d'ye see; where now she being run away before I am married, d'ye see, I am no more married to her, d'ye see, than she to me, d'ye see; and so long as I am none of hers, d'ye see, nor she none of mine, d'ye see, I ought to care as little for her now she's run away, d'ye see, as if she had stay'd with me, d'ye see.

Oldrents. Why this is excellent! Come hither, Hearty.

Talboy. I perceive it now, and the reason of it; and how by consequence, d'ye see, I ought not to look any further after her. [*Cries.*] But that she should respect a poor base fellow, a clerk at the most, and a serving man at best, before me, that am a rich man at the worst, and a gentleman at least, makes me—I know not what to say.

Oldrents. Worse than ever 'twas! now he cries outright.

Talboy. I know not what to say—what to say—oh—

Hearty. Then I do, sir: the poor base fellow that you speak of, is my nephew, as good a gentleman as yourself. I understand the business by your friend here.

Talboy. I cry you mercy, sir.

Oldrents. You shall cry no mercy, nor anything else here, sir ; nor for any thing here, sir : this is no place to cry in, nor for any business. You, sir, that come on business——

[*To Oliver.*

Oliver. It shall be none, sir.

Oldrents. My house is for no business, but the belly business. You find me not so uncivil, sir, as to ask you from whence you came, who you are, or what's your business ; I ask you no questions, and can you be so discourteous as to tell me or my friend any thing like business ? If you come to be merry with me, you are welcome ; if you have any business, forget it ; you forget where you are else, and so to dinner.

Hearty. Sir, I pray let me only prevail with you but to read this.

Oldrents. Spoil my stomach, and I'll not eat this fortnight.

[*He reads aside.*

Hearty. While he reads, let me tell you, sir. That my nephew Martin has stolen that gentleman's mistress, it seems, is true ; but I protest, as I am a gentleman, I know nothing of the matter, nor where he or she is : but, as I am the aforesaid gentleman, I am glad on't, with all my heart. Ha, my boy Mat. thou shalt restore our house,

Oliver. Let him not hear, to grieve him, sir.

Hearty. Grieve him ! What should he do with her ? teach their children to cry ?

Talboy. But I do hear you, though ; and I scorn to cry as much as you, d'ye see, or your nephew either, d'ye see.

Hearty. Now thou art a brave fellow. So, so, hold up thy head, and thou shalt have a wife, and a fine thing.

Talboy. Hang a wife, and a pax o' your fine thing, d'ye see ; I scorn your fopperies, d'ye see.

Oldrents. And I do hear thee, my boy, and rejoice i thy conversion, if thou canst but hold now.

Talboy. Yes, I can hold, sir ; and I hold well with

your sack. I could live and die with it, as I am true Talboy.

Oldrents. Now thou art a tall fellow³⁰, and shalt want no sack.

Talboy. And, sir, I do honour you, d'ye see, and should wish myself one of your household servants, d'ye see, if I had but a grey beard, d'ye see; hay, as old master Clack says.

Oldrents. Well, I have read the business here.

Oliver. Call it not business, I beseech you, sir; We defy all business.

Talboy. Ay, marry do we, sir: d'ye see, sir? and a hay, as old master Clack says.

Oldrents. Grammercy sack. Well, I have read the matter here, written by master Clack, and do but bear up thy humour, I will wait upon thee home.

[*Knocking within.*

Hark! they knock to the dresser³¹. I have heard

³⁰ tall fellow.] See note 28 to *George a Greene*, vol. II.

³¹ Hark; they knock to the dresser.] It was formerly a custom for the cook, when dinner was ready to be served in, to knock on the dresser, for the servants to carry it into the hall. This is frequently mentioned.

Massinger's Unnatural Combat, A. 3. S. 1.

" ——— and 'tis less danger,

" I'll undertake, to stand at push of pike

" With an enemy in a breach, that undermin'd too,

" And the cannon playing on it, than to stop

" One harpy, your perpetual guest, from entrance

" *When the dresser, the cook's drum, thunders, Come on,*

" *The service will be lost else.*"

The custom of knocking on the dresser was continued in Lord Fairfax's family, after the civil wars. Amongst that nobleman's orders for the servants of his household, is the following to the usher: "*Then must he warn to the dresser,—Gentlemen and yeomen to the dresser.*" Northumberland Household Book, p. 423.

It is not quite clear that the warning in the preceding paragraph by Mr. Reed, means *knocking* on the dresser, or indeed, that the household was summoned for the purpose of dining. Sir J. Suckling in his well-known *Ballad on a Wedding*, mentions the custom distinctly. As the passage may be seen in Percy's *Reliques*, and in many other sources, it is not necessary to add a fresh quotation on the subject. C.

much of this old conceited justice Clack, and now I long to see him; 'tis but crossing the country, two days' and a night's journey: we'll but dine, and away presently. Bear up, I say, master Talboy.

Talboy. I will bear up, I warrant you, d'ye see, sir; but here's a grudging still—— [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.

A great noise within of rude music, laughing, singing, &c.

Enter AMIE, RACHEL, MERIEL.

Amie. Here's a wedding, with a witness, and a holiday with a hoigh! Let us out of the noise, as we love our ears.

Rachel. Yes; and here we may pursue our discourse, and hear one another.

Meriel. Concerning Springlove and yourself, mistress Amie.

Amie. Well, ladies, my confidence in you, that you are the same that you have protested yourselves to be, hath so far won upon me, that I confess myself well-affected both to the mind and person of that Springlove; and if he be (as fairly you pretend) a gentleman, I shall easily dispense with fortune.

Rachel and Meriel. He is, upon our honours.

Amie. How well that high engagement suits your habits!

Rachel. Our minds and blood are still the same.

Amie. I have past no affiance to the other, That stole me from my guardian, and the match He would have forc'd me to; from which I would Have fled with any, or without a guide. Besides, his mind, more clownish than his habit, Deprav'd by covetousness and cowardice, Forc'd me into a way of misery, To take relief from beggars.

Meriel. From poor us.

Amie. And then to offer to marry me under a hedge, as the old couple were to-day, without book or ring,

by the chaplain of the beggars' regiment, your Patrico, only to save charges !

Rachel. I have not seen the wretch these three hours ; whither is he gone ?

Amie. He told me, to fetch horse and fit raiment for us, and so to post me hence ; but I think it was to leave me on your hands.

Meriel. He has taken some great distaste, sure, for he is damnable jealous.

Rachel. Ay ; didst thou mark what a wild look he cast when Springlove tumbled her, and kiss'd her on the straw this morning, while the music play'd to the old wedding-folks ?

Meriel. Yes ; and then Springlove, to make him madder, told him that he would be his proxy, and marry her for him, and lie with her the first night, with a naked cudgel betwixt them³², and make him a king of beggars.

Amie. I saw how it anger'd him ; and I imagin'd then, and before, that there was more in Springlove than downright beggar ; but though he be never so good a gentleman, he shall observe fit time and distance till we are married.

Rachel. Matrimony forbid else. (She's taken !) But while we talk of a match towards, we are miss'd within the bride-barn among the revel rout.

Amie. We have had all the sport they could make us in the past passages.

Meriel. How cautious the old contracted couple were for portion and jointure !

Rachel. What feoffees, she being an heir of fourscore (and seven years stone-blind) had, in trust for her estate !

Amie. And how carefully he secur'd all to himself, in case he out-liv'd her, being but seven years older

³² with a naked cudgel betwixt them.] I believe, this is an allusion to the ancient custom observed at royal marriages by proxy, when a naked sword was employed on the same occasion. S.

There is an old ballad in Evans's Collection of Alexander and Lodowick (and there was an old play upon the subject) which has reference to an incident of this kind. C.

than she! and what pains the lawyer of the rout here took about it!

Rachel. And then how solemnly they were join'd, and admonished by our parson Under-hedge, to live together in the fear of the lash, and give good example to the younger reprobates, to beg within compass, to escape the jaws of the justice, the clutch of the constable, the hooks of the headborough, and the biting blows of the beadle; and in so doing, they shall defy the devil and all his works, and after their painful pilgrimage in this life, they should die in the ditch of delight.

Meriel. O, but poet Scribble's Epithalamium.

*To the blind virgin of fourscore,
And the lame batchelor of more;
How Cupid gave her eyes to see,
And Vulcan lent him legs;
How Venus caus'd their sport to be
Prepar'd with butter'd eggs:
Yet when she shall be seven years wed,
She shall be bold to say
She has as much her maidenhead
As on her wedding-day.*

Rachel. So may some wives that were married at sixteen, to lads of one-and-twenty.

Amie. But at the wedding-feast, when the bride bridled it, and her groom saddled it, there was the sport in her mumping, and his champing, the crew scrambling, ourselves trembling: then the confusion of noises in talking, laughing, scolding, singing, howling, with their actions of snatching, scratching, towsing, and lousing themselves and one another.

Enter SPRINGLOVE, VINCENT, and HILLIARD.
But who comes here?

Springlove. O, ladies, you have lost as much mirth as would have fill'd up a week of holidays.

[Springlove takes Amie aside, and courts her in a genteel way.]

Vincent. I am come about again for the beggars' life now.

Rachel. You are: I am glad on't.

Hilliard. There is no life but it.

Vincent. With them there is no grievance or perplexity,

No fear of war or state disturbances;

No alteration in a commonwealth,

Or innovation, shakes a thought of theirs.

Meriel. Of ours, you should say.

Hilliard. Of ours he means.

We have no fear of lessening our estates,

Nor any grudge with us (without taxation)

To lend or give, upon command, the whole

Strength of our wealth for public benefit;

While some that are held rich in their abundance,

(Which is their misery indeed) will see

Rather a general ruin upon all,

Than give a scruple to prevent the fall.

Vincent. 'Tis only we that live.

Rachel. I'm glad you are so taken with your calling.

Meriel. We are no less, I assure you: we find the sweetness of it now.

Rachel. The mirth, the pleasure, the delights! no ladies live such lives.

Meriel. Some few upon necessity, perhaps; but that's not worth grammercy.

Vincent. They will never be weary.

Hilliard. Whether we seem to like or dislike, all's one to them.

Vincent. We must do something to be taken by, and discovered, we shall never be ourselves, and get home again else. [*Springlove and Amie come to the rest.*]

Springlove. I am yours for ever. Well, ladies, you have miss'd rare sport; but now the bride has miss'd you with her half-eye, and the bridegroom, with the help of his crutches, is drawing her forth for a dance here in the open air. The house is now too hot for 'em. O, here come the chief revellers. The soldier,

the courtier, the lawyer, and the poet, who is master of their revels, before the old couple in state. Attend, and hear him speak as their inductor.

Poet. *Here on this green, like king and queen,
 (For a short truce) we do produce
 Our old new-married pair.
 Of dish and wallet, and of straw pallet,
 With rugs to shew, from top to toe,
 She is the uncient heir.
 He is the lord of Bottle-gourd,
 Of sachel great, for bread and meat,
 And, for small pence, a purse.
 To all that give, Long may you live,
 He loudly cries; but who denies
 Is sure to have his curse.*

Vincent. Well said, field-poet; Phœbus, we see,
 inspires

As well the beggar as the poet laureat.

Springlove. And shines as warm under a hedge-
 bottom, as on the tops of palaces.

Poet. I have not done yet. Now this is to incite
 you to dance.

*Prepare yourselves, like fairy elves,
 Now in a dance to shew,
 That you approve, the god of love
 Has many shafts to's bow.*

*With golden head, and some of lead;
 But that which made these feel,
 By subtle craft, was sure a shaft
 That headed was with steel.*

*For they were old, no earth more cold;
 Their hearts were flints entire;
 Whence the steel's stroke did sparks provoke,
 That set their bloods on fire.*

*Now strike up piper, and each lover here,
 Be blithe, and take his mistress by the goll³³.*

³³ — by the goll.] The rhyme intended was gear, in an obscene sense; but turned to goll, i. e. the hand. S. P.

Hilliard. That's no rhyme, poet.

Poet. There's as good poetry in blank-verse as metre. [Music.]

Springlove. Come, ha! the dance, the dance. Nay, we'll ha' the old couple in, as blind and lame as they are.

Bride. What, will you so? [Dance.]

Springlove. Well hobbled bridegroom!

Vincent. Well grop'd bride!

Hilliard. Hay, lusty! Hay, holiday!

Springlove. Set 'em down, set 'em down, they ha' done well.

Bridegroom. A ha! I am lustier than I was thirty years ago.

Bride. And I than I was threescore past. A-hem, a-hem.

Vincent. What a night here's towards!

Hilliard. Sure they will kill one another.

Poet. Each with a fear the other will live longest.

Springlove. Poet, thou hast spoken learnedly, and acted bravely.

Thou art both poet and actor.

Poet. So have been many famous men; and if here were no worse, we might have a mask or a comedy presented to-night in honour of the old couple.

Vincent. Let us each man try his ability
Upon some subject now *extempore*.

Springlove. Agreed. Give us a theme, and try our action.

Poet. I have already thought upon't, I want but actors.

Hilliard. What persons want you? What would you present?

See note 17 to *Mayor of Quinborough*, vol. 11.

I believe that no wanton allusion was intended. This couplet does not necessarily join to the preceding song, and therefore might not be meant to rhyme. Had it been printed in the Roman type, as a speech, no one would have suspected obscenity to have been couched under it. The writers of this age were not very industrious either to exclude or palliate the grossness of their ideas; nor was this poet (the speaker) designed for a licentious character.

S.

Poet. I would present a commonwealth ; Utopia with all her branches and consistencies.

Rachel. I'll be Utopia ; who must be my branches ?

Poet. The country, the city, the court, and the camp, epitomized and personated by a gentleman, a merchant, a courtier, and a soldier.

Soldier. I'll be your soldier, am not I one ? ha !

Courtier. And am not I a fashionable courtier ?

Poet. But who the citizen or merchant ?

Springlove. I.

Vincent. And I your country gentleman.

Hilliard. Or I.

Poet. Yet to our moral I must add two persons, divinity and law.

Lawyer. Why la you now, and am not I a lawyer ?

Poet. But where's divinity ?

Vincent. Marry, that I know not : one of us might do that, if either knew how to handle it.

Springlove. Where's the old Patrico, our priest, my ghostly father ?

He'll do it rarely.

1st Beggar. He was telling fortunes e'en now to country wenches.

I'll fetch him.

[*Exit.*

Springlove. That Patrico I wonder at ; he has told me strange things in clouds.

Amie. And me somewhat, that I may tell you hereafter.

Springlove. That you shall be my bride ?

Amie. I will not tell you now.

Vincent. Well ; but what must our speeches tend to ? What must we do one with another ?

Poet. I would have the country, the city, and the court, be at great variance for superiority ; then would I have divinity and law stretch their wide throats to appease and reconcile them ; then would I have the soldier cudgel them all together, and overtop them all. Stay, yet I want another person.

Hilliard. What must he be ?

Poet. A beggar.

Vincent. Here's enough of us, I think. What must the beggar do?

Poet. He must at last overcome the soldier, and bring them all to Beggar-hall: and this, well acted, will be for the honour of our calling.

All. A Scribble! a Scribble!

Hilliard. Come, where's this Patrico, that we may begin?

Enter PATRICO.

Patrico. Alack and well-a-day,
This is no time to play?
Our quarter is beset.
We are all in the net;
Leave off your merry glee.

Vincent. You begin scurvily.

Springlove. Why, what's the matter?

[*Within.*

Bing awast, bing awast; the queer cove, and the harmanbeck.

[*Some beggars run over the stage.*

Springlove. We are beset, indeed! What shall we do?

Vincent. I hope we shall be taken.

Hilliard. If the good hour be come, welcome by the grace of good fortune.

Enter SCENTWELL, CONSTABLE, Watch: the crew slip away.

Scentwell. Beset the quarter round; be sure that none escape.

Springlove. Lord to come with you, blessed master, to a many distressed——

Vincent and Hilliard. Duly and truly pray for you.

Rachel and Meriel. Good your good worship, duly and truly, &c.

Scentwell. A many counterfeit rogues! So frolic and so lamentable all in a breath? You were acting a play but now; we'll act with you, incorrigible vagabonds.

Springlove. Good master, 'tis a holiday with us; an heir was married here to-day.

Scentwell. Married! Not so, I hope; where is she? 'Tis for an heir we seek.

Springlove. Here she is, master—Hide yourselves in the straw, the straw ; quickly into the straw.

Scentwell. What tell'st thou me of this? An old blind beggar-woman! we must find a young gentlewoman-heir among you. Where's all the rest of the crew?

Constable. Slit into the barn and the bushes by ; but none can 'scape.

Scentwell. Look you to that and to these here.

[*Exit with Watch.*

Springlove. Into the straw, I say.

Vincent. No, good Springlove ; the ladies and we are now agreed to draw stakes, and play this lousy game no further.

Hilliard. We will be taken, and disclose ourselves ; you see we shall be forc'd to it else. The cowardly clerk has don't to save himself.

Springlove. Do you fear no shame, ladies?

Rachel. Dost think it a shame to leave begging?

Meriel. Or that our father will turn us out to it again?

Springlove. Nay, since you are so resolute, know, that I myself begin to find this is no course for gentlemen. This lady shall take me off it.

Amie. Make but your protestations good, and take me yours : and for the gentleman that surprises us, though he has all my uncle's trust, he shall do any thing for me to our advantage.

Vincent. If, Springlove, thou could'st post now to thy tyring-house, and fetch all our clothes, we might get off most neatly.

Springlove. A horse and six hours travel would do that.

Amie. You shall be furnish'd, doubt not.

Enter SCENTWELL, and WATCH.

Scentwell. She's 'scap'd, or is invisible. You, sir, I take to be the chief rogue of this regiment : let him be whipt till he brings forth the heir.

Constable. That is but till he stinks, sir. Come, sir, strip, strip.

Amie. Unhand him, sir. What heir do you seek, Mr. Scentwell?

Scentwell. Precious, how did my haste oversee her? O, mistress Amie! Could I, or your uncle, justice Clack, a wiser man than I, ever ha' thought to have found you in such company?

Amie. Of me, sir, and my company, I have a story to delight you, which on our march towards your house I will relate to you.

Scentwell. And thither will I lead you as my guest, But to the law surrender all the rest. I'll make your peace.

Amie. We must fare all alike.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

CLACK, MARTIN.

Clack. I have forgiven you, provided that my niece be safely taken, and so be brought home safely, I say; that is to say, unstain'd, unblemish'd, undishonoured; that is to say, with no more faults, criminal or accusative, than those she carried with her.

Martin. Sir, I believe——

Clack. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? You believe her virtue is armour of proof, without your council or your guard; and therefore you left her in the hands of rogues and vagabonds, to make your own peace with me: you have it; provided, I say, (as I said before,) that she be safe; that is to say, uncorrupted, undefiled; that is to say—as I said before.

Martin. Mine intent, sir, and my only way——

Clack. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another? as I said before. Your intent, and your only way, you should ha' said, was to run away with her, and that by her only instigation to avoid the tie of marriage with master Talboy: that is to say, to shun the match that I had made for her; that is to say, rather to disobey me, than to displease herself.

Wherein (although she did not altogether transgress the law,) she did both offend and prejudice me, an instrument, nay, I may say, a pillar thereof; and you, in assisting her, furthering, and conveying her away, did not only infringe the law in an unlawful departure from your master, but in a higher point, that is to say, *top and top gallows high*. I would ha' found a jury should ha' found it so.

Martin. But, sir, an't please you.

Clack. Must we then both speak together? Have I not borne with thee to speak all thou pleasest in thy defence? Have I not broke mine own rule, which is to punish before I examine, and so to have the law the surer on my side, and dost thou still persist? hold your own peace, or, as I am a justice of the king's, I will unsay what I said before, and set a *Currat Lex** at you, sirrah, that shall course you up the heavy hill. Oh, is your tongue fallen into your leg now? Do not you know that I have acquitted you? provided, as I said before. Go your way in, and see that the gentlemen, who, I think, were got in sack, christened in sack, nursed with sack, and fed up to grey hairs with only sack, see, I say, that they want no sack. My son Oliver (I thank him) has brought me a pair of such guests.

Enter SCENTWELL.

O, master Scentwell! good news?

Scentwell. Of beggarly news the best you have heard.

Clack. That is to say, you have found my niece among the beggars. That is to say,——

Scentwell. True, Sir Oliver, I found her——

Clack. Now, if we both speak together, who shall hear one another?

Scentwell. I thought your desire was to be inform'd.

Clack. I can inform myself, sir, by your looks. I

* Justice Clack is here probably made to allude to the print placed before the play of *Ignoramus*, published 1631, in which the principal character, which gives name to the drama, is represented with a label issuing out of his mouth, on which is written the words *currat rex*.

have taken a hundred examinations in my days of felons, and other offenders, out of their very countenances, and wrote them down *verbatim* to what they would have said. I am sure it has serv'd to hang some of 'em, and whip the rest.

Scentwell. Justice Clack still ! he must talk all ; his clack must only go.

Clack. But to the point : you have found my niece ; you have left her at your own house, not only to shift her out of her disguise, but out of her shame, to come no nearer me, until I send her pardon.

Scentwell. Most true, sir. But the company she was in——

Clack. Again ! Do not I know the company ? Beggars, rogues, vagabonds, and hedge-birds.

Scentwell. But do you know whom, or how many we have taken ? and how the rest escap'd ?

Clack. A needless knowledge : Why should we take more than herself ? or how could you take those that could escape ?

Enter MARTIN.

Martin. Sir, the old gentlemen within, sent me to wait upon you, without you (they say) they need not my service.

Clack. Tell 'em then, I'll wait on them presently.

[*Exit Martin.*]

Scentwell. But, sir, we have taken with her such beggars, such rogues, such vagabonds, and such hedge-birds, (since you call 'em so) as you never knew or heard of, though now the country swarms with them under every hedge, as if an innumerable army of 'em were lately disbanded without pay. Hedge-birds, said you ? hedge lady-birds, hedge-cavaliers, hedge-soldier, hedge-lawyer, hedge-fiddlers, hedge-poet, hedge-players, and a hedge-priest among 'em. Such we have taken for the principals ; but to see how the multitude escap'd us, was more sport than pity. How, upon a watch-word given, they in the instant vanish'd by more several ways than there were legs among 'em ; how the cripples leap'd over pales and hedges ; how

the blind found their way through lakes and ditches; how a doxy flew with two children at her back, and two more perhaps in her belly——

Clack. A hedge priest have you taken, say you?

Scentwell. Yes, sir; an old Patrico, an ancient prophet, to tell fortunes, and cozen our poor country-people of their single money.

Enter OLIVER.

Oliver. Sir, master Oldrents, in that he enjoys not your company, begins to doubt of his welcome.

Clack. Who led him into that doubt? I, or you that brought him hither?

Oliver. Sir, his own desire and love to you brought him hither; I but shew'd him the way.

Clack. You reason fairly: tell him I come.

Oliver. Pray, sir, be pleas'd to do so; for he says——

Clack. Nay, if we both talk together——

Oliver. Who shall hear one another. [*Exit Oliver.*]

Clack. But are there players among the apprehended?

Scentwell. Yes, sir, and they were contriving to act a play among themselves just as we surpris'd 'em, and spoil'd their sport.

Clack. Players! I'll pay them above all the rest.

Scentwell. You shall do well in that; to put 'em in stock to set up again.

Clack. Yes, I'll put 'em in stocks, and set 'em up to the whipping-post. They can act Justices, can they? I'll act a Justice among them: that is to say, I will do justice upon them; that is to say——

Scentwell. Pray, sir, be not severe; they act kings and emperors as well as justices, and Justice is blind, they say: you may therefore be pleas'd to wink a little. I find, that you have merry old gentlemen in your house, that are come far to visit you. I'll undertake, that these players, with the help of their poet, in a device which they have already studied, and a pack of clothes which I shall supply them with, shall give your guests much content, and move compassion in you towards the poor strollers.

Clack. But you know my way of justice (and that's

a sure way) is to punish them first, and be compassionate afterwards, as I find 'em upon their examination.

Scentwell. But for your guests' sakes, who (I know) do favour and affect the quality of actors very much, permit 'em, sir: it will enlarge your entertainment exceedingly.

Clack. And perhaps save me the expence of a runlet of sack the while. Well, sir, for that respect, and upon your undertaking that they shall please, I will prorogue my justice on the rogues: and so to my merry gentlemen, whom I will prepare to see their interlude again after supper. But pray, master Scentwell, as you have found my niece, look to her, and see her decently brought home.

Scentwell. In her own best apparel; but you must prorogue your displeasure to her too.

Clack. I will do so—until my scarce welcome guests be gone.

Enter RANDAL.

Randal. Sir, my master sends you word, and plainly, that without your company, your entertainment stinks. He has commanded me to saddle his nags, and away to-night. If you come not at once, twice, thrice, he's gone presently, before supper. He'll find an host at an inn worth an hundred of you.

Clack. Good friend, I will now satisfy your master, without telling him he has a saucy knave to his man.

[Exit Clack.]

Randal. Thank your worship.

Scentwell. Do you hear, friend, you serve master Oldrents,

Randal. I could ha' told you that; and the best housekeeper my master is, of any gentleman in the county he dwells in; and the best master to a man, as I, the worst of twenty, can say for him, and would be ashamed to say less.

Scentwell. Your name is Randal.

Randal. Forgive me! Are you so wise? You are too young to be my godsire, and I hope not old enough

to be a witch. How know you that I am Randal? Were you ever at my master's house in Nottinghamshire, or at Dunghilford where I was born?

Scentwell. No; but I have notes to know you by.

Randal. I was never twelve mile from thence in my life, before this journey: God send me within ken of our own kitchen smoke again.

Scentwell. Your master's steward's name is Springlove.

Randal. Master Springlove, an't please you; there is not an honest gentleman between this and the head of him, and my heart's with him wherever he is. Know you him too?

Scentwell. Yes, and your master's daughters too.

Randal. Whaw!

Scentwell. And that they are all from home, your master knows not where.

Randal. Whaw, whaw! know you that too?

Scentwell. Yes, and the two young gentlemen that are with them, master Vincent and master Hilliard.

Randal. Whaw, whaw, again: you know 'em all, I think; but know you where they all are?

Scentwell. Even here by, at my own house.

Randal. Whaw——

Scentwell. And they knowing that your master is here, and master Hearty too——

Randal. Whaw, whaw.

Scentwell. And yourself too, they directed me to find you, Randal, and bring you to 'em.

Randal. Whaw, whaw, whaw, whaw——Why do we not go then?

Scentwell. But secretly; not a word to any body.

Randal. Mum—will you go then?

Enter MARTIN.

Martin. O, master Oldrent's man, pray let me intreat you into the buttery.

Randal. Will you go, master gentleman?

Martin. Indeed, it is my master's desire, and he commanded me.

Randal. Now, when it is supper-time, did he? To

fill my belly with thin drink, to save his meat? It's the manner in churls' houses. Will you go, master gentleman?

Martin. In troth, my master is so merry with yours within——

Randal. Shite o' your master; my master's steward's a better man: I'll to him at this gentleman's house, and all the rest. Whaw, whaw.

Scentwell. Randal, you forget.

Randal. Mum again then: why would you not go then? [Exit Scentwell and Randal.]

Martin. The man's as mad as his master. The strangest strangers that ever came to our house!

Enter TALBOY.

Talboy. Well, Martin, for confessing thy fault, and the means thou mad'st whereby she is taken, I am friends with thee; but I shall never look upon her, or thee, but with grief of mind, however I bear it outwardly. Oh——

Martin. You bear it very manfully, methinks.

Talboy. Ay, you think so, and I know so—but what I feel, I feel. Would one of us two had never both seen one another!—Oh——

Martin. You speak very good sense, sir. But does my master continue his merry humour with the old gentlemen within?

Talboy. Yes. Justice Clack's clack goes as merrily as any.

Martin. Well said, sir: now you speak merrily too; but I could say somewhat that would still him. And, for your comfort, I'll tell you, mistress Amie is fallen in love with one of the beggars

Talboy. Then have I nothing else to do, but to laugh at thee as long as I live. Ha! ha! ha!—To let a beggar cozen thee of her! Ha! ha! ha!—a beggar! I shall die merrily yet. Ha! ha! ha!

Enter CLACK, OLDBRENTS, HEARTY, OLIVER.

Clack. A hey, boys, a hey! this is right: that is to say, as I would have it; that is to say——

Talboy. A beggar!—Ha! ha! ha!——

Martin. Ha! ha! ha!—

Clack. A hey, boys, a hey! they are as merry without as we were within. A hey, master Oldrents and master Hearty! The virtue of your company turns all to mirth and melody, with a hey trololly, lolly, lolly. Is't not so, master Hearty?

Oldrents. Why thus it should be. How was I deivid! Now I see you are a good fellow.

Oliver. He was never so before. If it be a lightening before death, the best is, I am his heir.

Talboy and Martin. Ha! ha! ha!—

Clack. Again, boys, again; that is to say, a hey, boys, a hey!—

Hearty. What is the motive of your mirth, nephew Martin? Let us laugh with you.

Oldrents. Was that spoke like my friend Hearty? Lack we motives to laugh? Are not all things, any thing, every thing, to be laugh'd at? And if nothing were to be seen, felt, heard, or understood, we would augh at it too.

Clack. You take the loss of your mistress merrily, master Talboy.

Talboy. More merrily than you will take finding of her. Ha! ha! ha!—A beggar, ha! ha! ha!—

Clack. Can I be sad to find her, think you?

Martin. He thinks you will be displeased with her, and obide her.

Clack. You are deceived, master Talboy; you are wide, master Talboy; above half your length, master Talboy. Law and justice shall sleep, and mirth and good fellowship ride a circuit here to-night. A hey, master Oldrents, a hey, master Hearty, and a hey, son Oliver, and a hey, nephew Talboy, that would ha' been, and a hey, my clerk Martin, and a hey for the players When come they? Son Oliver, see for master Scentwell, that is no readier with his new company.

Talboy. Players! Let's go see too; I never saw any players.

[*Exeunt Talboy and Martin.*]

Oliver. This is the first fit that ever he had of this

disease; and if it be the last, I say, as I said before, I am his heir. [*Erit.*

Oldrents. But is there a play to be expected, and acted by beggars?

Clack. That is to say, by vagabonds; that is to say, by strolling players: they are upon their purgation; if they can present any thing to please you, they may escape the law; that is, (a hey,) if not, to-morrow, gentlemen, shall be acted, *Abuses stript and whipp'd*³⁴ among 'em with a hey, master Hearty, you are not merry.

Enter SCENTWELL.

And a hey, master Scentwell, where are your *Dramatis Personæ*; your *Prologus*, and your *Actus Primus*, ha? Have they given you the slip for fear of the whip? a hey.

Scentwell. A word aside, an't please you;

[*Scentwell takes Clack aside, and gives him a paper.*]

Oldrents. I have not known a man in such a humour.

Hearty. And of his own finding: he stole it indeed out of his own bottles, rather than be robb'd of his liquors. Misers use to tipple themselves so.

Oldrents. He does so outdo us, that we look like staid men again, Hearty; fine sober things.

Hearty. But how long will it last? he'll hang himself to-morrow for the cost we have put him to.

Oldrents. I love a miser's feast dearly: to see how thin and scattering the dishes stood, as if they fear'd quarrelling!

Hearty. And how the bottles, to escape breaking one another, were brought up by one at once!

Oldrents. How one of the serving men, untrain'd to wait, spilt the white-broth!

Hearty. And another, stumbling at the threshold, tumbled in his dish of rouncevals³⁵ before him.

³⁴ *Abuses stript and whipp'd.*] The title of a popular satire, by Geo. Withers, printed 1613. See a specimen of his poetry, and an account of the author, in *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, vol. 3. 190.

³⁵ *dish of rouncevals.*] i. e. a sort of peas. S.

Oldrents. And most suitable to the niggardliness of his feast, we shall now have an entertainment, or play, presented by beggars.

Clack. Send 'em in, master Scentwell. [*Exit Scentwell.*] Sit, gentlemen, the players are ready to enter; and here's a bill of their plays: you may take your choice.

Oldrents. Are they ready for them all in the same clothes? Read them, good Hearty.

Hearty. First, here's *The two lost daughters.*

Oldrents. Put me not in mind of the two lost daughters, I pr'ythee. What's the next?

Hearty. *The vagrant steward.*

Oldrents. Nor of a vagrant steward: sure some abuse is meant me.

Hearty. *The old squire and the fortune-teller.*

Oldrents. That comes nearer me. Away with it.

Hearty. *The beggars prophecy.*

Oldrents. All these titles may serve to one play of a story that I know too well. I'll see none of them.

Hearty. Then here's *The merry beggars.*

Oldrents. Ay, that, and let 'em begin.

Enter TALBOY and OLIVER.

Talboy. The players are coming in, and mistress Amie and your man Martin are to be actors among 'em.

Clack. A hey, then, for that too! some merry device sure.

[*A flourish of shalms.*³⁶

³⁶ *a flourish of shalms.*] "The shalm, or shawm, was a wind instrument like a pipe, with a swelling protuberance in the middle. In Comenius's *Visible World*, translated by Hoole, 1659, the Latin word *gingras* is translated by *shawm*; and the form of the instrument is represented as in the annexed figure, viz.



The Earl of Northumberland's Household Book, p. 440.

A noise, i. e. a concert of *shames* is mentioned in *Laugh and lie down*; or the *Worldes Folly*. 1605. 4to. Sign. F 4.

Hark ! the beggar's hautboys : now they begin.
Oldrents. See, a most solemn prologue.

Enter POET for Prologue.

*To knight, to 'squire, and to the gentiles here,
 We wish our play may with content appear ;
 We promise you no dainty wit of court,
 Nor city pageanty, nor country sport ;
 But a plain piece of action short and sweet,
 In story true : you'll know it when you see't.*

Oldrents. True stories and true jests, do seldom thrive on stages.

Clack. They are best to please you with this though, or a hey, with a whip for them to-morrow.

Oldrents. Nay, rather than they shall suffer, I will be pleas'd, let them play their worst. [*A flourish.*]

Enter PATRICO, with LAWYER, habited like Oldrents.
 See our Patrico among 'em.

Hearty. That offered you a doxy in the barn.

Patrico. Your children's fortunes I have told,
 That they shall beg ere they be old ;
 And will you have a reason why ?
 'Tis justice in their destiny——

Clack. Justice, ha ! Are you meddling with justices already ?

Patrico. Your grandfather, by crafty wile
 Of bargaining, did much beguile
 A thriftless heir of half the lands
 That are descended to your hands ;
 And then by law, not equity,
 Forc'd him and his posterity
 To woe and shameful beggary.

Lawyer. That was no fault of mine, nor of my children.

Patrico. But our forefathers' debts and crimes,
 Although forborne till future times,
 Are not so paid : but what needs more,
 I wish you happy in your store. [*Exit.*]

Oldrents. Dost note this, Hearty ?

Hearty. You said you would be pleas'd, let 'em play their worst.

LAWYER walks sadly, beats his breast, &c. *To him enter SOLDIER, like HEARTY, and seems to comfort him.*

Oldrents. It begins my story, and by the same fortune-teller that told me my daughters' fortunes, almost in the same words; I know him now: and he speaks in the play to one that personates me as near as they can set him forth.

Clack. How like you it, sir? you seem displeas'd; shall they be whipp'd yet? A hey, if you say the word.

Oldrents. O, by no means, sir; I am pleas'd.

Soldier. Sad for the words of a base fortune-teller? Believe him! hang him! I'll trust none of 'em; They have all whims, and double meanings, In all they say.

Oldrents. Whom does he talk or look like now?

Hearty. It is no matter whom: you are pleas'd, you say.

Soldier. Ha' you no sack i' th' house? Am not I here?

And never without a merry old song?

SING.

*Old sack, and old songs, and a merry old crew,
Will fright away cares when the ground looks blue.*

And can you think on gypsy fortune-tellers?

Lawyer. I'll think as little of 'em as I can.

Soldier. Will you abroad then? But here comes your steward.

Enter SPRINGLOVE.

Oldrents. Bless me! is not that Springlove?

Hearty. Is that you that talks to him, or that coxcomb I, do you think? Pray let them play their play; the justice will not hinder 'em, you see; he's asleep.

Springlove. Here are the keys of all my charge, sir; and

My humble suit is, that you will be pleas'd
To let me walk upon my known occasions this summer.

Lawyer. Fie! canst not yet leave off those vagrancies?

But I will strive no more to alter nature;

I will not hinder thee, nor bid thee go.

Oldrents. My own very words at his departure.

Hearty. No matter; pray attend.

Lawyer. Come, friend, I'll take your counsel.

[*Exeunt Lawyer and Soldier.*]

Springlove. I've striven with myself to alter nature
in me

For my good master's sake, but all in vain:

For beggars, cuckoo-like, fly out again,

In their own notes and season.

Enter RACHEL, MERIEL, VINCENT, HILLIARD.

Rachel. Our father's sadness will not suffer us

To live in his house.

Meriel. And we must have a progress.

Vincent. The assurance of your loves hath engag'd
us.

Hilliard. To wait on you in any course.

Rachel. Suppose we'll go a begging.

Vincent and Hilliard. We are for you.

Springlove. And that must be your course, and
suddenly,

To cure your father's sadness, who is told

It is your destiny; which you may quit,

By making it a trick of youth and wit.

I'll set you in the way.

All four. But how? but how? [*All talk aside.*]

Oldrents. My daughters and their sweethearts too!
I see

The scope of their design, and the whole drift

Of all their action now, with joy and comfort.

Hearty. But take no notice yet; see a whim more
of it. But the mad rogue that acted me, I must make
drunk anon.

Springlove. Now? Are you all resolv'd?

All four. Agreed, agreed.

Springlove. You beg to absolve your fortune, not for
need. [*Exeunt.*]

Oldrents. I must commend their act in that; pr'ythee let's call 'em, and end the matter here. The purpose of their play is but to work my friendship, or their peace with me; and they have it.

Hearty. But see a little more, sir.

Enter RANDAL.

Oldrents. My man Randal too! Has he a part with them?

Randal. They were well set to work, when they made me a player. What is that I must say? and how must I act now? O, that I must be steward for the beggars in master steward's absence, and tell my master he's gone to measure land for him to purchase.

Oldrents. You, sir? Leave the work you can do no better; (I can forbear no longer) and call the actors back again to me.

Randal. With all my heart; and glad my part is so soon done.

Enter PATRICO.

Patrico. Since you will then break off our play, Something in earnest I must say.

But let affected rhyming go;

I'll be no more a Patrico.

My name is Wrought-on—start not; but if you

Desire to hear what's worth your best attention,

More privately, you may draw nearer me.

[*Oldrents goes to him.*]

Hearty. Hear no more fortunes.

Oldrents. You shall give me leave.

Patrico. I am grandson to that unhappy Wrought-on, Whom your grandfather craftily wrought out Of his estate; by which all his posterity Were since expos'd to beggary. I do not charge You with the least offence in this; but now Come nearer me, for I must whisper to you.

[*Patrico takes Oldrents aside.*]

I had a sister, who among the race Of beggars was the fairest. Fair she was In gentle blood, and gesture to her beauty, Which could not be so clouded with base cloathing,

But she attracted love from worthy persons :
Which (for her meanness) they express'd in pity,
For the most part ; but some assaulted her
With amorous, though loose desires, which she
Had virtue to withstand. Only one gentleman
(Whether it were by her affection, or
His fate to send his blood a begging with her,
I question not) by her, in heat of youth,
Did get a son, who now must call you father.

Oldrents. Me?

Patrico. You. Attend me, sir. Your bounty then
Dispos'd your purse to her ; in which, besides
Much money, (I conceive by your neglect)
Was thrown this holy relic. Do you know it ?

Oldrents. The *Agnus Dei* that my mother gave me
Upon her death-bed ! Oh, the loss of it
Was my sore grief ; and now with joy it is
Restor'd by miracle ! Does your sister live ?

Patrico. No, sir ; she dy'd within a few days after
Her son was born, and left him to my care :
On whom I to this day have had an eye
In all his wand'rings.

Oldrents. Then the young man lives !

Enter SPRINGLOVE, VINCENT, HILLIARD, RACHEL,
MERIEL.

Patrico. Here, with the rest of your fair children, sir.

Oldrents. My joy begins to be too great within me !
My blessing, and a welcome to you all.
Be one another's, and you all are mine.

Vincent and Hilliard. We are agreed on that.

Rachel. Long since. We only stood till you shook
off your sadness.

Meriel. For which we were fain to go a begging, sir.

Oldrents. Now I can read the justice of my fate, and
yours——

Clack. Ha ! Justice ? Are they handling of justice ?

Oldrents. But more applaud great Providence in both.

Clack. Are they jeering of Justices ? I watch'd for
that.

Hearty. Ay, so methought : no, sir, the play is done.

Enter SCENTWELL, AMIE, OLIVER, MARTIN.

Scentwell. See, sir, your niece presented to you.

[Springlove takes Amie.]

Clack. What, with a speech by one of the players?

Speak, sir, and be not daunted; I am favourable.

Springlove. Then, by your favour, sir, this maiden is my wife.

Clack. Sure, you are out o' your part; that is to say, you must begin again.

Springlove. She's mine by solemn contract, sir.

Clack. You will not tell me that. Are not you my niece?

Amie. I dare not, sir, deny 't: we are contracted.

Clack. Nay, if we both speak together, how shall we hear one another?

Martin. I must disprove the contract.

Talboy. That is my part to speak.

Scentwell. None can disprove it; I am witness to it.

Clack. Nay, if we all speak—as I said before.

Oldrents. Hear me for all, then. Here are no beggars, (you are but one, Patrico) no rogues, nor players, but a select company, to fill this house with mirth: these are my daughters; these their husbands; and this that shall marry your niece, a gentleman, my son. I will instantly estate him in a thousand pound a-year to entertain his wife, and to their heirs for ever. Do you hear me now?

Clack. Now I do hear you, and I must hear you: that is to say, it is a match; that is to say—as I said before.

Talboy. And must I hear it too—Oh—

Oldrents. Yes, though you whine your eyes out.

Heurty. Nephew Martin, still the child with a suck-bottle of sack. Peace, lamb, and I'll find a wife for thee.

Oldrents. Now, Patrico, if you can quit your function To live a moderate gentleman, I'll give you A competent annuity for your life.

Patrico. I'll be withal your faithful beadsman, and Spend my whole life in prayers for you and yours.

Clack. And now, clerk Martin, give all the beggars my free pass, without all manner of correction: that is to say, with a hey, get 'em gone.

Oliver. Are not you the gentleman that challeng'd me, in right of your friend here?

Vincent. Your inspection's good, sir.

Rachel. And you the gentleman (I take it) that would have made beggar-sport with us two at once.

Meriel. For twelve pence a-piece, sir.

Oliver. I hope we are all friends.

Springlove. Now, on my duty, sir, I'll beg no more, But your continual love, and daily blessing.

Oldrents. Except it be at court boy; where, if ever I come, it shall be to beg the next fool-royal's place that falls.

Springlove. A begging epilogue yet would not be, Methinks, improper to this comedy.

THE EPILOGUE.

*Though we are now no beggars of the crew,
We count it not a shame to beg of you.
The Justice here has given his Pass free
To all the rest unpunish'd ; only we
Are under censure, till we do obtain
Your suffrages, that we may beg again,
And often, in the course we took to-day,
Which was intended for your mirth, a play :
Not without action, and a little wit ;
Therefore we beg your Pass for us and it.*

EXPLANATION
OF
THE CANT TERMS
USED IN THIS PLAY.

- Autem mort*] a woman married; for *autem*, in the beggars' language, is a church. *Dekkar's Belman*, Sign. E.
- Bien bouse*] good drink. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Bing awast*] get you hence. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Bleater*] mutton.
- Bousing ken*] the ale-house.
- Casson*] beef.
- Clapper dudgeons*] beggars born.
- Couch a hogshead*] lie down asleep. *Ibid.*
- Crib*] the stomach.
- Crowse*] *crowse* is a north-country word, signifying *sprightly, merry*. So in the third Pageant of *The Chester Whitsun Plays*, MSS. Harl. 2013.
- " ——— cattes *crowse*,
" Here is a rotten, there a mouse."
- Also, in the coarse north-country proverb :
" As *crowse* as a new washen louse." S.
- Darkman*] the night.
- Dell*] a young wench undebauched. *Dekkar's Belman*, Sign. D 4.
- Dox*] a strumpet. *Ibid.* Sign. E.
- Gage*] a quart pot, *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Gan*] a mouth. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Gentry cofe's feast*] gentleman's feast.
- Glaziers*] eyes. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Grunter*] pig.
- Harman beck*] a constable. *Ibid.*
- Ken*] a house. *Ibid.*
- Lage*] water. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Lap*] porridge.
- Margery prater*] a hen. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Mort*] a woman, or wench.
- Nigling*] companying with a woman. *Ibid.* Sign. N.
- Pannum*] bread.

Patrico] amongst beggars, is their priest; every hedge being his parish; every wandering harlot and rogue his parishioners. The service is only the marrying of couples, which he does in a wood, under a tree, or in the open field; and the solemnity of it, says Dekkar, is this:—"The parties to be wedded, find out a dead horse, or any other beast, and standing one on the one side, and the other on the other, the *Patrico* bids them live together till death them part; and so, shaking hands, the wedding-dinner is kept at the next ale-house they stumble into; where the musick is nothing but knocking with cannes, and their dances none but drunken brawles."

<i>Peck</i>] meat.	<i>Dekkar's Belman</i> , Sign. N.	
<i>Poplurs of yarrum</i>] butter-milk.		
<i>Prats</i>] buttocks.	<i>Ibid.</i>	Sign. N.
<i>Quarron</i>] the belly.		
<i>Queer cove</i>] a constable.		
<i>Queer cuffin</i>] a justice of peace.		
<i>Ruffin</i>] the devil.	<i>Ibid.</i>	Sign. N.
<i>Ruff peck</i>] bacon.	<i>Ibid.</i>	Sign. N.
<i>Rum boose</i>] wine.	<i>Ibid.</i>	Sign. N.
<i>Salmon</i>] or rather <i>saloman</i> , the beggars' oath.	<i>Ibid.</i>	Sign. T [3.
<i>Skew</i>] a cup.	<i>Ibid.</i>	Sign. N.
<i>Skipper</i>] a barn.	<i>Ibid.</i>	
<i>Stampers</i>] shoes.	<i>Ibid.</i>	
<i>Strummel</i>] straw.	<i>Ibid.</i>	
<i>Tib of the buttery</i>] a goose.		
<i>Toure</i>] see, look out.		
<i>Upright man</i>] See a Description of an Upright Man, <i>Dekkar's Belman of London</i> , C 4.		
<i>Walking morts</i>] are older than doxies, and profess themselves to be widows. See <i>Dekkar's Belman</i> , Sign. E.		

EDITION.

A Joviall Crew; or the Merry Beggars. Presented in a Comedie, at the Cock-pit, in Drury Lane, in the Year 1641. Written by Richard Brome.

Hic totus volo rideat Libellus.—**MARTIAL.**

London : Printed by J. Y. for F. D. and N. E. and are to be sold at *The Gun*, in *Ivy Lane*. 1652.

THE
O L D C O U P L E.

It seems probable that this Comedy, as it is called, was never acted, and on the title page of the old edition, (not printed until 1658, eight years after the death of the author,) it is not mentioned that it was performed by any private or public company. This fact was usually stated, though during the period when the Theatres were silenced, exceptions were not very uncommon. It is pretty obvious, however, from the general structure of the piece, and the nature of the dialogue, that the *Old Couple* was not calculated or intended by the author to please the multitude. No inconsiderable part of the plot, and some of the characters may be considered allegorical, and for the sake of preserving it, some constraint is used in a few of the incidents, and forced and unnatural conversions take place among the persons.

As to the period when it was written, judging from internal evidence, it might be thought that May produced *The Old Couple* late in life, and it was certainly the last printed of any of his works. It will be observed, that two lines in the last scene of this play close *The Goblins* of Sir John Suckling,

—— “ Gently, my joys, distil,
“ Lest you should break the vessel that you fill :”

Sir J. Suckling does not introduce them as a quotation, but nevertheless, from the situation in which they are found in his Comedy, it seems likely that they were so, and that they originally belong to May: if this supposition be correct, *The Old Couple* must have been written before 1646, in which year *The Goblins* was printed, and Sir J. Suckling must have seen it in MS.
C.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Sir ARGENT SCRAPE, *an old covetous rich knight.*

EARTHWORM, *an old miserly niggard.*

Mr. FREEMAN.

EUGENY, *Sir Argent Scrape's nephew.*

EUPHUES, *(Freeman's nephew) Scudmore's friend.*

THEODORE, *Earthworm's virtuous son.*

SCUDMORE, *supposed to be slain by Eugeny.*

FRUITFUL, *the Lady Covet's chaplain (Scudmore disguised).*

BARNET.

DOTTEREL, *a gull, married to the Lady Whimsey.*

TRUSTY, *the Lady Covet's steward.*

JASPER, *Earthworm's servant.*

THREE NEIGHBOURS *of Earthworm's.*

OFFICERS.

WOMEN.

The **LADY COVET**, *betrothed to Sir Argent Scrape.*

MATILDA, *(Earthworm's niece) Scudmore's love.*

ARTEMIA, *(Freeman's daughter) Eugeny's love.*

The **LADY WHIMSEY**, *married to Dotterel.*

THE
OLD COUPLE.

ACT I.

EUGENY *solus.*

Eugeny. This is the hour which fair Artemia
 Promis'd to borrow from all company,
 And bless me only with it; to deny
 Her beauteous presence to all else, and shine
 On me, poor me! Within this garden here,
 This happy garden once, while I was happy¹,
 And wanted not a free access unto it;
 Before my fatal and accursed crime
 Had shut these gates of paradise against me;
 When I, without controul, alone might spend
 With sweet Artemia in these fragrant walks
 The day's short-seeming hours; and ravish'd, hear
 Her sweet discourses of the lily's whiteness,
 The blushing rose, blue-mantled violet,
 Pale daffodil, and purple hyacinth:
 With all the various sweets and painted glories
 Of Nature's wardrobe, which were all eclips'd
 By her diviner beauty. But, alas!
 What boots the former happiness I had,
 But to increase my sorrow?^{*} My sad crime
 Has left me now no entrance but by stealth,
 When death and danger dog my vent'rous steps.

¹ *This, &c.*] Former editions,

"This happy garden, once while I was happy." S. P.

^{*} Dante *Inferno*, c. v. says,

——— *Nessun maggior dolore*

Che ricordarsi del tempo felice

Ne la miseria. C.

But welcome danger, since thou find'st so fair
A recompence, as my Artemia's sight !

ARTEMIA, EUGENY.

Artemia. And art thou come, my dearest Eugeny?
Has thy true love broke through so many hazards
To visit me ? I pr'ythee chide my fondness,
That did command thee such a dangerous task.
I did repent it since, and was in hope
Thou would'st not come.

Eugeny. Why hop'd Artemia so ?
Would'st thou not see me then ? Or can the hazard
Of ten such lives as mine is, countervail
One glance of favour from thy beauteous eyes ?

Artemia. Why dost thou use that language to a
heart
Which is thy captive, Eugeny, and lives
In nothing happy but in thee ?

Eugeny. Ah, love !
There lies my greatest sorrow ; that the storms
Of spiteful fortune, which o'erwhelm my state,
Should draw thy constant goodness to a suff'ring ;
A goodness worthy of the happiest man.

Artemia. Those storms of fortune will be soon o'er-
blown,
When once thy cause shall be but truly known ;
That chance, not malice, wrought it ; and thy pardon
Will be with ease obtain'd.

Eugeny. It may be, love,
If old Sir Argent do deal truly in it.

Artemia. But keep thyself conceal'd ; do not rashly
Venture two lives in one ; or when thou com'st,
Let it be still in silence of the night.
No visitation then, or other strange
Unlook'd-for accident, can bar our joys.
The moon is now in her full orb, and lends
Securer light to lovers than the sun :
Then only come. But pr'ythee tell me, love,
How do'st thou spend thy melancholy time ?

Eugeny. Within the covert of yon shady wood,
Which clothes the mountain's rough and craggy top,

A little hovel built of boughs and reeds
Is my abode : from whence the spreading trees
Keep out the sun, and do bestow in lieu
A greater benefit, a safe concealment.
In that secure and solitary place,
I give my pleas'd imagination leave
To feast itself with thy supposed presence ;
Whose only shadow brings more joy to me,
Than all the substance of the world beside.

Artemia. Just so alone am I ; nay, want the presence
Of mine own heart, which strays to find out thee.
But who comes to thee to supply thy wants ?

Eugeny. There Artemia names my happiness ;
A happiness, which, next thy love, I hold
To be the greatest that the world can give,
And I am proud to name it. I do there
Enjoy a friend, whose sweet society
Makes that dark wood a palace of delight :
One stor'd with all that can commend a man ;
In whom refined knowledge and pure art,
Mixing with true and sound morality,
Is crown'd with piety..

Artemia. What wonder's this
Whom thou describ'st ?

Eugeny. But I in vain, alas !
Do strive to make with my imperfect skill
A true dissection of his noble parts :
He loses, love, by all that I can say ;
For praise can come no nearer to his worth,
Than can a painter with his mimic sun
Express the beauty of Hyperion.

Artemia. What is his name ?

Eugeny. His name is Theodore,
Rich Earthworm's son ; lately come home from travel.

Artemia. Oh heavens ! his son ! Can such a caitiff
wretch,
Hated and curs'd by all, have such a son ?
The miser lives alone, abhorr'd by all,
Like a disease, yet cannot so be 'scap'd ;
But, canker-like, eats through the poor men's hearts

That live about him : never has commerce
 With any, but to ruin them ; his house
 Inhospitable as the wilderness,
 And never look'd upon, but with a curse.
 He hoards, in secret places of the earth,
 Not only bags of treasure, but his corn,
 Whose every grain he prizes 'bove a life,
 And never prays at all, but for dear years.

Eugeny. For his son's sake, tread gently on his fame.

Artemia. Oh ! love, his fame cannot be redeemed
 From obloquy ; but thee I trust so far,
 As highly to esteem his worthy son.

Eugeny. That man is all, and more than I have said :

His wond'rous virtues will hereafter make
 The people all forgive his father's ill :
 I was acquainted with him long ago
 In foreign parts. And, now I think on't, love,
 He'll be the fittest man to be acquainted
 With all our secrecies, and be a means
 To further us ; and think I trust his truth,
 That dare so much commend his worth to thee.

Artemia. He is my neighbour here : that house is
 Earthworm's,
 That stands alone, beside yon grove of trees ;
 And fear not, dearest love, I'll find a means
 To send for him : do you acquaint him first. [*Exeunt.*]

EUPHUES, DOTTEREL, BARNET.

Euphues. Then shall I tell my cousin that you are
 A younger brother, Mr. Dotterel ?

Dotterel. Oh, yes, by any means, sir.

Euphues. What's your reason ?

Dotterel. A crotchet, sir, a crotchet that I have
 Here's one can tell you I have twenty of 'em.

Barnet. Euphues, dissuade him not ; he is resolv'd
 To keep his birth and fortunes both conceal'd ;
 Yet win her so, or no way. He would know
 Whether himself be truly lov'd, or no,
 And not his fortunes only.

Euphues. Well, access
You have already found ; pursue it, sir,
But give me leave to wonder at your way.
Another wooer, to obtain his love,
Would put on all his colours ; stretch t' appear
At his full height, or a degree beyond it ;
Belie his fortunes ; borrow what he wanted ;
Not make himself less than he truly is.
What reason is there, that a man possess
Of fortunes large enough, that may come boldly
A welcome suitor to herself and friends,
And, ten to one, speed in his suit the fair
And usual way, should play the fool and lose
His precious time in such a hopeless wooing ?

Dotterel. Alas, sir ! what is a gentleman's time ?

Barnet. Euphues, he tells you true ; there are some
brains

Can never lose their time, whate'er they do :
Yet I can tell you, he has read some books.

Dotterel. Do not disparage me.

Barnet. I warrant thee ;

And in those books, he says, he finds examples
Of greatest beauties, that have so been won.

Euphues. Oh ! in Parismus, and the Knight o' th'
Sun * ;

Are those your authors ?

Dotterel. Yes, and those are good ones.

Why should a man of worth, though but a shepherd.
Despair to get the love of a king's daughter ?

Euphues. I prythee, Barnet, how hast thou screw'd
up

This fool to such a monstrous confidence ?

Barnet. He needs no screwing up ; but let him
have

His swing a little.

Euphues. He shall have it freely.

But you have seen your mistress, Mr. Dotterel ;
How do you find her ? coming ?

* Two Romances of the time, very well known, often reprinted,
and frequently mentioned in old authors. C.

Dotterel. That's all one;
I know what I know.

Barnet. He has already got
Some footing in her favour.

Euphues. But I doubt
He'll play the tyrant; make her doat too long,
Wear the green-sickness, as his livery,
And pine a year or two.

Dotterel. She's not the first
That has done so for me.

Euphues. But if you use
My cousin so, I shall not take it well.

Dotterel. Oh, I protest I have no such meaning, sir.
See, here she comes! the Lady Whimsey too.

Enter LADY WHIMSEY, ARTEMIA.

Lady Whimsey. I thought, sweet-heart, th' hads't
wanted company.

Artemia. Why, so I did—yours, madam.

Lady Whimsey. Had I known
Your house had been so full of gallants now,
I would have spar'd my visit. But 'tis all one,
I have met a friend here.

Euphues. Your poor servant, madam.

Lady Whimsey. I was confessing of your cousin here
About th' affairs of love.

Euphues. Your ladyship, I hope, will shrieve her
gently².

Lady Whimsey. But I tell her
She shall not thank me now for seeing her
For I have business hard by. I am going
A suitor to your old rich neighbour here,
Earthworm.

Euphues. A suitor! He is very hard
In granting any thing, especially
If it be money.

Lady Whimsey. Yes, my suit's for money;

² *Your ladyship, I hope, will shrieve her gently.] i. e. shrieve her,*
hear her at confession. So in *Shakespeare's King Richard III.*

"What, talking with a priest, lord Chamberlain?"

"Your lordship hath no shrieving work in hand." S.
See also note 67 to *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, vol. II.

Nay, all his money, and himself to boot.

Barnet. His money would do well without himself.

Lady Whimsey. And with himself.

Barnet. Alas! your ladyship

Should too much wrong your beauty, to bestow it

Upon one that cannot use it, and debar

More able men their wishes.

Euphues. That's true, Barnet,

If she should bar all other men: but that

Would be too great a cruelty.

Artemia. Do you hear my cousin, madam?

Lady Whimsey. Yes, he will be heard:

Rather than fail, he'll give himself the hearing.

But pr'ythee, Euphues, tell me plainly now

What thou dost think of me? I love thy freeness

Better than any flattery in the world.

Euphues. I think you wond'rous wise.

Lady Whimsey. In what?

Euphues. In that

That makes or mars a woman, I mean love.

Lady Whimsey. Why, pr'ythee?

Euphues. I think you understand so well

What the true use of man is, that you'll ne'er

Trouble your thoughts with care, or spoil your beauty

With the green-sickness, to obtain a thing

Which you can purchase a discreeter way.

Artemia. How do you like this, madam?

Lady Whimsey. Wond'rous well;

'Tis that I look'd for. But what entertainment

Would old rich Earthworm give us, do you think?

Barnet. Unless your presence, madam, could infuse

A nobler soul into him, 'tis much fear'd

'Twould be but mean.

Lady Whimsey. Because (you'll say) he's covetous:

Tut! I can work a change in any man.

If I were married to him, you should see

What I would make him.

Euphues. I believe we should,

If cuckolds' horns were visible.

[*Aside.*

Artemia. But could

Your ladyship be pleas'd with such a husband?

Lady Whimsey. Who could not well be pleas'd with such a fortune?

Artemia. Wealth cannot make a man.

Lady Whimsey. But his wealth, lady,
Can make a woman.

Euphues. Yet, I doubt, old Earthworm
Would prove too subtle to be govern'd so.
You'll find him, madam, an old crabbed piece :
Some gentle fool were better for a husband.

Artemia. Fie, cousin, how thou talk'st!

Lady Whimsey. He's in the right :

Fools are the only husbands ; one may rule 'em.
Why should not we desire to use men so
As they would us ? I have heard men protest
They would have their wives silly, and not study'd
In any thing, but how to dress themselves ;
And not so much as able to write letters.
Just such a husband would I wish to have,
So qualify'd, and not a jot beyond it ;
He should not have the skill to write or read.

Artemia. What could you get by that ?

Lady Whimsey. I should be sure
He could not read my letters ; and for bonds,
When I should have occasion to use money,
His mark would serve.

Artemia. I am not of your mind :
I would not have a fool for all the world.

Barnet. No, fairest lady, your perfections
None but the wisest and the best of men
Can truly find and value.

Dotterel. And I protest, lady,
I honour you for not loving a fool.

Lady Whimsey. You would love a wife, it seems, that
loves not you ?

Euphues. A tart jest, Barnet!

Barnet. But he feels it not. [*Aside.*

Euphues. Fie, Mr. Dotterel, 'tis not nobly done
In you, to hate a fool : a generous spirit
Would take the weakest part ; and fools, you know,

Are weakest still.

Dotterel. Faith, Mr. Euphues,
I must confess, I have a generous spirit,
And do a little sympathize with fools :
I learn'd that word from a good honest man.
But hark you, cousin Barnet, this same lady
Is a brave woman.

Barnet. Are you taken with her ?

Dotterel. I love a wit with all my heart.

Barnet. 'Tis well ;

He is already taken off, I see,
From fair Artemia, or may be soon ;
Upon this t'other I may build a fortune. [*Aside.*

Euphues. But, madam, if your ladyship would marry
Upon those terms, 'twere better that you took
Old Earthworm's son.

Lady Whimsey. Has he a son, I pr'ythee ?

Euphues. Yes, lately come from travel, as they say,
We have not seen him yet ; he has kept close
Since his arrival ; people give him out
To be his father's own.

Lady Whimsey. Nay, then I swear
I'll none of him. If he be covetous,
And young, I shall be troubled too long with him :
I had rather have the old one.

Artemia. Here's my father.

Enter Mr. FREEMAN.

Freeman. Health to this good society : I am sorry
That my poor house must not to-day enjoy
The happiness to entertain you all.
We are invited to th' old Lady Covet's ;
And thither must our company remove.

Lady Whimsey. Sir, I'll be govern'd by you. I was
bold

To come and see Mrs. Artemia.

Freeman. She's much beholden to your ladyship
For doing her that honour.

Euphues. Tell me, uncle,
I hear Sir Argent Scrape is at her house.

Freeman. Nephew, 'tis true; and, which thou'lt wonder at,
That marriage, which we talk'd of as a jest,
In earnest now's concluded of, and shall
To-morrow morning be solemnized.

Euphues. Betwixt Sir Argent, and the Lady Covet?
I do not think it strange; there's but one hedge
Has a long time divided them, I mean
Their large estates; and 'tis th' estate that marries.

Freeman. But is't not strange, nay, most unnatural,
And I may say ridiculous, for those years
To marry, and abuse the ordinance?
My Lady Covet is, at least, fourscore,
And he, this year, is fourscore and fifteen:
Besides, he has been bed-rid long, and lame
Of both his feet.

Euphues. Uncle, he's not too old
To love, I mean her money; and in that
The chiefest end of marriage is fulfill'd:
He will increase and multiply his fortunes;
Increase, you know, is the true end of marriage.

Freeman. They have already almost the whole
country.

Euphues. But you shall see how now they'll propagate.

Freeman. Is such a marriage lawful?

Euphues. Ah! good uncle,
Dispute not that, the church has nought in this;
Their lawyer is the priest that marries them,
The banns of matrimony are the indentures,
The bounds and land-marks are the ring that joins them.

Artemia. But there's no love at all.

Euphues. Yes, pretty cousin,
If thou art read in amorous books, thou'lt find
That Cupid's arrow has a golden head;
And 'twas a golden shaft that wounded them.

Freeman. Well, thither we must go; but, pr'ythee,
nephew,
Forbear thy jesting there.

Euphues. I warrant you ;
I'll flatter the old lady, and persuade her
How well she looks : but when they go to-bed,
I'll write their epitaph.

Freeman. How, man ! their epitaph ?
Their epithalamium, thou mean'st.

Euphues. No, sirs ;
Over their marriage-bed I'll write their ages,
And only say, Here lies Sir Argent Scrape,
Together with his wife, the Lady Covet.
And whosoever reads it, will suppose
The place to be a tomb, no marriage-bed.

Lady Whimsey. How strangely thou art taken with
this wedding,
Before thou see'st it !

Euphues. And then, let me see,
To fit them for an Hymenæal song ;
Instead of those so high and spirited strains,
Which the old Grecian lovers us'd to sing,
When lusty bridegrooms rifled maiden-heads,
I'll sing a quiet dirge ; and bid them sleep
In peaceful rest, and bid the clothes, instead
Of earth, lie gently on their aged bones ——³

³ —— and bid the clothes, instead

Of earth, lie gently on their aged bones ——] These lines seem a
parody on the following one in *Bonduca*, by Beaumont and Fletcher,
A. 4. S. 3.

“ — lie lightly on my ashes, gentle earth.”

The time when Prior wrote his beautiful Ode to the memory of
Colonel George Villiers, drowned in the river Piava, in the county
of Fiuli, 1703, is so near the period in which Mr. Pope composed
his elegy to the memory of an unfortunate lady, that it is difficult
to say which of these great men borrowed from the other. It ap-
pears certain, however, that one of them, in the following lines, was
indebted to his friend, unless it can be supposed, that both of them
were obliged to the above line of Beaumont and Fletcher. Prior
says,

“ Lay the dead hero graceful in a grave
“ (The only honour he can now receive ;)
“ And fragrant mould upon his body throw ;
“ And plant the warrior laurel o'er his brow ;
“ *Light lie the earth, and flourish green the bough.*”

Freeman. Thou'lt ne'er have done. Well, gallants,
'tis almost

The time that calls us: I must needs be gone.

Lady Whimsey. We'll wait upon you, sir.

Freeman. Your servant, madam.

[*Exeunt Lady Whimsey, Freeman, Dotterel, and Barnet.*]

Artemia. Stay, cousin, I have a request to thee.

Euphues. Thou canst not fear that I'll deny it thee:
Speak it, 'tis done.

Artemia. Why then, in short, 'tis this.

Mr. Pope writes thus:

"What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
"Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb;
"Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
"And thy green turf lie lightly on thy breast."

I know not why we should suppose that Pope borrowed from Prior, or that either of them was indebted to Beaumont and Fletcher on this occasion. *Sit tibi terra levis!* is a wish expressed in many of the antient Roman inscriptions. So in that on Pylades:

*Dicite qui legitis, solito de more, sepulto,
Pro meritis, Pylade, sit tibi terra levis!*

Again in the sepulchral dialogue, supposed to pass between Atimetus and Homonœa:

Sit tibi terra levis, mulier dignissima vita!

Again in Propertius, El. 17. lib. 1.

Et mihi non ullo pondere terra foret.

Again in Ovid:

Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo!

Thus also, Juvenal, Sat. 7.

Di majorum umbris tenuem et sine pondere terram,

Spirantesque crocos, et in urna perpetuum ver!

Again in Persius, Sat. 1.

— *Non levior cippus nunc imprimit ossa?*

— *nunc non e manibus illis,*

Nunc non e tumulo fortunataque favilla

Nascentur violæ?

On the contrary—*Sit tibi terra gravis; Urgeat ossa lapis;* were usual maledictions; the ancients supposing that the soul remained for some time after death with the body, and was parted in its confinement. The latter of these wishes is ludicrously adopted by Dr. Evans, in his epitaph on Sir J. Vanbrugh:

Lie heavy on him earth! for he

Laid many a heavy weight on thee.

It may be observed, that such ideas, however poetical, have no great degree of propriety, when introduced into Christian elegies; as we have no belief, that the soul is in danger of being oppress'd by a monument, or stifled in a grave. S.

Old Earthworm, cousin, has a son, they say,
Lately come home; his name, as I have heard,
Is Theodore.

Euphues. Yes, I have heard of him.

Artemia. I would intreat you, by some means or
other,

To draw him hither; I'd fain speak with him :
Ask not the cause, but do what I request ;
You may hereafter know.

Euphues. Well, I'll not question't,
But bring him hither, though I know him not.

Artemia. Cousin, farewell; I shall be look'd for
straight. *[Exit Artemia.]*

Manet EUPHUES.

Euphues. Rich Earthworm's son! why, in the name
of wonder,

Should it be her desire to speak with him?
She knows him not. Well, let it be a riddle;
I have not so much wit as to expound it;
Nor yet so little, as to lose my thoughts,
Or study to find out, what the no reason
Of a young wench's will is. Should I guess,
I know not what to think; she may have heard
That he's a proper man, and so desire
To satisfy herself? What reason then
Can she allege to him? Tut, that's not it:
Her beauty, and large dower, need not to seek
Out any suitors; and the odious name
Of his old wretched father would quite choke it.
Or have some tattling gossips, or the maids,
Told her perchance that he's a conjurer?
He goes in black, they say he is a scholar,
Has been beyond sea too; there it may lie:
And he must satisfy her longing thought,
What, or how many husbands she shall have;
Of what degree; upon what night she shall
Dream of the man; when she shall fast⁴, and walk

[when she shall fast, &c.] These customs are still preserved
by the inferior ranks of females in different parts of the kingdom.
Among others, they frequently fast on Saint Agnes' eve, and at

In the church-yard, to see him passing by,
 Just in those clothes that first he comes a suitor:
 These things may be. But why should she make me
 To be her instrument? Some of the men,
 Or maids, might do't as well. Well, since you have
 Us'd me, fair cousin, I will sound your drifts,
 Or 't shall go hard. The fellow may abuse her;
 Therefore I'll watch him too, and straight about it.
 But, now I think on't, I'll solicit him . .
 By letter first, and meet him afterward. [Exit.

 ACT II.

EARTHWORM, THEODORE.

Earthworm. I do not more rejoice in all my stores,
 My wealthy bags, fill'd garners, crowded chests,
 And all the envy'd heaps that I have glean'd,
 With so long care and labour; than I do
 In thy most frugal nature, Theodore,
 Concurring just with mine. In thee, my son,
 I see, methinks, a perpetuity
 Of all the projects which my soul has hatch'd,
 And their rich fruits: I see my happiness,
 When I consider what great hoards of wealth,
 With long care rak'd together, I have seen
 Even in a moment scatter'd; when I view
 The gaudy heirs of thriving aldermen
 Fleeting, like short-liv'd bubbles into air,
 And all that fire expiring in one blaze,
 That was so long a kindling. But do thou,
 Do thou, my son, go on, and grow in thrift;
 It is a virtue that rewards itself.
 'Tis matterless in goodness who excels;
 He that hath coins hath all perfections else.
Theodore. Sir, I am wholly yours, and never can

the same time make use of several singular rites and ceremonies;
 all which are described and ridiculed in *Gay's Comedy of the
 Wife of Bath*. See also, *Brand's observations on popular Anti-
 quities*, 1777, p. 387.

Degenerate from your frugality ;
Or, if my nature did a little stray,
Your good example would direct it still,
Till it were grown in me habitual.

Earthworm. 'Twill be a greater patrimony to thee
Than all my wealth : strive to be perfect in't,
Study the rules ; one rule is general,
And that is, give away nothing, son ;
For thrift is like a journey ; every gift,
Though ne'er so small, is a step back again.
He that would rise to riches or renown ;
Must not regard, though he pull millions down.

Theodore. That lesson, sir, is easy to be learn'd.

Earthworm. Laugh at those fools that are ambitious
Of empty air, to be styl'd liberal !
That sell their substance for the breath of others,
And with the flattering thanks of idle drones
Are swelled, while their solid parts decay.
What clothes to wear, the first occasion
Of wearing clothes will teach a wise man best.

Theodore. True, sir ; it teacheth us how vain a
thing
It is for men to take a pride in that,
Which was at first the emblem of their shame *.

Earthworm. Thou hitt'st it right : but canst thou be
content

With my poor diet too ?

Theodore. Oh, wond'rous well !

'Twas such a diet which that happy age,
That poets style the golden, first did use.

Earthworm. And such a diet to our chests will bring
The golden age again.

Theodore. Beside the gain
That flows upon us, health and liberty

* Richard Brathwaite printed precisely the same thought in
1621, in his *Time's Curtains Drawne* :

" For who (remembering the cause why clothes were made

" Even then when Adam fled unto his shade,

" For covert nakedness) will not blame

" Himself to glory in his parents' shame ?"

The coincidence is remarkable. C.

Attend on these bare meals; if we all were blest
 With such a temperance, what man would fawn,
 Or to his belly sell his liberty?
 There would be then no slaves, no sycophants
 At great men's tables. If the base Sarmentus,
 Or that vile Galba⁶, had been thus content,
 They had not borne the scoffs of Cæsar's board.
 He whose cheap thirst the springs and brooks can
 quench

How many cares is he exempted from?
 He's not indebted to the merchant's toil,
 Nor fears that pirates' force, or storms should rob him
 Of rich Canaries, or sweet Candian wines:
 He smells, nor seeks no feasts; but in his own
 True strength contracted lives, and there enjoy
 A greater freedom than the Parthian king.

Earthworm. Thou mak'st me more in love with my
 blest life.

Theodore. Besides, pure cheerful health ever attends
 it;

Which made the former ages live so long.
 With riotous banquets sicknesses came in;
 When death 'gan muster all his dismal band
 Of pale diseases, such as poets feign
 Keep centinel before the gates of hell,
 And bade them wait about the gluttons' tables,
 Whom they, like venom'd pills, in sweetest wines
 Deceived, swallow down, and hasten on
 (What most they would eschew) untimely death
 But from our tables here, no painful surfeits,
 No fed diseases grow, to strangle nature
 And suffocate the active brain; no fevers,
 No apoplexies, palsies, or catarrhs
 Are here, where nature, not entic'd at all
 With such a dangerous bait as pleasant cates,

⁶ — *If the base Sarmentus,*

Or that vile Galba, &c.]

“ — — — — — *quæ nec Sarmentus iniquas*

“ Cæsaris ad mensas, nec vilis Galba tulissit.” JUV. SAT. VI.

Takes in no more than she can govern well.

Earthworm. But that which is the greatest comfort,
son,

Is to observe, with pleasure, our rich hoards
Daily increase, and stuff the swelling bags.

Come, thou art mine, I see! Here, take these keys.

[*Gives Theodore the keys.*]

These keys can shew thee such amazing plenty,
Whose very sight would feed a famish'd country.

I durst not trust my servants.

Theodore. Me you may,

Who equal with my life do prize your profit.

Earthworm. Well, I'll go in: I feel myself half
sleepy,

After the drink I took.

[*Exit.*]

Theodore. 'Twill do you good, sir.

Work sweetly, gentle cordial! and restore

Those spirits again, which pining avarice

Has 'reft him of. Ah me! how wond'rous thin,

How lean and wan he looks! How much, alas!

Has he defrauded his poor genius

In raking wealth, while the pale grisly sighs

Of famine dwell upon his aged cheeks.

Oh avarice! than thee, a greater plague

Did ne'er infest the life of wretched man!

Heaven aid my work! That rare extraction

Which he has drank, beside the nourishment,

Will cast him in a safe and gentle sleep,

While I have liberty to work my ends;

And, with his body's cure, a means I'll find

To cure his fame, and, which is more, his mind.

Jasper!

Enter JASPER.

Jasper. Sir!

Theodore. Are those disguises ready

Which I bespoke?

Jasper. They are all fitted, sir.

Theodore. Then, at the hour which I appointed
thee,

Invite those people, Jasper; but be true

And secret to me.

Jasper. As your own heart, sir.

Theodore. Take this: I will reward thy service better,
As soon as these occasions are dispatch'd.

Jasper. I thank you, sir. I have a letter for you,
Left here but now, from Mr. Euphues,
Old Mr. Freeman's nephew.

Theodore. Give it me,
I will anon peruse it; but my haste
Permits not now: Eugeny waits my coming.

[*Exit Theodore.*]

Jasper. I like this well; yet if I should prove false
To my old master, for my young master's sake,
Who can accuse me? For the reason's plain,
And very palpable; I feel it here.
This will buy ale; so will not all the hoards
Which my old master has: his money serves
For nothing but to look upon; but this
Knows what the common use of money is.
Well, for my own part, I'm resolv'd to do
Whatever he commands me; he's too honest
To wrong his father in it: if he should,
The worst would be his own, another day. [Exit.]

EUGENY *solus.*

Eugeny. Just thus, in woods and solitary caves,
The ancient hermits liv'd; but they liv'd happy!
And, in their quiet contemplations, found
More real comforts than society
Of men could yield, than cities could afford,
Or all the lustres of a court could give:
But I have no such sweet preservatives
Against the sadness of this desert place.
I am myself a greater wilderness
Than are these woods, where horror and dismay
Make their abodes; while different passions
By turns do reign in my distracted soul.
Fortune makes this conclusion general;
All things shall help th' unfortunate man to fall.
First, sorrow comes, and tells me I have done
A crime, whose foulness must deserve a sea

Of penitent tears, to wash me clean again.
Then sear steps in, and tells me, if surpriz'd,
My wretched life is forfeit to the law.
When these have done, enters the tyrant love,
And sets before me fair Artemia;
Displays her virtues and perfections;
Tells me that all those graces, all those beauties,
Suffer for me, for my unhappiness,
And wounds me more in her, than in myself.
Ah, Theodore! would I could ever sleep
But when thou com'st, for in myself I find
No drop of comfort!——Welcome, dearest friend!

Enter THEODORE.

Theodore. Pardon the slowness of my visit, friend;
For such occasions have detain'd me hence,
As, if thou knew'st, I know thou would'st excuse.

Eugeny. I must confess, I thought the hours too
long;
But the fruition of thy presence now
Makes me forget it all.

Theodore. Collect thyself,
Thou droop'st too much, my dearest Eugeny,
And art too harsh and sour a censurer
Of that unhappy crime, which thou wert forc'd
Lately to act. I did allow in thee
That lawful sorrow that was fit; but let
Well-grounded comforts cure thee: nought extreme
Is safe in man.

Eugeny. 'Tis time must work that cure.

Theodore. But why thy pardon is not yet obtain'd,
Let me be free in my conjectures to thee.

Eugeny. Speak, friend, as to thyself.

Theodore. Sir Argent Scrape,
Your old rich kinsman, who to-morrow morning
Is to be married to the Lady Covet——

Eugeny. Is that match come about? Oh, avarice!
What monsters thou begett'st in this vile age!

Theodore. Sir Argent Scrape, I say, is next heir
male,
On whom thy whole estate was long ago
Entail'd.

Eugeny. 'Tis true.

Theodore. He must inherit it,
Should thy life fail.

Eugeny. 'Tis granted.

Theodore. Then, friend, hear,
What not a bare conjecture, but strong grounds
Move me to utter. Think upon that word
Thou spok'st so lately : think what avarice
Can make her bondmen do ; that such a price
As fifteen hundred pounds a year, will make
Him labour, not thy pardon, but thy death.

Eugeny. Can there be such a miscreant in nature ?

Theodore. I should not think so, if I weigh'd him
only

As he's thy kinsman. I have been inform'd,
He labours under-hand to apprehend thee,
Just at the assizes now, and has laid plots
To stop all pardons, which in that short time
Might be procur'd : and then what bribes may do,
In hastening execution, do but consider.
If this be false, some courtiers have abus'd
His fame : and pardon me, my dearest friend,
If I suspect the worst, for fear of thee.

Eugeny. When I consider what accurst effects
Proceed from wretched avarice, I begin
To feel a fear.

Theodore. This very age hath given
Horrid examples lately : brothers have been
Betray'd by brothers, in that very kind.
When pardons have been got by the next heirs,
They have arriv'd too late. No tie so near,
No band so sacred, but the cursed hunger
Of gold has broke it, and made wretched men
To fly from nature, mock religion,
And trample under feet the holiest laws.

Eugeny. He has been ever noted for that vice,
Which, with his age, has still grown stronger in him.

Theodore. Ah, Eugeny ! how happy were that last
Age of a man, when long experience
Has taught him knowledge, taught him temperance,

And freed him from so many loose desires
 In which rash youth is plung'd, were not this vice—
 But hark, hark, friend! what ravishing sound is that?
Eugeny. Ha! wond'rous sweet! 'tis from th' adjoining thicket.

SONG.

*This is not the Elysian grove ;
 Nor can I meet my slaughter'd love
 Within these shades. Come, Death, and be
 At last as merciful to me,
 As in my dearest Scudmore's fall,
 Thou shew'dst thyself tyrannical.
 Then did I die when he was slain ;
 But kill me now, I live again,
 And shall go meet him in a grove,
 Fairer than any here, above.*

*Oh ! let this woeful breath expire !
 Why should I wish Evadne's fire,
 Sad Portia's coals, or Lucrece' knife,
 To rid me of a loathed life ?
 'Tis shame enough that grief alone
 Kills me not now, when thou art gone !
 But, life, since thou art slow to go,
 I'll punish thee for lasting so ;
 And make thee piece-meal every day
 Dissolve to tears, and melt away.*

Theodore. Ah, Eugeny! some heavenly nymph descends

To make thee music in these desert woods,
 To quench, or feed, thy baleful melancholy :
 It is so sweet, I could almost believe,
 But that 'tis sad, it were an angel's voice.

Eugeny. What, in the name of miracle, is this?

Theodore. Remove not thou ; I'll make discovery
 Within this thicket.

Eugeny. Ha ! what means thy wonder?
 What dost thou see ?

Theodore. I know not how to tell thee:
Now I could wish myself to be all eyes,
As erst all ears. I see a shape as fair,
And as divine, as was the voice it sent;
But clouded all with sorrow: a fair woman,
If by a name so mortal I may term her.
In such a sorrow sate the Queen of Love,
When in the wood she wail'd Adonis' death,
And, from her crystal-dropping eyes, did pay
A lover's obsequy.

Eugeny. Let me come near.

Theodore. Sure, black is Cupid's colour: Death
and he
Have chang'd their liveries now, as, in the fable,
They did their quivers once.*

Eugeny. Ah! woe is me!

Theodore. What means that woe?

Eugeny. Ah, Theodore! my guilt
Pursues me to the woods! No place can keep
The monuments of my misdeeds away.

Theodore. I understand you not.

Eugeny. It is Matilda,
The slaughter'd Scudmore's love, his virtuous love,
Whose life by me, unhappily, was spilt.
The sad melodious ditty, which so late
Did pierce our ravish'd ears, was but the note
Of this fair turtle for her slaughter'd mate;
In which, perchance, amidst her woes, she sends
Black curses up against my spotted self.

* Mr. Gifford in a note on Massinger's *Virgin Martyr* points out an elegy by Secundus, as the origin of this pretty fancy, which is thus employed by Fairfax in his translation of Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

"Death hath again exchanged his darts with Love,

"And Cupid thus lets borrow'd arrows fly."

The allusion is not to be found in the original Italian, (B. II. s. 34.) Davenant in B. II. C. 7. of his *Gondibert*, also mentions the fable, and it would be easy among foreign writers to point out many instances in which more extensive use has been made of it. The Sonnets by Annibale Nozzolini, and by Girolamo Pompei are well known. C.

But I with prayers and blessings will repay
Whate'er thou vent'st 'gainst me. Oh! do not wish
More wretchedness to my distracted soul
Than I already feel! Sad sighs and tears
Are all the satisfaction that is left
For me to make to thy dead love and thee.

Theodore. Those lips can vent no curses; 'twould
take off

Much from the sweetness of her virtuous sorrow.
Where lives this lovely maid?

Eugeny. In the next village.

Theodore. Has she a father living?

Eugeny. No, friend; he died
When she was in her infancy. Her mother,
Two years ago deceas'd, and left her all
The substance that she had; which was not great,
But does maintain her. In that little house,
E'er since this fatal accident, she lives
A miracle of truth and constancy,
Wailing her loves; and now, it seems, was come
To vent her woeful passions to the woods.

Theodore. How happy had he been in such a love,
If fate had spar'd his life! But he is dead,
And time at last may wear this sorrow off,
And make her relish the true joys of love. [*Aside.*
But why do I thus wander in my thoughts?
This passion must be curb'd in the beginning;
'Twill prove too stubborn for me, if it grow.

Eugeny. Come, let us to my cave, as we intended,
Ere this sad object stay'd us.

Theodore. Sad indeed!
Believe me, friend, I suffer with thee in it;
But we were wounded in two different kinds.
Come, let's be gone; though—I could still—dwell
here. [*Exeunt.*

Enter MATILDA.

Matilda. Methought I heard a noise within the
wood;
As if men talk'd together, not far off;

But could discover none. The time has been⁶;
 In such a solitary place as this,
 I should have trembled at each moving leaf;
 But sorrow and my miserable state,
 Have made me bold. If there be savages,
 That live by rapine in such woods as these,
 As I have heard in ancient times there were,
 My wretched state would move their pity rather
 Than violence. I'll confidently go,
 Guarded with nothing but my innocence. [Exit.]

Enter FRUITFUL, TRUSTY.

Fruitful. Come, master Steward, you have had a
 time
 Of sweating for this wedding.

Trusty. I have ta'en
 A little pains to-day: your's, Mr. Fruitful,
 Is yet to come; I mean your sermon.

Fruitful. Yes, but the pains are past; and that's the
 study.

But to our business that more concerns us:
 Is the deed ready written that my lady
 Must seal to-day?

Trusty. Do you believe she'll seal it?

Fruitful. I warrant you; I have so follow'd her,
 And laid it to her conscience, that I dare
 Hazard my life 'tis done.

Trusty. Well, here's the deed: 'tis plainly written,

Fruitful. I'll peruse 't anon.

I know the other feoffees are as true
 And honest men, as any are i' th' world. [Exit Trusty.]

Enter FREEMAN, EUPHUES, BARNET, DOTTEREL,

Lady WHIMSEY.

Freeman. Save you, Mr. Fruitful!

⁶ *The time has been, &c.] So Macbeth, A. 5. S. 5.*

"I have almost forgot the taste of fears:

"The time has been, my senses would have cool'd

"To hear a night-shriek; and my fell of hair

"Would at a dismal treadse, rouse, and stir

"As life were in't. I have slept full with horrors

"Direness, familiar to my slaught'rous thoughts,

"Cannot once start me."

Fruitful. Worthy Mr. Freeman!

Freeman. How does my lady, sir? I have made bold.

To bring her company.

Fruitful. Please you draw near, sir;

I will go up and signify unto my lady,
That you are here. *[Exit Fruitful]*

Barnet. What's he? her chaplain, Euphues?

Euphues. Oh, yes.

Lady Whimsey. She uses praying then, it seems?

Euphues. Yes, madam, and fasting too; but gives
no alms.

Lady Whimsey. Cannot he teach her that?

Euphues. 'Tis to be doubted:

But he has other ways, which are far safer;

To speak against the fashion, against painting,

Or fornication. If he were your chaplain,

He would inveigh as much 'gainst covetousness.

Lady Whimsey. He would hurt me little in that.

But has he learning?

Euphues. No surely, madam; he is full of know-
ledge,

But has no learning at all: he can expound,

But understands nothing. One thing in him

Is excellent: though he do hate the bishops,

He would not make them guilty of one sin,

Which was to give him orders; for he hates

Orders as much as them.

Freeman. Well, I have heard,

Though he came lately to her, he has got

A great hand over her, and sways her conscience

Which way he list.

Euphues. Uncle, 'tis very easy

To rule a thing so weak as is her conscience.

I'll undertake, that a twin'd thread would do it

As well as a strong cable. If he could

Rule her estate too, he would have a place on't.

Freeman. Why, that will follow t'other.

Euphues. I think not;

Rather, her conscience follows her estate.

Oppression had not else increas'd it so.
 She wrong'd a worthy friend of mine, young Scudmore,
 And, by mere fraud and bribery, took away
 His whole estate, five hundred pound a year.

Freeman. I must confess, 'twas a foul cause indeed ;
 And he, poor man, lack'd means to prosecute
 The cause against her. But he feels it not
 At this time, nephew.

Barnet. Was't that Scudmore, sir,
 Whom Eugeny, Sir Argent Scrape's young kinsman,
 Unfortunately kill'd ?

Freeman. The same. Well, let
 All these things pass : we come now to be merry.

Lady Whimsey. Let's eat up her good cheer : a
 niggard's feast
 Is best, they say.

Dotterel. Shall we have wine good store ?

Barnet. Oh ! fear not that.

Dotterel. Hold belly, hold, i'faith !

Barnet. Yes, and brain too.

Dotterel. Nay, for my brain,
 Let me alone ; I fear not that : no wine
 Can hurt my brain.

Lady Whimsey. Say you so, Mr. Dotterel ?
 Why such a brain I love.

Dotterel. Madam, I am glad
 I had it for you.

Lady Whimsey. For me, sir ?

Dotterel. Yes, lady,
 'Tis at your service ; so is the whole body.
 Did I not tickle her there, old lad ?

Barnet. Yes, rarely.

Lady Whimsey. Shall I presume to call you servant,
 then ?

Dotterel. Oh lord ! madam ! if I were worthy to be !

Lady Whimsey. Nay, I know you have good court-
 ship, servant.

Wear this for my sake. [Gives him a scarf.]

Dotterel. 'Tis your livery, madam.

Barnet. Well th' art a happy man, if thou knew'st all.

Euphues. Madam, I see your ladyship can tell
How to make choice in dealing of your favours.

Dotterel. It pleases you to say so, good Mr. Euphues.

Euphues. Why, sir, I speak of the lady's judgment.

Dotterel. 'Twas more of her courtesy than my
desert.

Enter LADY COVET on crutches.

Euphues. Here comes the lady bride.

Freeman. Joy to your ladyship!

Lady Covet. I thank you, sir: y' are very welcome
all.

Freeman. I have made bold to bring my friends
along,

As you commanded, lady.

Lady Covet. They are most welcome.

Euphues. Methinks your ladyship looks fresh to-day.
And like a bride indeed.

Lady Covet. Ah, Mr. Euphues!

You, I perceive, can flatter.

Euphues. Does your glass
Tell you I flatter, Madam?

Lady Covet. Bestow this

Upon young maids; but let me tell you, sir,

Old folks may marry too. It was ordain'd

At first to be as well a stay to age,

As to please youth. We have our comforts too,

Though we be old.

Euphues. Madam, I doubt it not:

You are not yet so old, but you may have

Your comfort well; and if Sir Argent Scrape

Were but one threescore years younger than he is——

Barnet. What a strange *but* thou mak'st!

Euphues. You would perceive it.

Lady Whimsey. Servant, could you find in your
heart to marry

Such an old bride.

Dotterel. No, mistress, I protest

I had rather have none.

Lady Whimsey. What age would you desire

To choose your wife of.

Dotterel. Just as old as you are.

Lady Whimsey. Well, servant, I believe you can dis-
semble.

Lady Corvet. Will't please you to draw near? Sir
Argent stays

Expecting within.

Freeman. We'll wait upon you. [Exit

Manent BARNET, DOTTEREL.

Barnet. To what strange fortune, friend, are some
men born :

I mean by thee. Surely when thou wert young,
The fairies dandled thee.

Dotterel. Why, pr'ythee, Barnet?

Barnet. That ladies thus should doat upon thy
person.

Dost thou not see how soon the *Lady Whimsey*
Is caught in love with thee?

Dotterel. But is she, think'st thou?

Barnet. Is she! Come, thou perceiv'st it well
enough;

What else should make her court thee, and bestow
Her favours openly? And such a lady,
So full of wit as she is too! Would she
Betray the secrets of her heart so far,
But that love plays the tyrant in her breast,
And forces her?

Dotterel. True, and, as thou say'st, Barnet,
She's a brave witty lady, and I love
A wit with all my heart. What would she say
If she should know me truly, that thus loves,
And thinks I am but a poor younger brother?

Barnet. Why still the greater is thy happiness.
Thou may'st be sure she loves thee truly now,
And not thy fortunes.

Dotterel. Has she found me out,
For all I sought to hide myself?

Barnet. The more
Thy worth appears, the more her judgments seen.

Oh! 'tis a gallant lady! Well, she might
Have cast her eye on me, or Enphases,

But 'twas not our good fortune!

Dotterel. Do not despair;

Some other woman may love thee as well:

Come, thou hast worth, Barnet, as well as I.

Barnet. Nay, nay, abuse not your poor friends;
but, tell me,

What dost thou think of young Artemia now?

Dotterel. Of her! a foolish girl, a simple thing!

She'd make a pretty wife for me! I confess

I courted her; but she had not the wit

To find out what I was, for all my talk.

Barnet. And that was strange she should not; but
'tis fate

That governs marriages.

Dotterel. Let her repent,

And know what she hath lost, when 'tis too late.

But dost thou think this gallant Lady Whimsey

Will marry me?

Barnet. Mak'st thou a doubt of that?

'Tis thy own fault, boy, if thou hast her not.

Dotterel. That I protest it shall not be; but, tell me,
Shall I express my love to her in verse

Or prose?

Barnet. In which you will.

Dotterel. I am alike at both of them, indeed.

Barnet. I know thou art.

Dotterel. Come, let's go in.

Barnet. Thou long'st to see thy mistress?

Dotterel. We'll drink her health in a crown'd cup,
my lad. [*Exeunt.*

¹ *We'll drink her health in a crown'd cup.*] I suppose he means a bumper, a cup fill'd till the wine rises above the top of it. Such a character as *Dotterel* is hardly made to allude to the *pocula coronata* of the Romans. S.

A *crowned cup* was not an unusual expression for a bumper: thus in *All Fools*, vol. IV. p. 71. Fortunio says,

"True, and to welcome Dario's lateness

"He shall (unpledg'd) carouse one *crowned cup*,

"To all these ladies' health."

Dotterel might therefore very properly employ words in ordinary use, without supposing him acquainted with "the *pocula coronata* of the Romans." C.

ACT III.

THEODORE, NEIGHBOURS *with sacks*.

Theodore. Come, neighbours, pray draw near; my fellow Jasper

Has told you wherefore you were sent for hither.

1st Neighbour. Ay, I thank you, friend.

2d Neighbour. And my good master too.

Theodore. My master, touch'd with sorrow and remorse

For that unhappy error of his life,

That fault (alas!) which by too true a name

Is termed misery, determines now,

By deeds of tender charity, to make

The wronged poor amends, and to the world

Declare the fruits of a reformed life.

And first your pardon, neighbours, he would beg,

And, next to Heaven, be reconcil'd to you.

1st Neighbour. Now, blessing on his heart!

2d Neighbour. Good tender soul!

3d Neighbour. I ever thought him a right honest man.

Theodore. He, that before did churlishly engross

And lock those blessings up, which from the hand

Of Heaven were shower'd upon him, has at last

Found their true use, and will henceforth redeem

The former misspent time. His wealthy stores

Shall be no longer shut against the poor;

His bags seal'd up no longer, to debar

The course of fitting bounty. To you all,

Of corn and money, weekly he'll allow,

In recompence, a greater quantity

By far, than men of greater rank shall do:

Nor will he come himself to take your thanks,

Till, as he says, he has deserv'd them better.

Mean time, by me, he pours his bounty forth,

Which he desires with greatest secrecy

May be perform'd; for all vain-glorious shows,

And ostentation, does his soul abhor.

He sounds no trumpet to bestow his alms ;
Nor in the streets proclaims his charity,
Which makes the virtue vice ; nor would he have
The world take notice of you at his doors.

1st Neighbour. See, see, religious man !

2d Neighbour. Ah, neighbour,
Some in the world have been mistaken in him !

Theodore. Nor would he have you blaze his bounty
forth,

And praise him openly : forbear it, neighbours ;
Your private prayers only, he desires,
And hearty wishes ; for true charity,
Though ne'er so secret, finds a just reward.
I am his servant, newly entertain'd,
But one, to whom he does commit the trust
Of his desires in this ; and I should wrong
His goodness strangely, if I should keep
The least of what his bounty doth intend.
Come in with me ; I'll fill your sacks with corn,
And let you see what money he bestows.

Omnes Neighbours. We'll pray to Heaven to reward
his goodness. [*Exeunt.*]

EUPHUES, BARNET.

Euphues. Our Dotterel then is caught ?

Barnet. He is, and just

As Dotterels^a use to be : the lady first
Advanc'd toward him, stretch'd forth her wing, and he
Met her with all expressions ; and is caught
As fast in her lime-twigs, as he can be,
Until the church confirm it.

Euphues. There will be
Another brave estate for her to spend.

Barnet. Others will be the better for't ; and if
None but a Dotterel suffer for't, what loss
Of his can countervail the least good fortune

^a *Dotterels.* A Dotterel is a silly kind of bird, which imitates the actions of the fowler, till at last he is taken : if the fowler stretches out a leg, the bird will do so too. See *Ben Jonson's Devil is an Ass*, A. 4. S. 6. and *Beaumont and Fletcher's Sea Voyage*, vol. 9. p. 118. edit. 1778.

That may from thence blow to another man?

Euphues. She spent her t'other husband a great fortune.

Barnet. Dotterel's estate will find her work again For a great while: two thousand pounds a year Cannot be melted suddenly; when 'tis, Men can but say, her prodigality Has done an act of justice, and translated That wealth, which Fortune's blindness had misplaced On such a fellow. What should he do with it?

Euphues. And thou say'st right: some men were made to be

The conduit-pipes of an estate, or rather,
The sieves of fortune, through whose leaking-holes
She means to scatter a large flood of wealth,
Besprinkling many with refreshing showers.
So usurers, so dying aldermen
Pour out at once, upon their sieve-like heirs,
Whole gusts of envy'd wealth; which they together
Through many holes let out again in showers,
And with their ruin water a whole country.
But will it surely be a match?

Barnet. As sure

As the two old death's-heads to-morrow morning
Are to be join'd together.

Euphues. Who, Sir Argent and his lady?

Barnet. Yes, if she keep touch

In what she promis'd me, I'll undertake
Her Dotterel shall be sure, and given to her
In matrimony.

Euphues. Given to his wife?

I see thou mean'st in Dotterel to bring back
The antient Spanish custom, where the women

9 — some men, &c.] So Mr. Pope.

"Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
"Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
"This year a reservoir to keep and spare;
"The next, a fountain, spouting through his heir,
"In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst,
"And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst."

Moral Essays, Ep. iii. l. 170.

Inherited the land, rul'd the estates ;
 The men were given in marriage to the women
 With portions, and had jointures made to them :
 Just so will be his case ; he will be married
 Unto a brave subjection. How the fool
 Is caught in his own noose ! What confidence
 Had he, that he would never marry any,
 But such, forsooth, as must first fall in love
 With him, not knowing of his wealth at all ?

Barnet. Well, now he's fitted : he begun at first
 With fair Artemia.

Euphues. He might have told
 Her of his wealth, and miss'd her too, or else
 I am deceiv'd in her : true virtuous love
 Cannot be bought so basely ; she besides
 Has been in love, I'm sure ; and may be still,
 Though he be fled the land. But, now I think on't,
 I must go see whether old Earthworm's son
 Has yet perform'd what she desir'd : she stays
 At home.

Barnet. I'll in, and see how Dotterel
 Courts his brave mistress : I left him composing
 A sonnet to her. There are the old couple
 Within too.

Euphues. If a man could get to hear
 Their way of courting, 'twould be full as strange
 As Dotterel's is ridiculous : but stay,
Sir ARGENT SCRAPE, LADY COVET brought in in
chairs.

Here come the lovely bride and bridegroom forth.
 Pr'ythee let's venture to stay here a little,
 Behind the hangings, man : we shall be sure
 To hear their love ; they are both somewhat deaf,
 And must speak loud.

Barnet. Content, I'll stay with thee.

Sir Argent. Leave us a while. Now, madam, you
 have seen,

So have your learned counsel, that I deal
 Squarely with you : my personal estate
 Is no less worth than I profess'd, when first
 I mov'd my loving suit.

Barnet. I, marry, sir! a loving suit indeed!

Euphues. Let 'em go on in their own proper dialect.

Lady Covet. I find it;

And should be loth but to requite your truth

In the same kind: you seem'd at first to question

How strong my title was in that estate

Which was young Scudmore's once: 'tis a fair matter.

Euphues. 'Tis true, old rottenness, too good for you.

Lady Covet. My counsel can inform you that I kept it,

And did enjoy possession while he liv'd;

And now he's dead, who should recover it?

The heirs are poor and beggarly.

Sir Argent. Nay, I think

We need not fear their suing against us.

Lady Covet. If they should stir, a little piece of money

Would stop their mouths.

Euphues. A little piece of dirt

Will stop your mouth ere long, and then the suit

Will go against thee, mischief!

Barnet. Pr'ythee, peace;

Thou art not merry now, but choleric.

Euphues. I think of my wrong'd friend.

Lady Covet. But you were saying

You made no doubt but shortly to enjoy

Your kinsman Eugeny's estate: that were

A fair addition to your land; they say

It goes at fifteen hundred pounds a year.

Sir Argent. 'Tis true, and 'tis well worth it.

Lady Covet. But what hopes have you to gain it shortly?

Sir Argent. He, you know,

By Scudmore's death has forfeited his life

Unto the law; and the estate's entail'd

On me, as the next heir.

Lady Covet. But he is fled.

Sir Argent. No, no; I know he lurks not far from hence,

And I shall shortly learn the very place

By some intelligence. I have provided
My secret scouts; and then you know th' assizes
Are now at hand: the time will be too short
To get a pardon, specially as I
Have laid some friends to stall it underhand.

Euphues. Here's a new mischief, Barnet!

Barnet. And a strange one.

Lady Covet. And then you must not spare a little
money

To hasten execution at an hour
Unusual. Those things may well be done,
Else what were money good for?

Sir Argent. You say right.

If 'twere once come to that, I fear it not.

Lady Covet. Well, sir, I see all's right and straight
between us.

You understand how welcome you are hither;
I need not tell it o'er again.

Sir Argent. No, lady;

I will be bold to say, I do not come
Now as a stranger, but to take possession
Both of your house and you.

Euphues. He cannot speak

Out of that thriving language, in his love.

Lady Covet. Will you go in again? our guests,
perhaps,

Think the time long.

Sir Argent. With all my heart.

A cup of sack would not do much amiss.

Lady Covet. We'll have it with a toast. Who's near
there, ho!

Enter SERVANTS, and carry them out.

Barnet. What a strange kind of pageant have we
seen?

Euphues. Barnet, I cannot tell whether such strange
Unsatiated desires in these old folks,
That are half earth already, should be thought
More impious, or more ridiculous.

Barnet. They are both alike.

Euphues. But such a monstrous

Unnatural plot as his, to apprehend
 His kinsman, I ne'er heard of! If I knew
 Where Eugeny remain'd, though 'twere his fortune
 To kill a friend of mine, I'd rescue him
 From this unnatural and wolfish man.

Barnet. That would betray his life to satisfy
 His avarice, not justice of the law.

Enter DOTTEREL, LADY WHIMSEY.
 Here comes another piece of matrimony,
 That may be shortly.

Euphues. 'Tis better far than t'other:
 They are the last couple in hell.

Dotterel. Save you, gallants!

Barnet. You are the gallant, sir, that on your arm
 Do wear the trophies of a conquer'd lady.

Euphues. Madam, I had almost mistaken my salu-
 tation,
 And bid God give you joy.

Lady Whimsey. Of what, I pr'ythee?

Euphues. Of this young gallant, call him by what
 name

Or title you are pleas'd, husband or servant.

Barnet. He may be both, sir: he is not the first
 Has been a husband and a servant too.

Dotterel. I am her servant, sir: and I confess
 Have an ambition, and so forth.

Lady Whimsey. How now, servant!

Euphues. I tell you truly, madam, 'tis reported,
 (And those reports are fatal still you know)
 That Mr. Dotterel and you are purpos'd
 To bear th' old knight and lady company,
 To-morrow to the church.

Lady Whimsey. That I confess; and so will you, I
 think.

Euphues. Nay, but to do,
 As they do, madam, tie the lasting knot.

Lady Whimsey. Do you hear, servant. This it is that
 have

So proper a servant: every one supposes
 I must needs be in love.

Dotterel. I would you were
As deep in Cupid's books as I.

Euphues. That is
In Cupid's favour : you are a happy man.

Lady Whimsey. My servant has been searching
Cupid's books

I think, to find that sonnet that he gave me.
Are you content that I should shew your poetry ?

Dotterel. Do, mistress, I am not ashamed on't ;
But you shall give me leave to read it to 'em.

'Tis but a sonnet, gentlemen, that I fitted
To my fair mistress here.

Euphues. Let us be happy
To hear it, sir.

Dotterel. Take it as it is :

Dear, do not you fair beauty wrong ; [He reads.
In thinking still you are too young.

Euphues. How ! too young ?

Barnet. Let him alone ; I know the song.

Dotterel. *The rose and lilies in your cheek
Flourish, and no more ripeness seek :
Your cherry lip, red, soft, and sweet,
Proclaims such fruit for taste most meet :
Then lose no time ; for love has wings,
And flies away from aged things.*

How do you like it, gentlemen ?

Euphues. Very well. The song's a good one.

Barnet. Oh, monstrous !

Never man stole with so little judgment.

Euphues. Of all the love-songs that were ever made,
He could not have chose out one more unfit.
More palpably unfit, that must betray
His most ridiculous theft.

Lady Whimsey. Who would have thought
My servant should suppose, I think myself
Too young to love, that have already had

One husband!

Euphues. Oh, excuse him, gentle madam,
He found it in the song.

Barnet. And, it should seem,
He could get no other song but this.

Lady Whimsey. Surely, a woman of five-and-thirty
year old.

Is not too young to love!

Barnet. Oh, spare him, madam!

Euphues. Let's raise him up. I think the sonnet's
good;

There's somewhat in't to th' purpose. Read it again.

[*He reads it again.*]

Euphues. ——— For taste most meet.

Very good; and there he tickled it!

Mark'd you that, madam! The two last of all?

Then lose no time for love hath wings.

He gives you fitting counsel.

Lady Whimsey. Yes, I like it.

Dotterel. I thought, when they understood it, they
would like it:

I am sure, I have heard this song prais'd ere now.

Lady Whimsey. This does deserve a double favour,
servant.

Dotterel. Let this be the favour, sweet mistress.

[*Kisses her.*]

Euphues. How some men's poetry happens to be
rewarded!

Lady Whimsey. Shall we go in? But, pr'ythee,
Euphues,

What is the reason sweet Artemia,

Thy cousin, is not here?

Euphues. I know not, madam;

But her pretence was business. I am going

To visit her. If you go in to keep

Th' old couple company, I'll fetch her to you.

Lady Whimsey. I pr'ythee do! Farewell. *Come,*
servant,

Shall we go in?

Dotterel. I'll wait upon you, mistress.

[*Exeunt.*]

THEODORE, ARTEMIA.

Theodore. I will acquaint him, lady, with the hour,
And to his longing ear deliver all
Your sweet salutes ; which is the only air
Of life and comfort Eugeny takes in.
Your constant love and virtues, sweetest lady,
Are those preservatives, which from his heart
Expel the killing fits of melancholy,
And do, in spite of fortune, quicken him.

Artemia. Oh, would those comforts could arrive at
him,
That from my wishing thoughts are hourly sent !

Theodore. Such virtuous wishes seldom are in vain.

Artemia. I should be far more sad in the behalf
Of my dear Eugeny, but that I know
He does enjoy your sweet society,
Which he beyond all value does esteem.

Theodore. His own is recompence enough for
mine,
And I the gainer in it; did not grief
For his misfortune stain that perfect joy
Which I could take in his dear company.

Artemia. If I should speak, sir, how he values you,
I should too much oppress your modesty.

Theodore. Our friendship, fairest lady, is more old,
And he more true, than that his heart so long
Should be unknown to me. I'll not be long
Before I visit him, to let him know
What hour shall make him happy in your sight.
My longer stay, sweet lady, might be more
Observ'd, and pry'd into: let me be bold
To leave you now, but be your servant ever.

Artemia. All happiness attend you, worthy sir.

[Exit Theodore.]

Would I myself might go, as well as send,
And see that seeming solitary place,
That place of woe. Sure, it would be to me
No desert wood while Eugeny were there;
But a delightful palace. Here at home,
The more that company comes in, the more

I am alone, methinks; wanting that object
On which my heart is fix'd, I cannot be
Possess'd of any thing. Nothing can be
My comfort, but a hope that these sad clouds
Of our misfortunes will at last blow over.
But mischief's like a cockatrice's eyes—
Sees first, and kills, or is seen first, and dies.

Enter EUPHUES.

Euphues. How dost thou, coz'? I wrote a letter for
thee
To Earthworm's son: has the young Ten-i'-th'-hun-
dred
Been here?

Artemia. I thank you, cousin; the gentleman
Was with me, and but newly parted hence.

Euphues. H' has got a title then, by coming hither:
But he may be a gentleman; his wealth
Will make it good.

Artemia. His virtues make it good:
Believe it, cousin, there's a wealthy mind
Within that plain outside.

Euphues. How is this?
Have your quick eyes found out his worth already?

Artemia. They must be blind that cannot, when they
know him.

Well, cousin, you may laugh at me.

Euphues. By no means; I know your judgment's
good.

Artemia. As good as 'tis,
It must content a woman. When you know him,
You'll find a man that may deserve your friendship,
And far above all slighting.

Euphues. I am sorry
I came not soon enough: but pr'ythee, cousin,
What are the ways have taken thee so soon?

Artemia. What taking do you mean? You promis'd
me

You would not ask the cause I sent for him,
Though you shall know hereafter. But I hope
You do not think I am in love with him?

Euphues. I'll look upon the man, and then resolve you.

Artemia. Well, do; perhaps you'll know him better then :

He knows you well.

Euphues. Me! Has he told you how?

Artemia. Did you ne'er meet one Theodore, at Venice?

Euphues. Can this be he?

Artemia. Yes, very well; although

He be old Earthworm's son, and make no shew At home.

Euphues. And have you found out so much worth In him already?

Artemia. How do you esteem him?

We women well may err.

Euphues. I smell a rat;

And, if my brain fail not, have found out all Your drifts, though ne'er so politicly carry'd.

Artemia. I know your brain, cousin, is very good; But it may fail.

Euphues. It comes into my head

What old Sir Argent Scrape told to his lady. [*Aside.*

His kinsman Eugeny lurk'd hereabouts:

He was her sweet-heart once, and may be still;

I think she's constant, though she keep it close.

This Theodore and he were fam'd for friendship.

I have collected, cousin, and have at you.

Artemia. Let's hear it, pray.

Euphues. You shall. This Theodore

I do confess a most deserving man;

And so, perchance, your lover Eugeny

Has told you, cousin. Ha! do you begin

To blush already? I am sure those two

Were most entirely friends; and I am sorry

To hear what I have heard to-day, concerning

Young Eugeny.

Artemia. What, prythee cousin? Tell me.

Euphues. Now you are mov'd; but I may err, you know.

Artemia. Good cousin, tell mewht.

Euphues. Nay, I believe

I shall worse startle you, though you would make
Such fools as I believe he is in France.

Yes, yes, it may be so; and then, you know
He's safe enough.

Artemia. Oh, cousin, I'll confess
What you would have me, do but tell me this.

Euphues. Nay, now, I will not thank you; I have
found it:

And though you dealt in riddles so with me,
I'll plainly tell you all, and teach you how

You may, perchance, prevent your lover's danger.

Artemia. Oh, I shall ever love you.

Euphues. Well, come in;

I'll tell you all, and by what means I knew it.

ACT IV.

EARTHWORM, JASPER.

Earthworm. Out, villain! how could any fire come
there,

But by thy negligence? I do not use
To keep such fires as should at all endanger
My house, much less my barn.

Jasper. I know not, sir;

But there I'm sure it was, and still continues,
Though without danger now; for the poor people,
Ere this, have quench'd it.

Earthworm. There my wonder lies.

Why should the people come to quench my fire?
Had it been a city, where one house
Might have endanger'd all, it justly then
Might have engag'd the people's utmost aid,
And I ne'er bound to give them thanks at all;
But my house stands alone, and could endanger
No other building. Why should all the people
Come running hither so, to quench the fire?

They love not me.

Jasper. Sure, sir, I cannot tell;
Perhaps the people knew not what to do,
And might be glad to see a sight.

Earthworm. Methought
As I came by, I saw them wond'rous busy;
Nay more, methought I heard them pray for me,
As if they lov'd me. Why should they do so?
I ne'er deserv'd it at the people's hands.
Go, Jasper, tell me whether it be quench'd,
And all secure: I long to hear the news.

Enter THEODORE.

Theodore. I come to bring you happy tidings, sir.
The fire is quench'd, and little hurt is done.

Earthworm. That's well, my son.

Theodore. But, sir, if you had seen
How the poor people labour'd to effect it,
And, like so many salamanders, rush'd
Into the fire, scorching their clothes and beards,
You would have wonder'd justly, and have thought
That each man toil'd to save his father's house,
Or his own dear estate; but I conceive,
'Twas nothing but an honest charity
That wrought it in them.

Earthworm. Ha! a charity!
Why should that charity be shew'd to me?

Theodore. If I mistake not strangely, he begins
To apprehend it.

Earthworm. As I came along,
I heard them pray for me; but those good prayers
Can never pierce the skies in my behalf,
But will return again, and ever lodge
Within those honest breasts, that sent them forth.

Theodore. Surely it works.

Earthworm. Oh! all the world but I are honest men!

Theodore. What is't that troubles you?
Your goods are safe; there's nothing lost at all.
You should rejoice, methinks. You might have suffer'd
A wond'rous loss in your estate!

Earthworm. Ah, son!

'Tis not the thought of what I might have lost,
That draws these tears from me.

Theodore. Does he not weep,
Or do my flattering hopes deceive my sight?
He weeps, and fully too; large showers of tears
Bedew his aged cheeks. Oh happy sorrow,
That makes me weep for joy! Never did son
So justly glory in a father's tears.
Sir, you are sad, methinks.

Earthworm. No sadness, son,
Can be enough to expiate the crimes
That my accursed avarice has wrought.
Where are the poor?

Theodore. Why, sir, what would you do?

Earthworm. Ask me not, Theodore. Alas, I fear
Thou art too much my son: my bad example
Has done thee much more harm than all the large
Increase of treasure I shall leave behind
Can recompence. But leave those wretched thoughts,
And let me teach thee a new lesson now:
But thou art learned, Theodore, and soon
Wilt find the reasons of it.

Theodore. Do you please
To speak it, sir, and I will strive to frame
Myself to follow.

Earthworm. Where are all the poor?
Jasper, go call them in. Now, prythee learn
(For this late accident may truly teach
A man what value he should set on wealth)
Fire may consume my houses; thieves may steal
My plate and jewels; all my merchandize
Is at the mercy of the winds and seas;
And nothing can be truly term'd mine own,
But what I make mine own by using well.
Those deeds of charity which we have done,
Shall stay for ever with us; and that wealth
Which we have so bestow'd, we only keep:
The other is not ours.

Theodore. Sir, you have taught me
Not to give any thing at all away.

Earthworm. When I was blind, my son, and did
miscall

My sordid vice of avarice true thrift :
But now forget that lesson ; I pr'ythee do.
That cozening vice, although it seem to keep
Our wealth, debars us from possessing it,
And makes us more than poor.

Theodore. How, far beyond
All hope, my happy project works upon him !

Enter NEIGHBOURS.

Earthworm. Y' are welcome, neighbours ; welcome,
heartily !

I thank you all, and will hereafter study
To recompence your undeserved love.
My house shall stand more open to the poor,
More hospitable, and my wealth more free
To feed and clothe the naked hungry souls.
I will redeem the ill that I have done
(If Heaven be pleas'd to spare my life awhile)
With true unfeigned deeds of charity.

1st Neighbour. We thank your worship.

2d Neighbour. We know full well
Your worship has a good heart toward us.

Earthworm. Alas, you do not know it ; but have had
Too sad a cause to know the contrary.
Pray, do not thank me, till you truly find
How much my heart is chang'd from what it was ;
Till you, by real and substantial deeds,
Shall see my penitence, and be fully taught
How to forget, or pardon, all the errors
Of that, my former, miserable life.
Jasper, go in with them ; shew them the way
Into my house.

Jasper. I think I had need to shew 'em ;
No poor folks heretofore have us'd this way.

Earthworm. And I'll come to you, neighbours,
presently.

1st Neighbour. Long may you live.

2d Neighbour. All happiness betide you.

3d. Neighbour. And a reward four-fold in the other world.

Earthworm. How dost thou like this music, Theodore?

I mean, the hearty prayers of the poor, whose curses pierce more than two-edged swords.

What comfort like to this, can riches give?

What joy can be so great, as to be able

To feed the hungry, clothe the naked man?

Theodore. Now, sir, you think aright; for to bestow is greater pleasure far than to receive.

Earthworm. No vice, so much as avarice, deprives

Our life of sweetest comforts, and debars

So much the fair society of men.

I taught thee once far otherwise, but now study this last and better lesson, son.

Theodore. With more delight than e'er I did the former.

You never yet knew scholar covetous.

Earthworm. And now I think on't, Theodore, I have a niece, the daughter of my only sister;

Her mother died a widow two years since.

How she has left her orphan daughter there,

I do not know; if she have left her ill,

I'll be a father to her. Pr'ythee go

Enquire her out, and bring her to my house,

How well soe'er the world may go with her.

Bounty's a spice of virtue. Whoso can,

And won't relieve the poor, he is no man.

Theodore. Where lives she, sir?

Earthworm. 'Tis not a mile from hence, in the next village. Thou ne'er saw'st her yet;

But fame has spoke her for a virtuous maid.

Young Scudmore, while he liv'd, and was possess'd

Of his estate, thought to have marry'd her;

Whose death, they say, she takes most heavily;

And with a wond'rous constant sorrow mourns.

Theodore. Sure, 'tis the same fair maid.

Earthworm. Her name's Matilda.

Theodore. The very same! I can enquire her out;
And, if you please, will presently about it.

Earthworm. Do, while I my neighbours visit. He
doth live

Mighty, that hath the power and will to give. [Exit.

Theodore. This is the same fair nightingale, that
tun'd

Her sweet sad accents lately to the woods,
And did so far enthral my heart: but that
Fond love is vanish'd. Like a kinsman now
I'll comfort her, and love her virtuous soul.
Oh, what a blessed change this day has wrought
In my old father's heart! You Powers that gave
Those thoughts, continue them! This day will I
Still celebrate as my nativity. [Exit.

LADY COVET, FRUITFUL.

Lady Covet. But is that lawful, to convey away
All my estate, before I marry him?

Fruitful. 'Tis more than lawful, madam: I must tell you
'Tis necessary; and your ladyship
Is bound in conscience so to do; for else
'Twill be no longer yours, but all is his
When he has marry'd you. You cannot then
Dispose of any thing to pious uses;
You cannot shew your charity at all,
But must be govern'd by Sir Argent Scrape:
And can you tell how he'll dispose of it?

Lady Covet. 'Tis true: perchance he'll take my
money all,
And purchase for himself, to give away
To his own name, and put me while I live
To a poor stipend.

Fruitful. There you think aright.
You can relieve no friends, you can bequeath
Nothing at all, if he survive you, madam,
As 'tis his hope he shall.

Lady Covet. That hope may fail him.
I am not yet so weak, but I may hop
Over his grave.

Fruitful. That is not in our knowledge.
But if you do survive him, as I hope,
Madam, you will, there is no law at all
Can bar you of your thirds in all his land,
And you besides are mistress of your own.
And all the charitable deeds which you
After your death shall do, as building schools
Or hospitals, shall go in your own name;
Which otherwise, Sir Argent-Scrape would have,
And with your riches build himself a fame.

Lady Covet. I grant 'tis true : but will it not seem
strange
That I should serve him so ?

Fruitful. Strange, madam ! no ;
Nothing is now more usual : all your widows
Of aldermen, that marry lords, of late,
Make over their estates, and by that means
Retain a power to curb their lordly husbands.
When, they, to raise the ruins of their houses,
Do marry so, instead of purchasing
What was expected, they do more engage
Their land in thirds for them.

Lady Covet. Well, I must trust
The feoffees then : but they are honest men.

Fruitful. You need not fear them ; they are zealous
men,
Honest in all their dealings, and well known
In London, madam. Will you seal it now ?

Enter TRUSTY.

Lady Covet. Yes, have you it ?

Fruitful. 'Tis here : here's Mr. Trusty too,
Your steward, madam ; he and I shall be
Enough for witnesses.

Lady Covet. 'Tis true : give me
The seal. So, now dispose of it as I
Intended, Mr. Fruitful.

[*Seals and delivers.*]

Fruitful. I will madam.

Lady Covet. Trusty, come you along with me.

[*Exeunt.*]

Manet FRUITFUL.

Fruitful. Now all our ends are wrought ! this is the thing

Which I so long have labour'd to effect.
Old covetous lady, I will purge your mind
Of all this wealth, that lay so heavy there,
And, by evacuation, make a cure
Of that your golden dropsy, whose strange thirst
Could ne'er be satisfy'd with taking in.
You once had wealth—But soft, let me consider!
If she should marry old Sir Argent Scrape,
We could not keep it ; for his money then
Would make a suit against us, and perchance
Recover her's again : which to prevent,
I will go spoil the marriage presently.
The sight of this will soon forbid the banns,
And stop his love. Then she wants means to sue us.
Be sure to keep thine adversary poor,
If thou would'st thrive in suits. The way to 'scape
Revenge for one wrong, is to do another :
The second injury secures the former.
I'll presently to old Sir Argent Scrape,
And tell him this : he's meditating now
What strange additions to his large revenue
Are coming at one happy clap ; what heaps
Of wealth, to-morrow, he shall be possess'd of ;
What purchases to make ; how to dispose
Of her and her's. But soft, the cards must turn :
The man must be deceived, and she much more.
To cozen the deceitful is no fraud. [Exit.

Enter SIR ARGENT SCAPE.

Sir Argent. Methinks a youthful vigour doth possess

My late stiff limbs ; and, like a snake, I feel
A second spring succeed my age of winter.
Oh gold ! how cordial, how restorative
Art thou ! What though thou can'st not give me legs,
Nor active hands, alas, I need them not ;
Possess of thee, I can command the legs,
The hands, the tongues, the brains, of other men

To move for me. What need he hands or brains,
 That may command the lawyer's subtilty,
 The soldier's valour, the best poet's wit,
 Or any writer's skill? Oh gold! to thee
 The sciences are servants; the best trades
 Are but thy slaves, indeed, thy creatures rather:
 For thee they were inventend, and by thee
 Are still maintained. 'Tis thou alone that art
 The nerves of war, the cement of the state,
 And guide of human actions. 'Tis for thee
 Old Argent lives. Oh, what a golden shower
 Will rain on me to-morrow! Let me see;
 Her personal estate alone will buy
 Upon good rates a thousand pound a year.
 Where must that lie? Not in our country here,
 Not all together; no; then my revenue
 Will have too great a notice taken of it;
 I shall be rais'd in subside's, and 'sess'd
 More to the poor. No, no, that must not be.
 I'll purchase all in parcels, far from home,
 And closely as I can: a piece in Cornwall;
 In Hampshire some; some in Northumberland.
 I'll have my factors forth in all those parts,
 To know what prodigals there be abroad,
 What pennyworths may be had: so it shall be.

Enter FRUITFUL.

Sir Argent. Ha! Mr. Fruitful! welcome. How go
 squares?

What do you think of me to make a bridegroom?
 Do I look young enough?

Fruitful. Sir, I am come
 To tell you news; such news as will, perhaps,
 A little trouble you; but if your worship
 Should not have known it, 'twould have vex'd you more.

Sir Argent. Vex'd me! What's that can vex me now?
 speak man.

Fruitful. I thought that I was bound in conscience,
 sir,
 To tell it you: 'tis conscience, and the love
 I bear to truth, makes me reveal it now.

Sir Argent. What is the business? speak.

Fruitful. Do not suppose
That I am treacherous to my Lady Covet,
To whom I do belong, in uttering this.
In such a case, I serve not her, but truth,
And hate dishonest dealing.

Sir Argent. Come to th' purpose.

Fruitful. Then thus it is: My Lady Covet, sir,
Merely to cozen you, has past away
Her whole estate; you shall not get a penny
By marrying her.

Sir Argent. How man? is't possible?

Fruitful. 'Tis very certain, sir; I, for a need,
Could shew you the conveyance; for my hand
Is as a witness there; so is her steward's.

Sir Argent. Oh horrible deceit?

Fruitful. Ask her, herself;
If she deny it, I can justify it;
So can her steward too.

Sir Argent. You make me mad.

Fruitful. I keep you from being so, by a mature
Prevention of your cozening.

Sir Argent. O what hopes
Am I fall'n from; Who would believe these false
Deceitful creatures?

Fruitful. Sir, I could but wonder
That she would cheat so honest a gentleman,
That came a suitor to her for pure love.

Sir Argent. Love! Mischief of love!

Fruitful. Alas, I know
It was not her estate that you sought after,
Your love was honest: and then that she
Should cozen you!

Sir Argent. She shall not cozen me:
I'll have my horse-litter made ready straight,
And leave her house.

Fruitful. But when you see her, sir,
It may be, your affection will return.
If you should leave her only upon this,
The world would think that you were covetous;

And covetousness is such a sin, you know.

Sir Argent. You do not mock me, do you ?

Fruitful. Who I, sir ?

I know your worship does abhor the sin
Of covetousness : but I confess indeed

'Twould vex a man to have been cozen'd so.

Sir Argent. Have I liv'd all this while, to be o'er-
reach'd

And cheated by a woman ? I'll forsake her
Immediately.

Fruitful. Sir, 'tis a happy thing
When men can love with such discretion,
As to forsake, when they shall see just cause.
Some are so fond in their affections,
That, though provok'd by all the injuries
That can be offer'd, they can never leave
The mistress of their hearts.

Sir Argent. I warrant her,
For any such affection in old Argent.

Fruitful. I do believe it, sir ; you are too wise.

Enter LADY COVET.

Lady Covet. How do you, sir ?

Sir Argent. E'en as I may :

You do not mean I shall be e'er the better
For you.

Lady Covet. How's this ? I do not understand
What you should mean.

Sir Argent. You may, if you consider :
But if you do not, I'll explain it to you.
Have I deserv'd such dealing at your hands ?

Lady Covet. As what ?

Sir Argent. As that you should speak one thing to
me,

And mean another ; but I'll make it plainer ;
You seem'd to love me, and for love it seems,
Thinking to marry me, have made away
All your estate.

Lady Covet. How's this ?

Sir Argent. Nay, 'tis too true,
Or else your chaplain does you wrong.

Lady Covet. Oh villain !

Sir Argent. Nay, villain him no villains ; is it so,
Or not ?

Fruitful. If she deny it to you, sir,
I can produce her hand, and have the deed.

Lady Covet. Oh monstrous villainy ! Oh impudence !
Can'st thou abuse me thus, that first of all
Did'st counsel me to do it ?

Fruitful. I confess
I gave you way, and for the time did wink
At your false dealing ; but at last my conscience
Would not permit me to conceal it longer.
I have discharg'd it now, and told the truth.

Sir Argent. 'Twas well done of you, sir : well, I'll
away.

Madam, seek out some other man to cheat,
For me you shall not.

Lady Covet. Stay, sir, my estate
Shall still be good ; the feoffees will be honest.

Fruitful. Ay, that they will, to keep what is their
own.

Lady Covet. Oh monstrous wickedness ! was e'er
the like
Heard of before ?

Fruitful. I know the feoffees' minds.

Enter FREEMAN, EUPHUES, BARNET, DOTTEREL,
Lady WHIMSEY.

Freeman. How fare you, madam ? Wherefore look
you sadly
At such a joyful time ?

Lady Covet. Oh Mr. Freeman,
I am undone, and ruin'd.

Fruitful. No, good madam,
We'll see you shall not want.

Freeman. How's this ?

Fruitful. You shall have a fair competence allow'd
you.

Euphues. What riddle have we here ?

Lady Covet. Out, thou ungracious, dissembling
villain !

Fruitful. An indifferent means
Will keep your ladyship; for you are past
Those vanities which younger ladies use :
You need no gaudy clothes, no change of fashions,
No paintings, nor perfumes.

Euphues. I would fain know the bottom of this.

Lady Whimsey. Servant, can you discover
What this should mean ?

Dotterel. No, mistress, I protest,
With all the wit I have.

Fruitful. And for your house,
You shall have leave to stay here, till we have
Provided for you.

Lady Covet. Oh, my heart will break !

Euphues. Here is the finest turn that e'er I saw.

Sir Argent. I will resolve you, gentlemen;—This lady,
To cozen me in marriage, had, it seems,
Past her estate away : into what hands
'Tis fallen, I know not, nor I care not, I.

Fruitful. 'Tis fallen into the hands of wise men, sir,
That know how to make use of what is theirs.

Lady Covet. This hypocrite persuaded me to do't,
And then discover'd all, as if on purposes
He sought my ruin.

Fruitful. No, not I good madam ;
'Twas for your soul's health ; I have done you good,
And eas'd you of a burden, and a great one.
So much estate would have been still a cause
Of cares unto you ; and those cares have hinder'd
Your quiet passage to a better life.

Euphues. Excellent devil ! how I love him now.
Never did knavery play a juster part.

Fruitful. And why should you, at such an age as
this,
Dream of a marriage ? A thing so far
Unfit, nay most unnatural and profane,
To stain that holy ordinance, and make it
But a mere bargain ! For two clods of earth
Might have been join'd as well in matrimony.
'Tis for your soul's health, madam, I do this.

Euphues. How much was I mistaken in this chaplain !
I see h' has brains.

Freeman. Though 't be dishonesty
In him, yet justly was it plac'd on her :
And I could even applaud it.

Lady Whimsey. I protest, I love this chaplain.

Dotterel. So do I, sweet mistress, or I am an errant
fool.

Lady Covet. But yet I hope,
The feoffees may prove honest : I'll try them.

Fruitful. I'll go and bring them to your ladyship.
[*Exit Fruitful.*]

Sir Argent. I'll stay no longer. Make my litter ready.
Lady, farewell ; and to you all.

Freeman. Nay, sir,
Then let me interpose ; let me intreat you
By all the rites of neighbourhood, Sir Argent,
Make not so sudden a departure now.
What though the business have gone so cross,
You may part fairly yet. Stay till to-morrow ;
Let not the country take too great a notice
Of these proceedings and strange breach : 'twill be
Nothing but a dishonour to you both.
Pray sir, consent : give me your hand, Sir Argent.

Sir Argent. At your intreaty, sir, I'll stay till morning.

Freeman. Before that time, you may consider better.
[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

MATILDA, THEODORE.

Matilda. I'll not refuse my uncle's courtesy,
But go and see his house. I should before
Have done that duty to him, but I thought
My visits were not welcome, since he liv'd
So close and privately.

Theodore. Sweet cousin, you'll find
A happy alteration in my father,
And that there dwells a kind and honest soul

Within his breast. Though wretched avarice,
The usual fault of age, as heretofore
Too much kept back the good expressions
Of such-like thoughts, he now will make amends
To all the world; and has begun already
With his poor neighbours.

Matilda. Consin, I shall be
Too bad a guest at this sad time, and bring
Nothing but sorrow to my uncle's house.

Theodore. You'll be yourself a welcome guest to
him;

And I shall think our roof exceeding happy,
If it may mitigate that killing grief
Which your so solitary life too much
Has nourish'd in you. Cousin, feed it not:
'Tis a disease that will, in time, consume you.
I have already given the best advice,
That my poor knowledge will afford, to ease
Your troubled thoughts. If time, which Heaven
allows

To cure all grief, should not have power to do it;
If death of father, mother, husband, wife,
Should be lamented still, the world would wear
Nothing but black: sorrow alone would reign
In every family that lives, and bring
Upon poor mortals a perpetual night.
You must forget it, cousin.

Matilda. Never can I
Forget my love to him.

Theodore. Nor do I strive
To teach you to forget that love you bear
To his dear memory; but that grief which lies
Wrapt in amongst it, and turns all to poison,
Making it mortal to that soul that tastes it:
'Tis that, sweet cousin, which I hope that time
May, by degrees, extinguish. Will you please
To walk along? My father, long ere this,
Expects us, I am sure, and longs to see you. [*Exeunt.*

EUGENY in the Officer's hands.

Eugeny. I blame you not at all, that by the law.

And virtue of your places, are requir'd
To apprehend me.

Officer. We are sorry, sir, we were enforc'd to seize
you.

Eugeny. But I wonder
What curious eye it was that search'd so far
Into my secret walks, that did discover
This dark abode of mine, and envy'd me
My solitary sorrow : such a life
As I enjoy'd, a man might well afford
To his most great and mortal enemy.

Officer. 'Twas a plain fellow, sir, that brought us
hither,

In the king's name, and left us when we had you.
But, sir, we wish you all the good we may.

Eugeny. I thank you friends : I cannot tell at all
Whom to suspect ; nor will I further vex
My thoughts in search of such a needless thing.
I call to mind what once my Theodore
Told me by way of a surmise ; but sure
It cannot be so foul. Shall I entreat you
To carry me to old Sir Argent Scrape,
My kinsman ? I would only speak with him
Before I go to prison : and let one,
If you can spare a man, go run for me
To Mr. Earthworm's house, and bid his son
Meet me with old Sir Argent ; he lies now
At my Lady Covet's house. I have about me
What will reward your pains, and highly too.

Officer. It shall be done, as you would have it, sir.

Eugeny. I dare not send to fair Artemia :
The sight of her, and of so dear a sorrow
As she would shew, would but afflict me more.
Perchance I may come safely off ; till then
I would conceal this accident from her.
But fame is swiftest still, when she goes laden
With news of mischief : she too soon will hear,
And in her sorrow I shall doubly suffer.
Thus are we Fortune's pastimes : one day live
Advanc'd to heaven by the people's breath,
The next, hurl'd down into th' abyss of death.

Enter EUPHUES, ARTEMIA.

Euphues. But are you sure 'tis hereabouts he lives,
Ha! who is that? 'Tis he, and in the hands
Of officers! Cousin, the mischief's done
Before we come.

Artemia. O my dear Eugeny!

Eugeny. Artemia too! Ah me! she swoons: Help,
help!

Look up, my love! There is no fear at all
For me; no danger: all is safe, and full
Of hope and comfort.

Euphues. She begins to come
Unto herself again.

Eugeny. But pray, sir, tell,
How came you hither, noble Euphues.

Euphues. I never knew the place; but now, by her
Instructions, found it out. I came to bear
Her company, and her intent of coming
Was to inform you of a danger near;
Of such a monstrous mischief, as perchance
You scarce can credit. Old Sir Argent Scrape,
By me, and by another gentleman,
Was over-heard to say, that he had scouts,
And had laid certain plots to apprehend
His kinsman Eugeny, just before th' assizes.
Besides, what further means he did intend,
Closely to work your death, he then declar'd,
To the old covetous lady, whom he came
A suitor to.

Eugeny. Prophetic Theodore, how right thou wert!

Euphues. This thing, when I had heard,
I told it her, and we with speed made hither;
But ere we came, the mischief was fulfill'd.

Eugeny. I thank you, sir, for this discovery:
Howe'er I speed, pray pardon me, if I
Shall, by the hand of justice, die your debtor.
How soon from virtue, and an honour'd spirit,
Man may receive what he can never merit!
Be not thou cruel, my Artemia;
Do not torment me with thy grief, and make
Me die before my time: let hope a while

Suspend thy sorrow ; if the worst should fall,
Thy sorrow would but more enfeeble me,
And make me suffer faintly, for thy sake.

Artemia. If worst should fall, my love (which Heaven
forfend)

How could I choose but suffer?

Euphues. I will hope
Your safety yet may well be wrought; and knowing
Sir Argent's mind, you know what ways to trust.

Artemia. Good cousin, help us with thy counsel now,
If thou dost love my life.

Euphues. Fear it not, cousin:
If I may aid you, sir, in any thing,
You shall command it.

Eugeny. Sir, I cannot thank you
So much as it deserves: this timely favour,
If not in life, yet shall at least in death
Endear me to you.

Artemia. Do not name that word,
My dearest love!

Euphues. You must be speedy, sir,
In all your courses now.

Eugeny. Then let me beg
That you would meet me at my Lady Covet's.
I'll ring Sir Argent Scrape so loud a peal,
As shall, perchance, awake his bed-rid soul,
And rouse it, though so deeply sunk in dross,
Drown'd, and o'erwhelm'd with muck. Go you together,
And leave me to my way.

Artemia. Farewel, dear love! [Exeunt.

Enter BARNET, LADY WHIMSEY.

Barnet. Madam, 'tis sure; I know your ladyship
Is so possess'd.

Lady Whimsey. I think he loves me well,
And will not now start back from marrying me.

Barnet. That is the happy hour he only longs for.
But if so strange a thing should come to pass,
(Which yet I think impossible) that this
Your marriage should break off, I will give back
Into your hand this bond, which I receiv'd;

And 'tis worth nothing, madam, as you know
By the condition.

Lady Whimsey. True, I fear it not;
But I durst trust you, if 'twere otherwise.

Barnet. He waits the hour when you will please to
tie

The happy knot with him.

Lady Whimsey. He shall no longer
Wait for it now: I'll go confirm him.

Barnet. But think not, gentle madam, that I shark ⁽⁹⁾,
Or cheat him in it: I have to a sum,
Greater than this, from him, as good a title
As right can give, though my unhappy fortunes
Made me forbear the trial of my title,
While his old crafty father was alive.
He held from me a farm of greater value,
As all the neighbours know: I then forbore it;
And will do still, since by an easier way
I may have satisfaction. But here comes
One that has lost a marriage.

Enter TRUSTY, LADY COVET.

Lady Covet. Tell me, Trusty, what say the feoffees?

Trusty. They'll say nothing, madam;
Make me no answer, but that they know how
To manage their own fortunes.

Lady Covet. All the world
Conspires against me; I am quite undone!

Trusty. I promise you truly, madam, I believe
They mean little better than plain knavery.

Lady Covet. Ay, 'tis too true.

Lady Whimsey. How does your ladyship?
I was in hope to-day we should have seen you
A joyful bride.

Lady Covet. Ah, madam, 'twas my folly
To dream of such a thing; 'tis that has brought me
To all this sorrow, and undone me quite.

⁽⁹⁾ *That I shark.*] i. e. Collect my prey like the shark-fish. So
in *Hamlet*:

“Shark'd up a troop of landless resolute.” S.

Lady Whimsey. I hope not so. But, madam, I confess,

The marriage could have done you little good,
One of your years, and then a man so old!

Lady Covet. Oh, do not mention it; I am justly punish'd.

Lady Whimsey. Pardon me, madam; I must make so bold

As leave you for a while. Come, Mr. Barnet,
Shall we go see the party?

Barnet. I wait you, madam. [Exeunt.

Lady Covet. My sorrow will not leave me. But, alas!

'Tis a deserved punishment I suffer
For my unjust oppressions; I detain'd
Scudmore's estate injuriously, and had
No conscience to restore what was not mine,
And now all's ta'en away! What then I would not,
I cannot now perform, though I desire.

Enter FREEMAN, ARTEMIA.

Freeman. Fear not, Artemia, there shall no means
Be left untry'd to save the gentleman.
I did approve thy choice, and still will do,
If fortune will consent. My Lady Covet,
Are you sad still?

Lady Covet. Never had any woman
A greater cause of sorrow, Mr. Freeman;
For I protest, it does not trouble me
So much, that by this cheat I lose the power
Of my estate, as that I lose all means
Of charity, or restitution,
To any person whom I wrong'd before.

Freeman. Why then, you make a true and perfect use
Of such a cross, and may hereafter take
True comfort from it.

Lady Covet. If my conscience
Were satisfy'd, I could forsake the rest.

Enter EUPHUES.

Euphues. My cousin, I perceive, has made more
haste

Hither than I : but I have seen a pageant
That, in the saddest time, would make one laugh.

Freeman. What, pr'ythee?

Euphues. I have seen your neighbour Earthworm
In such a mood, as you would wonder at,
And all that ever knew him heretofore.
He is inveighing 'gainst Sir Argent Scrape,
For being so basely covetous, as thus
For hope of lucre to betray his kinsman :
A thing that he himself would scorn as much,
He does protest, as can be.

Freeman. I have known
It otherwise. What may not come to pass,
When Earthworm is a foe to avarice?

Euphues. But he, they say, has made it good in
deeds

Freeman. He has been so exceeding bountiful
Now to our poor, and vows to be so still,
That we may well believe he is quite chang'd,
And strives to make amends for what is past.
He has, they say, a brave and virtuous son,
Lately come home, that has been cause of all.

Euphues. It well may be : I know young Theodore.
Uncle, he is of strange abilities ;
And to convert his father was an act
Worthy of him.

Enter SERVANT, and Sir ARGENT in his chair.

Servant. Madam, Sir Argent Scrape would take his
leave

Of you.

Lady Covet. When it pleases him.

Sir Argent. Get me my litter

Ready presently ; I will be gone. Madam,
I now am come to give you loving thanks
For my good cheer, and so bid you farewell.
But let me tell you this before we part :
Things might have been carried another way,
For your own good ; but you may thank yourself
For what has happen'd now.

Lady Covet. If you suppose

It had been for my good to marry you,
You are deceiv'd ; for that, in my esteem
(Though once I was so foolish to give way
To that ridiculous motion) had brought with it
As great a misery, as that which now
Is fall'n upon me.

Sir Argent. How ! as great a misery
As to be beggar'd ?

Lady Covet. Yes, sir, I'll assure you,
I am of that opinion, and still shall be.
But know, Sir Argent, though I now want power
To give you that which you still gap'd for, wealth,
I can be charitable, and bestow
Somewhat upon you that is better far.

Sir Argent. Better than wealth ! what's that ?

Lady Covet. Honest counsel.
Let my calamity admonish you
To make a better use of your large wealth,
While you may call it yours. Things may be chang'd ;
For know, that hand that has afflicted me,
Can find out you. You do not stand above it.

Sir Argent. I hope, I shall know how to keep mine
own.

Euphues. I do begin to pity the poor lady.

Freeman. This has wrought goodness in her. Who
are these ?

Enter EARTHWORM and THEODORE.

My neighbour Earthworm ? Lord ! how he is chang'd !

Earthworm. 'Twas basely done, and like a covetous
wretch,

I'll tell him to his face : what care I for him ?

I have a purse as well as he.

Euphues. How's this ?

Earthworm. Betray a kinsman's life to purchase
wealth !

Oh detestable !

Euphues. Oh miraculous change !

Do you not hear him, uncle ?

Earthworm. Mr. Freeman, happily met.

Freeman. Sir, I am glad to see you.

Earthworm. I have been long your neighbour, sir,
but liv'd

In such a fashion, as I must endeavour
To make amends hereafter for, and strive
To recompence with better neighbourhood.

Freeman. It joys me much to see this change in you.

Earthworm. Pardon my boldness, madam, that I
make

This intrusion.

Lady Covet. Y'are welcome, Mr. Earthworm.

Euphues. Let me be bold, then, noble Theodore,
To claim our old acquaintance.

Theodore. I shall think it

My honour, worthy sir, to hold that name.

Earthworm. Is that Sir Argent Scrape in the chair
yonder?

Freeman. Yes, sir.

Earthworm. Oh, fie upon him! But soft,
He will be told on't now. [*Eugeny brought in.*]

Sir Argent. Ha! Eugeny!

Why have they brought him hither?

Eugeny. I am come.

Methinks these looks of mine, inhuman wretch!
Though I were silent, should have power to pierce
That treacherous breast, and wound thy conscience,
Though it be hard and senseless as the idol
Which thou ador'st, thy gold.

Sir Argent. Is this to me, kinsman, you speak?

Eugeny. Kinsman! Do not wrong
That honest name with thy unhallowed lips.
To find a name for thee, and thy foul guilt,
Has so far pos'd me, as I cannot make
Choice of a language fit to tell thee of it.
Treacherous, bloody man! that has betray'd
And sold my life to thy base avarice!

Sir Argent. Who, I betray you?

Eugeny. Yes; can you deny it?

Lady Covet. I'll witness it against him, if he do.
'Twas his intent, I know.

Euphues. And so do I:

I overheard his counsels.

Earthworm. Out upon him,
Unworthy man!

Euphues. I could e'en laugh to hear
Old Earthworm chide.

Eugeny. But think upon the deed,
Think on your own decrepit age, and know,
That day, by nature's possibility,
Cannot be far from hence, when you must leave
Those wealthy hoards that you so basely lov'd,
And carry nothing with thee, but the guilt
Of impious getting: then if you would give
To pious uses what you cannot keep,
Think what a wretched charity it is;
And know, this act shall leave a greater stain
On your detested memory, than all
Those seeming deeds of charity can have
A power to wash away: when men shall say,
In the next age, this goodly hospital,
This house of alms, this school, though seeming fair,
Was the foul issue of a cursed murder,
And took foundation in a kinsman's blood.
The privilege that rich men have in evil.
Is, that they go unpunish'd to the devil.

Sir Argent. Oh! I could wish the deed undone
again.

Ah me! what means are left to help it now?

Freeman. Sure the old man begins to melt indeed.

Eugeny. Now let me turn to you, my truer friends,
And take my last farewell.

Enter FRUITFUL and TRUSTY.

Euphues. My noble chaplain!
What pranks comes he to play now? I had thought
His business had been done.

Fruitful. Health to you, madam!

Lady Covet. How can you wish me health, that have
so labour'd
To ruin me in all things?

Fruitful. No, good madam;
'Twas not your ruin, but your good I sought:

Nor was it to deprive you of your means,
But only rectify your conscience.

Freeman. How's this?

Euphues. Another fetch! this may be worth the hearing.

Fruitful. Madam, you convey'd away,
To three good honest men, your whole estate.

Lady Covet. They have not prov'd so honest: I had thought

I might have trusted them.

Fruitful. Then give me hearing.

They by the virtue of that deed possess'd,
Have back again convey'd it all to you.

Lady Covet. Ha!

Fruitful. Madam, 'twas done before good witnesses,
Of which your steward, here was one.

Trusty. Most true.

Fruitful. And all the other are well known to you.
Here is the deed.

Freeman. Let me peruse it, madam.

Lady Covet. Good Mr. Freeman, do?

[*Freeman reads it to himself.*]

Euphues. What plot is this?

Fruitful. One manor only they except from hence,
Which they suppose you did unjustly hold
From the true heir: his name was Scudmore, madam.

Lady Covet. I do confess I did unjustly hold it;
And since have griev'd me much, that while I might,
I made not restitution.

Fruitful. He was poor,
And by the law could not recover it;
Therefore this means was taken. By this deed
They have convey'd it hither, where it ought
Of right to be: are you content with this?
And all the rest of your estate is yours.

Lady Covet. With all my heart.

Freeman. Madam, the deed is good.

Lady Covet. For that estate which justly is pass'd
over
To Scudmore's heir, I am so well content,

As that, before these gentlemen, I promise
To pay him back all the arrearages
Of whatsoever profits I have made.

Fruitful. I thank your ladyship. Now know your
chaplain,

That wanted orders.

[*Discovers himself.*

Lady Covet. Mr. Scudmore living!

Euphues. My friend, how could'st thou keep conceal'd so long

From me?

Scudmore. Excuse it, noble Euphues.

Artemia. Oh happiness! beyond what could be
hop'd!

My Eugeny is safe, and all his griefs
At quiet now.

Eugeny. Is this a vision,

A mere fantastic shew, or do I see
Scudmore himself alive? then let me beg
Pardon from him.

Scudmore. Long ago 'twas granted:
Thy love I now shall seek. But though awhile,
For these my ends, I have conceal'd myself,
I ever meant to secure thee from danger.

Eugeny. What strange unlook'd-for happiness this
day

Has brought forth with it!

Scudmore. To tell you by what means
I was most strangely cur'd, and found a way
How to conceal my life, will be too long
Now to discourse of here; I will anon
Relate at large. But one thing much has griev'd me.
That my too long concealment has been cause
Of so much sorrow to my constant love,
The fair Matilda. Sir, she is your niece,
Let me intreat my pardon, next to her,
From you.

Earthworm. You have it. Go, good Theodore,
And bring her hither, but prepare her first:
Too sudden apprehension of a joy
Is sometimes fatal.

Theodore. I'll about it gladly.

[*Exit.*

Sir Argent. Dear cousin Eugeny, if I yet may be
Thought worthy of that name, pardon my crime,
And my whole life, how short soe'er it be,
Shall testify my love to be unfeigned.

Eugeny. I do forgive you freely. Now to you,
Grave sir, in whose rich bounty it must lie,
To make me happy in conferring on me
So bright a jewel as Artemia,
'Tis your consent I beg.

Freeman. You have it freely ;
Her heart, I know, she gave you long ago,
And here I give her hand.

Eugeny. A richer gift
Than any monarch of the world can give :
Bless'd happiness? Gently, my joys, distil¹⁰,
Lest you do break the vessel you should fill.

Enter BARNET, DOTTEREL, LADY WHIMSEY.

Euphues. Here comes another couple, to make up
The day's festivity. Joy to you, madam !

Lady Whimsey. Thanks, noble Euphues.

Dotterel. We have tied the knot,
That cannot be undone : this gentleman is witness of
it.

Barnet. Yes, I saw it finish'd.

Lady Whimsey. Mrs. Artemia, as I suppose,
I may pronounce as much to you ?

Artemia. You may, as much as I shall wish your
ladyship.

Enter THEODORE and MATILDA.

Scudmore. Here comes the dearest object of my
soul,
In whom too much I see my cruelty,
And chide myself. O pardon me, dear love,
That I too long a time have tyranniz'd
Over thy constant sorrow.

Matilda. Dearest Scudmore,
But that my worthy cousin has prepar'd
My heart for this, I should not have believ'd

¹⁰ Gently, my joys, distil.] See p. 161.

My flattering eyes.

Scudmore. To know brave Theodore,
Next to enjoying thee, was my ambition ;
Which now affinity hath blest me with.

Eugeny. His friendship, worthy Scudmore, is a
treasure.

Theodore. I shall endeavour to deserve your loves.

Earthworm. Come, leave your compliments, at all
hands, now,

And hear an old man speak. I must intreat
This favour from all this noble company,
Especially from you, good Mr. Freeman,
Although this be your daughter's wedding-day,
That you would all be pleas'd to be my guests,
And keep with me your marriage-festivals.
Grant my request.

Freeman. 'Tis granted, sir, from me.

Eugeny. And so, I think, from all the company.

Earthworm. Then let's be merry: Earthworm's
jovial now,

And that's as much as he desires from you.

[To the Pit.]

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